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TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE AND ITALY.

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TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE AND ITALY,

IN

1817 AND 1818.

BY

THE REV. WILLIAM BERRIAN,

AN ASSISTANT MINISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW-YORK

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY T. AND J. SWORDS,

No. 160 Pearl-street.

1821.

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"Travels in France and Italy, in 1817 and 1818. By the Rev. William Berrian, an Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, New-York."

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G. L. THOMPSON,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE AND ITALY.

VOYAGE TO FRANCE.

A State of great debility, and a slight tendency to consumption, occasioned in the first place by a cold, and increased by the exercise of my ministerial duties, made it necessary to take some prompt and decided measures for the recovery of my health. A sea voyage, and the mild climate of the south of Europe, it was thought would be most effectual. I lost no time in carrying this plan into execution, and on the 11th of October, 1817, I set sail for Bourdeaux, in company with Beddingfield Hands, Esq. from the eastern shore of Maryland. The situation of my friend was much more alarming than my own. His journey was indeed a flight from the grave, which appeared already opening to receive him.

Two Spaniards and a French gentleman, with the captain and mate, made up our whole society in the cabin. But the novel incidents of a sea voyage did not allow us, for some time, to feel its dulness.

On the night of the 14th I was waked by a conversation of the mate with the captain. He

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came below to mention, that the wind was blowing very strong. "How much sail is up?" So, and so. "If she cant bear that, then let her go." The captain then very calmly went to sleep; but not so his more anxious passenger. I made a vain attempt to call his attention; but, upon a little reflection, thought it better to be silent. Our rough Dutch boatswain soon followed the mate, with a similar report; but he also met with a like dismission. Some time after he returned, and, in his hoarse voice, which seemed portentous, spoke to our drowsy commander again—"It is blowing harder and harder, squally, squally." The captain then shook off his heaviness; all hands were called on deck; noise and tumult ensued; and I received a speedy initiation into some of the terrors of the raging sea. But my anxiety, it appeared, was only the apprehension of a novice.

We had a very heavy squall on the 17th, which threw the sea into great agitation, and gave it an air of uncommon grandeur. But much of what is said about the height of the waves in a storm, is only the exaggeration of a terrified fancy. We saw them at times foaming and raging with great fury, but never running mountains high Neither did the boundless extent of the ocean appear to me as striking and magnificent as I had expected. Except in a perfect calm your vision is quickly limited.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of this day there came on a most tremendous gale. To us the scene was new and terrific. The mind is thrown into a kind of disturbance, by a crowd of circum-

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stances, in a storm, which no representation will excite in another. The noise of the waters, which every moment grew louder and louder; the whistling and roaring of the winds; the flapping of the sails; the harsh voice of the speaking-trumpet; the hurry, bustle, and confusion of sounds; the waves breaking over the ship, and sometimes rushing into the cabin; kept us for more than an hour in a state of anxiety and alarm. The storm continued, with very little abatement of its fury, for three hours; the ship running only under two small stay-sails, with the helm lashed.

From the 18th till the 29th scarcely any thing worthy of remark occurred, except that favourable winds had brought us as far as Cape-Finistere. When the weather was dry and pleasant, which was seldom the case for a day together, we tried to take a little exercise on deck, and to search for amusement even in trifles. But the greater part of the time was spent in a kind of listless vacuity, without the disposition or power to apply the mind to any thing; a state void of enjoyment, and which leaves no impression behind it.

I had taken out books, I thought, for all the moods in which we can be thrown; but I frequently found one in which every resource of this kind fails. I had Hooker and Butler with me; but they could scarcely be comprehended in tossing and tempest. Poetry might delight an excited imagination, were there not so much to dissipate its illusions; and story and adventure lose all their interest in the more immediate concern of passing events. Except in studying

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a little French, examining an itinerary, or dipping into the travels of some person who had been over the ground that we were soon to tread, I may almost say I read nothing.

Shortly after our entrance into the Bay of Biscay, the wind shifted, and kept us beating about seven days. During this time the weather was generally mild and pleasant.

When we came within a few hundred miles of the coast, we had a real source of amusement, in watching the different signs of our approach. The sight of a land bird, the swimming of a blade of fresh grass, and every indication of our being nearer "the haven where we would be," gave us more pleasure than those who have never been at sea can perhaps conceive. And it was quite a diverting employment for many on board to catch the larks and sparrows that would fly to the ship for rest, and from weariness would almost drop into their hands. But what gave us all most heartfelt joy, was the sight of land itself. This was on the 5th of November, after we had been twenty five days out. Our joy, however, was soon checked, by an unexpected circumstance. We could find no pilot to take us in. Three days and nights we were beating about on this perilous coast, ignorant of our precise situation, and liable to greater dangers (as I afterwards learnt from the mate) than landsmen were aware of. On the morning of the fourth day the captain, growing impatient of delay, resolved to enter the mouth of the Garonne, a most difficult and hazardous passage, without a pilot.

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Nov. 8th. I cannot recall the terrors of that day without pain, nor the mercies without gratitude to God. The wind was blowing very heavily from the west, directly on the coast, which made it almost impossible to get off again, if there should chance to be a mistake. The weather being somewhat hazy, the captain took a tower on the isle of Arvert, north of the Garonne, for the Cordouan light-house, in the mouth of the river, and made directly for the passage between Arvert and the isle of Oleron, which is filled with shoals and sand-banks; and which, according to the chart, had not water enough for the draft of our vessel. We were then running at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour. Mr. Hands was the first who discovered the error. He saw the Cordouan light-house below, and begged the captain to look at it. But not thinking himself bound to attend to the suggestions of a passenger, he pursued his own course, till he received another warning, that he did not feel authorized to neglect. In a few minutes the mate called out from the mast-head, "Captain, you are too near the shore, and you are going wrong." We were, at this time, not more than two miles from the isle of Arvert, and, as it appeared by the chart, on a sand-bank. The waters were muddy, the breakers near, and the soundings lessening every moment. We were thrown into the utmost consternation, and our hearts sunk within us, when we heard the cry of "seven fathoms," and "six and a half." In ten minutes more we would have been shipwrecked on the bank. The sails were instantly altered, and an endeavour was made to put

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about. It was a moment of dreadful suspense. We saw the effort fail. We appeared to be drawing near the gates of death. Each one's fears were increased by the looks and exclamations of his neighbour. The panic even began to spread among the sailors. In order to increase the chance of success, in the next attempt to get off, it was necessary to give the ship more headway, and to go still nearer the gulf, which appeared yawning to devour us. How did our hearts spring within us when we found this attempt succeed! Still, as we left this perilous lee-shore very slowly, *we rejoiced with trembling.*

In a short time after our anxiety had subsided, we were again alarmed by a cry from aloft, of breakers ahead. Our ship, however, beat admirably to the windward, and we got clear of them. We were then running northerly, along the shores of Arvert and Oleron, and were still nearer than was safe. But comparatively we seemed to have little to apprehend. Joy for our deliverance was seen in every face, and mutual congratulations passed between us.

But our fears were very soon renewed, by another cry of breakers ahead. We could see them, in a long line on our right, dashing furiously over the rocks and sand-banks.

This continual alternation of hope and fear was like the light of the gloomy day itself, which sometimes broke out amid the lowering of the storm. There was even a more cruel aggravation of what we suffered. The danger now before us, though terrific, was not inevitable, and yet it like to have

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destroyed us. But through all that day there was an instrument of mercy in the hand of God, who counteracted the evils which threatened us. Thus we escaped from these last breakers, when (as our mate afterwards told me) we were within half a cable's length of them, at four miles distance from the shore, and where, if we had struck, we would have probably perished.

At length, about sun down, having weathered the island of Oleron, we got into Basque Roads, and came to anchor in a place which we were assured was safe, though the breakers apparently were still too near us. We went to bed in some uneasiness, from the apprehension that the wind might change, and the anchor drag. But the ship remained firmly at her moorings.

It is impossible to describe the painful and protracted agitation of this anxious day. I felt the power and mercy of God in all their force. I considered him not only as the Being with whom are the issues of life and death, but, as at that fearful moment, deciding which of these should be mine. It was a tumultuous state of feeling; but when I took up my Prayer Book on the following day, after this storm of the mind had subsided, with the wind and violence of the ocean, and in the office to be used at sea, read the collect of thanksgiving and hymn of praise, it seemed as if my soul would melt within me at the recollection of God's love. I thought that henceforth I would only live to praise and glorify my Deliverer. And can I ever forget my impressions or my vows?

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It is curious to retrace our emotions on an agitating occasion after we are at rest. I remember, in the first moments of our danger, when there was reason to fear we might instantly strike, that they were by no means as I would have expected. I gave one thought to my family and friends, and another to God, in whom I trusted; but the objects before me occupied all the rest. I was watching intently every changing circumstance, catching hope or fear from the faces of those around me, and thinking of what was to be done in the worst event. And in the probable prospect of the horrors of shipwreck, I recollect very well that my feelings were deep and solemn, but without anguish or distraction. How it might have been, in actually realizing these horrors, I cannot say, for there is a great difference between the faintest hope and the absolute extinction of it.

Some ludicrous circumstances were also recalled. Not knowing what might happen, Mr. Hands and myself went down into the cabin, to secure our papers and money. I had two parcels of gold; but thinking if we should have to swim, they might be a dangerous kind of freight, I said to him, "Shall I take one or both?" "Take both—take both." Two or three of the skipping Frenchmen too, who seemed as if they might go dancing to their graves, were for five minutes still and serious. But no sooner had we turned our backs to the breakers, than the wild and merry Gascon renewed his capers.

Nov. 9th. From the place where our vessel was lying we had a very extensive and pleasing view; the isles of Aix, Oleron, and Ree around us, and

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Rochelle at a short distance on the coast. The former were low and sandy, and wanting in trees and herbage, but they were enlivened by cheerful villages and the motion of myriads of wind-mills. The latter, with its ramparts and towers, had an air of great antiquity. Our curiosity is kept awake by the difference in the style of building, the aspect of the country, and the peculiarities in almost every object that meets the eye.

This morning the pilot came on board, to take us around the isle of Ree to safer moorings. The alert spring with which he darted from his shallop to the vessel, the bustling activity with which he gave his orders, and his good humour and gaiety, were so characteristic, as to make us feel that we were in a new region. It was pleasing to behold the face of a stranger, and much more of a person whom we had so lately longed for in vain.

From our anchorage in the Breton passage we could see on one side the loyal, the brave, and chivalric province of La Vendee, the distant glimpse of which calls up the most interesting recollections; on the other the isle of Ree, with several of its neat and beautiful towns directly in sight, and steeples of churches still farther off, denoting the situation of others. Two of these towns, L'Oie and La Flotte, are composed of houses built of white free-stone. St. Martins, which is strongly fortified and encompassed with walls, looks more gloomy and substantial. In the latter there is a conspicuous object that particularly attracts attention, an ancient church in ruins, with one tower complete, and another go-

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ing to decay. On Tuesday evening the sun set most beautifully behind this town, imparting to the sky the richest and softest colouring, and diffusing a delicate tinge over every thing below. The mild light appearing through a window of the ruined tower, together with the distinct outline which it gave to the whole building; the stillness and tranquillity of the scene before us, perhaps rendered still more agreeable by a secret comparison with the rude and dangerous scenes through which we had lately passed; and the kind of associations, awakened by the sight of an object that bore some resemblance to the images which my own fancy had so often formed, brought my mind into a most peaceful and delightful state. After watching it till it was almost lost in the dimness of twilight, the sound of the bell ringing for prayers reached us, and added to this placid enjoyment the deep and solemn feelings of devotion.

In the morning of this day we received the unpleasant information, that our quarantine, instead of being five days, as we had expected, was prolonged to fifteen. It was some compensation to us to have better weather. There was a soft and renovating warmth in it which we could feel was doing us good.

The 16th of November was the sixth Sunday since our departure from New-York. From the nature of our company, and from their ignorance of the English language, there was no opportunity of sanctifying the Sabbath, but in the secrecy of our own hearts. The Frenchmen and Spaniards, with a single exception, kept up their singing and endless frivolity as on other days.

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Nov. 20. Four days before the expiration of our quarantine the health-officer came out in a small boat near to our ship, and ordered all to make their appearance on deck. It was a call which we obeyed with alacrity. He remained a short distance from us, made particular inquiries about the number of the passengers and crew, and run over the company with an inquisitive glance before he ventured to come on board. The precautions of the guardians of health in France are so minute and scrupulous as to appear ridiculous, though they may be wise and expedient. When the fishermen supplied us with provisions, they did not dare to bring their barque along side. They would, in the first place, sail around us, to receive our orders, always keeping off so far that we had almost to crack our lungs before they could understand us. Then, on their return, it was necessary to let down our jolly-boat, and shove her astern. They would put the things in her which had been procured for us, and after the boat was drawn up she was sent back again with the money. They did not dread the contaminating touch of this, though letters were always sprinkled with vinegar. These regulations are so curious, that they have diverted me from my narrative.

We all strived to look as well as we could when the officer came on board; and even a poor enfeebled sailor, who had long lain in his hammock, crawled upon deck, and put on a cheerful look, which was too languid, however, to be mistaken for the sprightliness of health. The man who was to be our jailer or deliverer, stopped a little to examine this suspici-

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ous face, but a good gloss being put upon the matter, he let it pass. After this review he told us our quarantine was finished. This release from our bondage was so unexpected, that we received it with a childish and extravagant joy. The afternoon was now somewhat advanced; but though Rochelle was twelve miles from our anchorage, most of us determined to get ready and go there that very night. We were unwilling to return by a way where we had before been exposed to so much danger, and we apprehended new difficulties from the sickliness of one or two of the crew, when we should again be visited at Pauillac.

ROCHELLE.

In a short time we met a fishing boat, which came out of La Flotte, to take us to Rochelle. The wind was light, and we did not get up the harbour till past ten o'clock. The moon shone brightly, and gave a romantic effect to the old and ruinous towers which guard (or rather did in former times) the entrance of the city. From two of these a chain is extended at night across this narrow inlet. We found it already drawn up, as if to forbid our approach at so unseasonable an hour. The fishermen left their barque, and took us in a row boat under the chain, but with a stillness and caution which made us apprehensive that something was wrong, and that we might be challenged by the guards. We had heard that persons landing in violation of the quarantine laws were liable to be shot; and though we had been regularly

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released, yet we had no certificate of dismission. However, the sentries merely looked at us as we ascended the stone steps at the side of the tower, and suffered us to pass without molestation. They were dressed in long grey coats, with hats of a conical shape and of the same colour, and their singular appearance corresponded with the strangeness of every thing else around us. We walked on hastily through the antique streets till we reached the hotel. The gates, which were high and massive enough for an old castle, were opened by a porteress, who also looked as if she belonged to other years.

In walking out the next morning we beheld a world entirely new to us. The women of the lower class appear in the streets with high caps, projecting from each side, and generally terminating in a square platform. They also wear tight and long waisted jackets, with broad hipped petticoats tied around them, and wooden shoes. They are engaged in all kinds of laborious employments; some in driving asses with their panniers filled with manure, or laden with faggots; others in carrying about fish, and vegetables, and fruits for sale. The costume of the men is more diversified, and though peculiar, is less distinctive. Every where among this class we observed the ruddiness of health, and often in the females a considerable degree of comeliness.

There was but little interesting, however, in Rochelle, except to a stranger who had never before seen an European city. Even the towers lost their grandeur by daylight. The cabinet of natural history is small, but well selected, and beautifully arranged.

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One of the most singular things that I saw here caught my attention in looking out of the chamber of our hotel when I got up in the morning. It was the Diligence. Figure to yourself as spacious and clumsy a vehicle as your memory can recall among all the carriages of the most antiquated gentry of our country. Add to this the cabriolet, intended for the conducteur and one or two outside passengers, which is open in front, but sheltered by a cover; the imperial, a large black case crowning the whole top, which is a receptacle for baggage; and an immense basket behind for the same purpose, to which the coach bears about the same proportion as a pedlar to his pack. Get into this moving house, drawn at a dog trot by five horses, most sorrily harnessed, with drooping necks, and long tails tied up in a bunch, and you will have a tolerable idea of a French diligence. It may seem like a caricature, but such was the impression it first made on me.

JOURNEY TO BOURDEAUX.

We remained two days at Rochelle, and then proceeded to Rochefort. On the side of the road towards the sea there are extensive meadows for pasturage. We saw a great number of cattle grazing on them (an unusual circumstance in France), and some of the cows were of extraordinary size. In this part of the country there are neither hedges nor fences, which at first sight gives it a naked and

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cheerless appearance; but apart from this circumstance it is without variety or beauty.

ROCHEFORT contains an extensive maritime arsenal. We applied to one of the officers for permission to see it. He told us that it was prohibited to strangers. We thought, perhaps, it might enforce the request to mention that we were Americans; but the order was general. From the public garden, a pleasant and elevated promenade, we saw the long range of magazines, and ships of war lying in the Charente, and this empty satisfaction was all that we were allowed in a place where our curiosity might have been so much gratified.

The following day we proceeded to SAINTES. In the evening we visited the triumphal arch which the people of Saintonge raised to the honour of Germanicus. It stands on a bridge which crosses the Charente. The silent touches of time have nearly obliterated the ornaments of the arch, and it derives almost all its interest from its great antiquity, and the fame, and worth, and misfortunes of the illustrious man to whom it was reared.

When we returned to our hotel, and took our seats at the public table, we remarked a look and manner towards us amounting to rudeness and impertinence. We had noticed the same kind of deportment in the company at Rochefort. This, said I to myself, is the consequence of that horrible revolution which not only subverted the political institutions of the country, but entirely changed the manners of society. A new and vulgar race has sprung up, and instead of the ease, the courtesy, and finished elegance of

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the old *regime*, we have the coarseness and brutality of the *sans culottes*. But I had entirely mistaken the cause of their incivility. From some gross observations on the mode of living in England, which were evidently pointed at us, it appeared that we were taken for Englishmen: for as soon as they discovered, from our travelling companions, that we were Americans, there was a very striking change in their behaviour.

The next morning we procured a guide, who took us to some of the most remarkable places in the neighbourhood of Saintes. After having visited the ruins of the church of St. Seroine he conducted us to the burying-ground. The part which we first entered was open to the road, and only contained the graves of a few Protestants. The other, which was filled with Roman Catholics, was enclosed by a low and neat hedge. "There," said our guide, pointing to the latter, "lie the Christians, and here lie the Protestants."

But there is very little to gratify curiosity in this neighbourhood, except the remains of a Roman amphitheatre. It is situated in a narrow dell, which runs towards the city. The form of it appears to be elliptical. The length of the greater axis is about 360 feet. From the top of the only arch that is entire, which is probably 50 feet above the arena, the view is extremely picturesque, and it receives a strong moral interest from the reflections which naturally spring up in the mind. This arena, which had so often been filled with beasts, and perhaps with men, contending with each other; which had

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resounded with the clashing of weapons, the groans of the dying, and the shouts and acclamations of the spectators; is now converted into a peaceful field, where a boy was attending his sheep. On one side, still higher than the amphitheatre, were the remains, as it is supposed, of an ancient aqueduct; nearly opposite to us, on the very edge of the walls, two cottages of a neat and rural appearance; on the other side, within the arena, the fountain of St. Eustelle; and, on turning around, we had a view of the Gothic tower and spire of St. Eutrope, the sloping bank covered with gardens, and the green valley below, interrupted by an arched road, and terminated by the city of Saintes.

Tradition relates, that Saint Eustelle was the daughter of a Roman prætor in the province of Saintonge, who, upon her embracing Christianity, was driven from her father's house, and took refuge with the Archbishop of Saintes. To this fountain, which is beneath a recess in the side of the hill, and covered by a simple arch, she constantly retired to hold communion with heaven. The choice of such a place for a sacred oratory was singular; and whether the legend be true or fabulous, the contrast between the peaceful fountain of St. Eustelle and this place of tumult and blood, gives us a real and increased pleasure.

In the afternoon we visited the ruins of a Roman bathing-house, and saw some coins which had been found there of the reigns of Vespasian and Antoninus. In the evening we went to hear a Roman Catholic missionary at St. Peter's. But his delivery

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was so rapid and vehement, that it was difficult to understand him. One part of his discourse, however, if I did not misapprehend him, was sufficiently ludicrous. After having established certain points, as he supposed incontestably, he called upon those who might still have their doubts to propose them, and then sat down. The whole congregation arose, but instead of accepting his challenge they united with one voice in a delightful chant. The gesticulation of this preacher was violent beyond all decorum; and once or twice, to make it still more significant, he seized the black cap which he wore, and slapped it on the pulpit. But the respectful attention of the people, their devout appearance and profound prostration in the course of the service, the earnestness and animation with which they sung, the dim light which only illuminated one part of the church, and showed its Gothic architecture to more advantage, were all calculated to inspire the deepest solemity and awe.

25th. On leaving Saintes we passed through an avenue of forest trees, several miles long; and when the sun arose, it brought into view a charming country. The surface was varied by hill and valley, and every spot presented the marks of the most careful cultivation. The fields in general throughout France are neither enclosed by hedges nor fences. They have, therefore, at first, from our peculiar associations, an appearance of sterility and nakedness. They are commonly separated from the road, and from each other, by a small ditch and low embankment. Sometimes, however, they are lined by rows of forest

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trees or willows, and occasionally by hedges. From the peculiarity just noticed, as well as from the universal scarcity of woods and groves, we have a full and distinct view of the country as far as the sight can range. This uninterrupted prospect, together with the different forms of the fields, which are often so disposed as if it were designed to please the eye, and the novel appearance of the vineyards, give to the landscape a certain kind of interest and beauty, though not of a high and romantic cast.

We met a number of peasants near De Tollier, with smiling countenances and holiday attire, going to attend a wedding; and at night we were disturbed by the jollity and carousing of some of them, who stopped at our inn on their return.

We left this place at an early hour the next morning. As we drew near to Blaye the vineyards were more numerous, and, judging merely from the vigour of the stock (as the grape was gathered, and the foliage gone), of a richer and more luxuriant growth. The face of the country was agreeably diversified, and the prospect extended and adorned by the wide waters of the Garonne.

The road was covered with peasants in their best and gayest dresses, who were going to a fair at Blaye. Some of the women were mounted on jackasses, in the common way, and one or two were riding like men. Here, red handkerchiefs thrown over the head, contrasted strongly with blue petticoats, or red petticoats with blue handkerchiefs. There, the round crowned hat and short jacket, the common costume of the men, confounded the sire

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of seventy with his grandson of fifteen. The multitude of asses and horses, either carrying things to the fair, or, more frequently, purchasers, to buy what was exposed there, were mixed promiscuously with the foot travellers of both sexes and all ages. And the whole crowd moved on with an eager and cheerful step, with merriment and laughter, and ready for a joke with all who passed them. We here remarked, as we had done before, that they were all comfortably and well dressed. In this part of France, indeed, we never met with the wretched and squalid appearance of extreme poverty. On entering BLAYE we had some difficulty in driving through the throng at the fair, and we saw the display of fine things which had drawn so many together.

As soon as we had seated ourselves at breakfast, a young woman came in to amuse us with her voice and guitar. A trifling present was expected in return from each of the company. Before she had left us, another entered with a collection of trinkets for sale, whose importunity could only be stopped by some small purchase. Scarcely had we made the selection, when a tall and worn-out veteran began to boast of his battles and his scars, and concluded with lamenting that he had to stoop from so glorious a profession to solicit our alms. We granted this one's boon also; but we finished our breakfast in haste, for fear the succession might be endless.

After spending a few hours here, we took passage in a confined and dirty boat, which plies between Blaye and Bourdeaux, and were pressed together in a cabin not large enough for our number, nor high

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enough for our heads. Unfortunately it rained at intervals during the passage, so that we lost much of the beauty of the country on the banks of the Garonne. In one place we were struck by a number of huts cut out of the high and perpendicular rocks overhanging the river, which seemed to be a strange and giddy abode for man.

BOURDEAUX.

Bourdeaux is pleasantly situated on the western bank of the Garonne. The face of the city follows the bend of the river, in the form of a crescent; and the range of beautiful stone houses along the quay, which is between two and three miles in length, can be taken in at a single glance. The depth of water not being sufficient for the vessels to come up to the quay, they lie out in the stream, and are unladen by barges. The high grounds on the eastern bank fall in gentle slopes to the river, presenting in the vineyards, the fields, and country seats, a rare union of rural beauty and elegance.

The modern part of the city is built with great stateliness and regularity. The houses are from three to five stories high, and frequently throughout whole streets very uniform in their appearance. The *allees de Tournay*, a broad street, shaded with a double row of large trees, and the *Champ de Mars*, are agreeable promenades. The *Palais Royal*, formerly the archiepiscopal palace, is a fine building; the Ex-

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change is convenient and spacious; and the Theatre is thought to be one of the handsomest in Europe. The area which it covers is immense, and the noble portico of Corinthian pillars corresponds with the magnitude and splendour of the other parts of the edifice. There is an air of solidity and grandeur in this city which brick can never give, and though the white stone of which the houses are built in a few years acquires a dusky and gloomy cast, yet the general effect is very imposing.

The commercial prosperity to which Bourdeaux was indebted for these modern improvements, has declined very much since the loss of St. Domingo. A respectable French merchant, who, in talking of the subject, ascribed it to this circumstance, surprised me very much by one of his remarks on the general state of the country. "France," said he, "is burdened with a population which she is unable to support, and I therefore consider Dr. Jenner's discovery of vaccination, which tends to increase this evil, as a very great misfortune."

During our stay in this city Mr. Bonnafè took us to the old Gothic church of St. Michael, which was erected about the end of the ninth century. We here saw a most hideous and disgusting spectacle. In the savage phrenzy of the revolution, a great number of dead bodies had been dug up in this church. From the peculiar properties of the ground in which they were interred, they were found to be singularly preserved; and they are now placed, either in standing or sitting postures, around the lower chamber of the belfry. A pile of bones is heaped together in the

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middle. They still retain something of the human form, though but little of its appearance. The bodies are shrunk, the skin blackened and shrivelled and drawn tightly over the bones, and the hair and beard of some have not fallen off, though they have been dead a long time, and one of them, as it was said, even five hundred years. The sexton gave us an account of their sex, profession, or rank, as he passed around, with the familiar story of a showman, and handled their limbs with a *sang-froid* which shocked us. It was a painful and humiliating sight, and we soon hurried away from it.

The Metropolitan church is a large structure, in the same style, and almost of as great antiquity. The exterior is curious, but surrounded and deformed by private buildings. In the vast space, the graceful proportions, and rich ornaments of the interiour, my preconceived ideas of the grandeur and solemnity of a Gothic cathedral, were in a great measure realized.

As it was our intention to stay only a few days here, we did not deliver all our letters. A part of these, however, lead to more civilities than our time would permit us to receive. The kindness of several is remembered, but particularly of our hospitable countrymen, Mr. Morton and Mr. Ogden. These gentlemen made us almost forget that we were sojourners in a strange land.

Our lodgings were in the *hotel de France*, a genteel establishment, but not the most expensive. We had a well furnished parlour, and two neat bedchambers. A small kitchen and another apartment

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belonged to the *suite*, though we had no occasion for them. These were ten francs a day. Our meals were served up in our own room, and though the greater part of the time we merely breakfasted at home, our other expenses at the hotel averaged about twenty-five francs more. This did not correspond very well, with the common representations of the cheapness of living in the south of France.

JOURNEY TO TOULOUSE.

We passed about ten days at Bourdeaux, and then set out in a hired cabriolet, with post horses. The attractions of this agreeable place might have lead us to prolong our visit, had it not interfered with the great object of our journey. Winter had already commenced, and we found ourselves amidst fog and rain, at a great distance from the mild and serene climate of which we were in pursuit.

The road kept along the Garonne through a neat and well cultivated country, till we reached Langon, a place much celebrated for the superior excellence of its white wines. I suppose it was from their well known reputation that several women pressed around our carriage, while it stopped for a moment in the village, to offer us some for sale. After crossing the river, we rode at the foot of a long range of hills, improved to their very summits, and adorned with large and handsome country seats. The river followed them in their irregular course, and was bordered on

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the right by a pleasant and fertile plain. The trees were not yet entirely stripped of their leaves, and there was a degree of verdure in the fields from the grass and wheat, which made us promise ourselves, in the more southern parts of France, the freshness and beauty of spring.

We remained at La Reole on Sunday, and the next day continued our journey. The face of the country bore the same character till we reached Agen. The road was admirably formed, and in excellent condition. Sometimes it was cut out of the sides of steep hills; at others it was elevated in the valleys like a bridge, and walled on each side with solid stone. It was often lined also for a great extent with rows of forest trees. As we approached the Pyrenees, the grounds were more broken and hilly, and the views more bold and picturesque.

Astafort, Lectoure, and Montastruc, and almost all the towns and villages on the route, are in high and commanding situations. From the number of steeples, and the height of the houses, their appearance at a distance is quite pleasing. In entering them, however, their beauty generally vanishes away, and we are disgusted with the filthiness of the streets, and the sordid appearance of the buildings.

In our journey from Bourdeaux to Auch, we crossed the Garonne, the Lot, and the Gers, and almost every stage was enlivened by the prospect of the water.

The great scarcity of woods in France produces one effect, which nearly destroys the beauty of their finest views. The trees are stripped in a great measure of their branches, and cut down to the very trunk.

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We meet with all the charms that cultivation can give; but none of the romantic wildness of nature.

In the neighbourhood of Auch we observed greater sterility and nakedness on the hills, and felt more of the chilliness and desolation of winter. The situation of this place, perched upon an eminence, with its noble cathedral and other public buildings, rendered it the most striking town on our route.

Here I inquired for my friend Mr. Bellegarde, and was informed that he lived about fifteen miles from Auch. I rode out immediately to see him; and, on arriving at the *chateau*, was shown to the parlour, where there was no one but a female servant. I mentioned my name, and she went with it to her master, but some mistake being made, Mr. Bellegarde expected to find a stranger. If one had risen from the dead before him, his surprise could not have been greater than when he saw me. He started back involuntarily exclaiming, *O mon Dieu!—Je suis enchantè, Je suis enchantè*, and then throwing his arms around me, he kissed me, and showed every mark of unfeigned and extravagant joy. It was a long time before he could recover from his surprise; and afterwards he kept taking my hand every few minutes, repeating how glad he was to see me. The different members of the family were introduced one after another, who all seemed to share in his pleasure. I was afterwards taken into the room of his aged and paralytick mother. A gleam of joy lightened up her vacant and distorted countenance, in seeing a friend of her son, and her tongue made a confused effort to give me the welcome of her heart.

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The *chateau de Bellegarde* is a long stone building, with a single wing, almost equal in length to the front. The country around is pleasant, and in a clear day they have a full and distinct view of the Pyrenees, from Perpignan to Bayonne. They live in a kind of rustic simplicity and elegance which charmed me. The dining-room is very large, and hung around with family portraits. An immense fire-place, which admits of a chair in each corner, was crackling with the most cheerful blaze I had seen in France. Mr. Bellegarde's inquiries about our common friends called up all my recollections of home, and in hearing a voice, and seeing a face so familiar, I almost forgot that I was so far from it. With the sisters also, I had a great deal of conversation on our respective religions, where I found them as ready to communicate information as to ask it. One of them, who had been much in the world, and spent some time at Rome, was of an enlarged and liberal turn of mind, but yet strongly attached to her own faith. She could not help expressing the hope, that my visit to the Holy See might lessen the difference between us. As to the old ladies, they took no part in these matters, but talked unceasingly of *madame ma femme, ma petite fille, et petit garcon.* At the close of this most interesting day, I felt a satisfaction and delight which can only be produced by the kindness of friends among a nation of strangers. In the morning, after a few more pleasant hours, I left the *chateau de Bellegarde*, with an uncommon regret, which seemed to be sincerely reciprocated. They all pressed me to return and spend some days

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with them in the spring, and then to go to the waters of Barèges. I made a conditional promise to do so, if my route should lie within any reasonable distance of their hospitable mansion.

The cathedral at Auch is a superb specimen of the Gothic style, and in magnitude, curious workmanship, richness, and splendour, surpassed the Metropolitan church at Bourdeaux. The painted windows, representing historical parts of scripture, monkish legends, and fanciful figures and decorations, shone with a beauty and brilliancy that might almost vie with the colours of the rainbow, and at the same time only admitted a softened light, well suited to a place of meditation and prayer. There was a vastness and solemnity in this church, which might serve to fill the mind with higher ideas of the Being who was worshipped there. But striking as it appeared, it had been shorn of its brightness in the French revolution, and those who spoke of it, seemed to feel something like the Israelites, who remembered their temple in its first glory.

The country through which we passed from Auch to Toulouse was less beautiful, but the Pyrenees were almost constantly in sight. Their rugged sides being streaked with snow, and their pointed summits entirely covered with it, presented a singular appearance of light and shade, as well as of novelty and grandeur.

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TOULOUSE.

This is a large and populous city, but the streets are so irregular, that we were lost in them at every turn. We scarcely ever went a hundred yards from our hotel without being under the necessity of inquiring the way back again. But besides the irregularity of the streets, they are dark and gloomy, and so wanting in cleanliness as to be intolerable even in mid-winter. The Capitolium, or *Hotel de Ville*, is the only public building we saw which appeared to have any degree of beauty or elegance. As it was damp and rainy during the greater part of the time we staid there, we should not have been disposed to be very minute in our observations, even if there had been more to provoke our curiosity. From the softness of the air, the climate of this place is said to be salubrious, and many English families are accustomed to make it their winter residence. We may have seen Toulouse under an unfavourable aspect, but it did not appear to us to possess a single attraction. The promenade along the great canal of Languedoc, which is here connected with the Garonne, is shady and pleasant. There is another interesting walk on the hills in the environs, where the battle was fought, in 1814, between Lord Wellington and Marshal Soult. This useless and bloody contest, which, it has been thought, arose from the eagerness of the generals to try each others bravery and skill, even after the news of peace had reached

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them, might make it a melancholy ramble, were not every trace of destruction and carnage so completely lost. We walked over the ground, and from a description of the affair, together with plates, showing the position of the two armies, and the different points of attack, we were able to form a good idea of the battle.

On Sunday I attended the service of the French Protestant church. The minister wore a gown and bands, and conducted the worship of the people by a liturgy. The only extemporary prayers were immediately before and after sermon. I was pleased with the warmth and earnestness of the preacher, but shocked by the levity and indecorum of the congregation. On entering the church there was no reverent composing of the mind for the solemnities of the place. Before the service talking was carried on not in a suppressed voice, but almost in the tones of ordinary conversation. During the sermon many of the people wore their hats; and when it was over, they hurried away without a pause to supplicate God's blessing on what they had heard. Oppression and persecution, it might have been thought, would have produced an ardent zeal. But, on the contrary, the apparent devotion of the Roman Catholics, and the cold indifference of these people, formed a singular contrast, and I should not think that a person dissatisfied with Popery would find himself much impressed by such an exhibition of Protestantism.

In the afternoon I went there again, expecting to find a divine of the same church; but was surprised

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and delighted on entering to hear the endeared sounds of our own liturgy, and to see all that decorum and respect in the worshippers, for which they are so much distinguished. I felt at home, in the bosom of my own communion, and seemed to be in the society of my friends, though they were not even my countrymen. About thirty or forty English people were assembled, and Mr. Ellison, an Irish clergyman, officiated. He preached from the text, *thy will be done.* It was a clear, able, and impressive discourse, delivered in a grave and chastened manner, but yet with force and animation. He read the service also with great propriety and devotion.

Dec. 16th. To-day we hired a cabriolet to take us to Castelnaudary. It seemed as if every *voiturin* in the place knew that we were pressed for time, and was in concert with his neighbour to take advantage of our necessity. We could not get a conveyance for thirty-five miles under fifty francs, which we were afterwards told was three times as much as it was worth. The noble chain of the Pyrenees presented itself at almost every elevation of the road. But we were much disappointed with the level, naked, and uninteresting appearance of this part of Languedoc.

The next day we took passage for Carcassonne on the canal. It is a most irksome mode of travelling, and, to relieve the tædium, I frequently got out of the boat and walked. As it is very economical, the company of course is less select. To escape from such a beggarly set as chance threw in our way, was another reason for my preferring the land. There was no difficulty in keeping up with the boat, nor

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even in getting far ahead of it, for though we set out before day-break, we did not arrive at Carcassonne, a distance of only twenty-four miles, till towards evening.

The canal of Languedoc is an object of great curiosity to strangers, and of immense importance to the country, both from the revenue which it yields, and the facilities it affords to commerce. It was planned and executed by M. Ricquet, in the reign of Louis the fourteenth. This great undertaking was begun in 1666, and finished in 1680. It was first intended to supply it by the waters of the Garonne, but the elevation of some parts of the country, through which it was to pass above the river, made this scheme impracticable. At Narouse, which is the highest point between the two seas, there is a basin 1200 feet long and 900 broad, which is always filled with water to the depth of seven feet. Another was made at St. Ferreol, 7200 feet long, 3000 broad, and 120 deep, two sides of which are formed by two mountains, and the third by a strong mole. This communicates with the former by means of an aqueduct, and that with the canal by sluices. These basins have a perennial supply from the springs in the mountains. The canal is 60 feet in breadth, six in depth, and 150 miles in length. When the gates are near each other, the space between them, both on the bottom and sides, is lined with solid cut stone; or, if they stand alone, they are defended each way, for perhaps a hundred feet, in the same manner. Graceful stone bridges are frequently thrown across the canal, and small intersecting streams in deep beds

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are carried under arches beneath. On the way from Narbonne to Beziers, a passage of seven hundred feet long is pierced for it through the solid rock. It is indeed a grand and magnificent work, connecting the Mediterranean and the Atlantic seas, but perhaps it will be surpassed, both in magnitude and consequence, by the great canal of our own state.

Within about twelve miles of Narbonne the country grew more beautiful. Olive trees, fine vineyards, and greater variety in the surface of the grounds, relieved the eye, after the dull uniformity of the plain through which we had lately passed. Winter is seen in the south of France more distinctly than I had expected, though not in the dreariness and desolation of our frozen clime. The pale green leaf of the olive faintly smiles in the decay of nature. The mulberry tree does not lose its foliage, but it is, in a great measure, stripped off to furnish food for the silk worm. The fields of grain partially enliven the general waste. It is a mild region, but not the seat of perpetual spring. In this part of our journey the bent of the olive trees, and the uniform direction of their leaves and branches, show that it is sometimes subject to winds more lasting and violent than our own.

The soil here is, in many places, of a deep red, and the enormous stem of the close cut grape vines is a proof of its strength.

At Narbonne we again met Mr. Ducerf, with whom we had travelled from Rochelle to Bourdeaux. It is delightful to see any face in a foreign land that we have ever seen before. In the present instance

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our pleasure was greater than common, for this gentleman seemed almost like a familiar friend. He had bestowed on us many little attentions which were not only gratifying but useful, and took us, as it were, under his protection. Our country was the ground of his predilection, and wherever we went he was at some pains to remove prejudices against us, by making it known that we were Americans. He was a man of a playful and good humoured countenance, of frank and engaging manners, intelligent, communicative, sociable, and kind; in short, one of those persons of whom only a few are necessary to change our impressions of a whole people, to convert dislike into partiality, and contempt into admiration.

Beziers, situated on a lofty eminence, and surrounded by high walls, has an appearance of great strength, and in former times might have been impregnable. It is now a place of little importance. The streets are of a toilsome steepness, irregular, and filthy. The walk on the terrace above is pleasant even at this season, but in summer the surrounding country is said to be delightful. We went to examine here the greatest fall in the canal of Languedoc, which is so considerable as to require nine gates. The district between Beziers and Montpellier is extremely rich and well cultivated, and is justly considered the garden of France. The wines of this part, and particularly of Lunel, have a high reputation. When we first came in sight of Montpellier, we were charmed with the view of the city and its beautiful environs.

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MONTPELLIER.

I had letters here to two or three persons, which procured me a profusion of civil sayings, and promises of service and kindness, but which were all *vox et preterea nihil.* The *Esplanade* is a pleasant public walk, but the *Place du Peyrou* is one of the most elegant in Europe. It is elevated a little above the city, and supported by a handsome stone wall, which rises to the level of the square. To the north is a kind of semicircular valley, with gentle sloping hills rising behind, and sweeping around to the east, till they run out into the sea. A noble aqueduct, with a double range of arches, stretches across it, and terminates at the *Place du Peyrou*, in a large fountain covered by an open and graceful rotundo. Water, gushing from every side, runs over mossy stones, artificially disposed to resemble nature. On the south we behold the Mediterranean, and on the west more faintly the distant Pyrenees.

In the cathedral we saw an esteemed picture of Bourdon, and in the school of medicine, the anatomical preparations in wax, of the celebrated Fontana. All the wonders of the human frame are here represented, with a beauty, minuteness, and fidelity, which show the most patient labour and astonishing skill in the artist.

There was one thing, however, at Montpellier of more than ordinary interest, the grave of Narcissa, the daughter of Young. Every one recollects his

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feeling lines on her clandestine interment. "Strangers to kindness wept," but yet they would not give her a place for burial.

"For oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
"While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurst
"In blind infallibility's embrace,
"Deny'd the charity of dust, to spread
"O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
"What could I do? what succour? what resource?
"With pious sacrilege a grave I stole;
"With impious piety that grave I wrong'd;
"Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
"More like her murderer than friend, I crept,
"With soft suspended step: and muffled deep
"In midnight darkness whispered my last sigh."

The body rests under an arch in the botanical garden. The fiends of the French revolution, who envied even the repose of the dead, destroyed the monument which had been raised over the grave; and there is not now as much as that slight elevation of the ground, which tells us, in the absence of marble and inscriptions, that here lie the ashes of the departed.

Among all the strangers who have since visited this place, not one has been found to raise another monument, and the first proposition for this purpose, has been recently made by Talma, a famous French actor. He offered a hundred louis d'or towards this object, but I am ignorant whether any have imitated so generous an example.

With the exception of two or three broad streets, which are neat and handsome, and some fine houses in others, which are so narrow that we could shake hands across them, there is nothing to distinguish Montpellier from many other cities of less note, but

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its advantageous position, public walks, and salubrious climate. It has even lost the latter recommendation, with respect to pulmonary complaints, and valetudinarians no longer rest, till they have felt the more genial influences of an Italian sky. The weather was somewhat mild while we remained here, but it is very subject to the *vent de bize*, or north-west wind, and the chilly wind from the sea. The one being dry and piercing, and the other charged with vapours, they are equally unfavourable to the invalid.

We lodged at the *Hotel du Midi*. We breakfasted and dined at the *table d'hote*, occupied together a single chamber, in which we kept a fire, and in all respects lived simply and economically, but yet our daily expenses were twelve francs apiece.

Having spent several days very pleasantly at Montpellier, we left it on the 24th, for Nismes. The weather was rainy and disagreeable, and the tedious pace of the horses would have been insufferable, had not our time been beguiled by the eccentricities of an English gentleman, whom we had met with two or three times on our route, and by the political discussions of some Frenchmen, who were in the coach with us. One of them took a ground, which we had not found maintained by any other person since our arrival in France. Every where we had heard complaints against the oppression of the allies, regrets at the recent changes, sighs at the departure of their glory, reproaches and execrations almost against the man who had raised it to the highest pitch, and then, by a frantic ambition, sported with his own work, and

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lost more than he had won. But this person openly opposed his companions, exculpated the measures of the reigning monarch, defended the policy, and insisted upon the necessity of the occupation of France by the allied armies.

NISMES.

Nismes is chiefly interesting on account of the relicks of its ancient importance, under the government of the Romans. The old streets are crooked, narrow, close, and offensive; but there is a taste for improvement here, and in the modern parts of the city, they are sometimes wide and elegant.

The amphitheatre has resisted so well the ravages of time and war, that it will doubtless continue to gratify the curious for ages to come. The whole of this edifice is composed of prodigious blocks of stone, put together without cement, and fastened only by cramps of iron. The form of it is elliptical, and the order of the architecture Tuscan. The great diameter, which runs from east to west, is 405 feet; the shorter, from north to south, is 317 feet; the height is 66 feet; the circumference 1140 feet. The first story is an open portico, consisting of 60 arcades, all radiating from the centre, and serving as so many gates for admission into the amphitheatre. The second story is like it. Tuscan pilasters fill up the space between the lower arcades, and columns the upper. Above is a simple attic, without openings of any kind, and

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almost without ornament. The cornice of this is pierced at certain distances with holes. In these the posts were placed to support the tents, which sheltered the spectators from heat and rain. It is supposed that seventeen thousand persons could have been accommodated in this amphitheatre. The exterior is almost perfect. Within it is in a more ruinous state, but the corridors are entire, and are only encumbered occasionally with a few fallen stones. So many of the vomitories still remain, and so many of the seats rising above one another in regular order, and enlarging their circuit as they ascend, are still in their original situation, that we were enabled to form a very just idea of its internal structure. We ranged through the winding galleries, passed through the inlets, which in many places were almost choaked with rubbish, clambered over the mouldering arches, and mounted the steps, which in one part were better preserved than the rest, till we reached the summit; and there, whilst we contemplated this majestic ruin, our recollection of the purposes to which it was devoted, was almost lost in our admiration of the solidity and grandeur of the work.

The *Maison Carrèe* is built on a very small scale, but it is esteemed a model of architectural beauty. It is so called, because the form of it is an oblong square, and because the original designation of it having been a matter of dispute among antiquaries, they were ignorant till lately of its proper name. When the Abbe Barthelemy examined this edifice, he remarked on the frieze and the architrave, that there had been two inscriptions in letters of brass fastened

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by nails. The metal had been torn off, but the marks of the nails were still visible. It occurred to him, that by these marks it might be possible to make out the inscriptions, and on his return to Nismes he proposed to have a scaffolding raised, and to test the truth of his conjectures. This, however, he neglected; but in a dissertation which he afterwards read in the Academy of Belles Lettres, he offered those hints, which he had before given privately to his friend Count Caylus. M. de Seguier, following up the ingenious idea of the Abbe, very satisfactorily ascertained the inscriptions, and the *Maison Carrèe* was found to be a temple consecrated to Caius and Marcius, the adopted sons of Augustus.

This admired structure rests on a base of cut stone, raised a few feet above the ground. The portico is supported by ten columns, six in front and two on each side. Twenty others, partly sunk in the walls, run around the building. They are fluted with an attic base, and Corinthian capitals. These are beautifully decorated with olive leaves, instead of the acanthus. The architrave, the frieze, the cornice of the sides and rear, are richly sculptured, but the entablature and pediment of the portico are not so much laboured. These minute and finished ornaments are crumbling away. The whole is tarnished, and hastening to that ruin, which, from its frail and delicate appearance, we are surprised has not long since overtaken it. The people of Nismes, whom the Abbe Barthelemy accused of barbarism for their neglect of this remain, now glory in the elegance, the symmetry, and grace of the *Maison Carrèe*. They were putting

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a new roof on it, while we were there, and employing every means to preserve it.

The fountain of Nismes has been adorned with more labour and expense than taste. This copious source first fills a large basin of fanciful construction, and then flows through a garden set off with vases, ancient and modern statues, trees, and shrubbery. The stone walls and balustrades which line the basin and channels, and a too formal arrangement of the garden, might offend the eye by their artificial appearance, were it not immediately relieved by the steep and cragged rocks, which rise abruptly behind it, and by an extensive view of a pleasant and fertile country in front. The ruins of the temple of Diana on one side of the fountain, and a solitary tower on the height, increase the beauty of this charming promenade.

On Christmas morning I went to the Protestant church, and in the first service was once more shocked by the levity of the people. But the behaviour of those who remained to receive the communion, produced a very different impression. These formed a large proportion of the congregation, five-sixths or seven-eighths of whom were women. Before the celebration, an old clergyman delivered a familiar address, with so much earnestness, with so much simplicity, and in tones so tender and feeling, his voice being choaked almost by the excess of his own emotions, that he touched the hearts of his hearers; and their grief not only showed itself in tears, but even broke out in sobs. He then came down from the pulpit, and a young clergyman assisted him in ad-

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ministering the elements. The men advanced first, in small groups, to the right of the altar, and, entering the chancel, stood before the table with heads humbly inclined. A few words, which I was too far off to hear, were addressed to each of them; and after they had received, they gave place to others, and passed out to the left. There was great decorum and reverence in the manner of the communicants; and almost all, in withdrawing from the table, seemed penetrated with the affecting solemnity, and returned to their seats in tears. This unexpected and edifying spectacle softened, in some degree, my harsh opinion of the Protestants of France. In Nismes they are very numerous, making up one-third of the population.

As we were leaving the church, our ears were assailed by the most importunate cries from a miserable wretch, who was exposing the stump of a sore arm, to excite the commiseration and charity of those who were passing. Such hideous sights are not uncommon in France; and sometimes we meet with beggars along the streets so shockingly deformed, that our pity is overpowered by disgust and horror.

In the afternoon I went to the cathedral. But the crowd was so great, and the church so difficult to fill, that I lost almost all the sermon, though the preacher's voice was loud and distinct. In order to hear him better, I had gone up into the gallery among the blind and superstitious populace. As soon as he had finished, the service was renewed, and I stood leaning over the balustrade, observing very atten-

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tively the ceremonies at the altar. Presently the host was elevated, and a man cried out behind me, "*a genoux.*" I took no notice of it, and appeared not to understand him. A moment after he said to me, "It is very unbecoming not to bow the knee at the elevation of the host." I made some brief reply, which did not seem to soothe him. The crowd cast fierce looks at me. I recollected the persecution of Nismes, and retreated with precipitation.

Having no longer the friendly annunciation of Mr. Ducerf, from whom we had finally parted at Montpellier, we were again taken for Englishmen at the *table d'hote*, and subjected to some disagreeable consequences from this mistake. Indeed it was not merely reserve and incivility that we met with here, but raillery and insult. There was something, however, so droll in the manner of it, that had my own character, or my friend's prudence, permitted us to resent it, we would have found it almost impossible. A fellow at the head of the table, with a singular talent for mimickry, undertook to give an account of the travels of *Milord Anglais* in France. A coarse and burlesque story, in broken French, with a true John Bull accent, was narrated so happily, that it produced general merriment among the French, and scarcely less in ourselves, against whom it was directed. But I longed for a pleasant revenge, and would have given any thing to have had a humourous friend of mine there, to match him with *Monsieur Tonson*. The satirist afterwards discovering who we were, and that his wit had lost its point, was exceedingly mortified and embarrassed.

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Mr. Pilton, our English companion, perceiving it, took shelter from these gibes under the character of our compatriot, and talked of our President and our affairs like a true American. With a warm and honest heart, he had all the stout prejudices which frequently characterize his countrymen; and he seemed to travel not to remove but to confirm them. He was a lover of quiet, however, who came, like ourselves, in pursuit of health, and not to fight his way through a hostile land. In his heart he had such a contempt for the French as they might affect towards him, but could not feel; still ridicule, where repartee might be dangerous, and resentment unavailing was irksome, and therefore he gladly adopted this artifice to get rid of it.

PONT DU GARD.

We left Nismes, in company with this gentleman, for Avignon. Near Remoulins we got out of our carriage to go to the *Pont du Gard*, which stands in a lonely spot, a mile and a half from the public road. It is part of an ancient aqueduct, which formerly conducted water, from two fountains near Usez, to the city of Nismes. It rises in a triple range of arches to an immense height, and strides over the river Gardon with the steps of a giant. When we came suddenly in sight of this bold and stupendous monument of Roman power, in a place so still and secluded, and observed the great masses of stone with which it

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is built, piled upon each other without cramp or cement, the bold sweep of the arches, the towering height, the eating and rust of time preying upon it for so many ages, and yet a strength so unbroken as seemed to defy its power, we were impressed beyond measure by its solitary grandeur. We chambered up the side of the mountain against which one end of the aqueduct rests, and passed along the conduit where our footing was firm, but where the covering had fallen, and the walls had gone to decay. For a few paces we proceeded on this exposed and narrow path with some trepidation, but we soon gained the covered part, and walked in safety. In the whole length of the conduit, which is about eight hundred feet, there are apertures, at small distances, to give light to repair it when it was out of order. We got through one of them, on the very top of the aqueduct; and walked along till we were directly over the middle of the river. The passage was eleven feet wide, and the height above the water one hundred and sixty feet, without a single break to relieve the eye. The country immediately around was wild, and the point from which we viewed it made it sublime. The banks of the Gardon rose to a kind of mountainous grandeur. Behind us the river was soon lost in its windings, but before it was flowing for some distance through a more level and cultivated country; and quite in remote perspective we could perceive the mountains of Cevennes.

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AVIGNON.

Towards evening we drew near to Avignon. It is situated on the eastern bank of the Rhone, and rises, with an easy ascent, considerably above the river. The regular battlements of the walls with which the city is surrounded, the square towers which defend them at all points, and the antique churches, with their steeples appearing in vast masses above them, make the view of Avignon, as we approach it, very imposing; and the effect of it is increased by the rapid stream of waters which passes beneath, the broken and hilly grounds on the western bank of the river, and by the scene being caught in glimpses through the trees and in the turns and undulations of the road.

The interiour of the city does not fulfil all that this view promises. The streets are without any plan, but less crooked and cramped than in several places through which we had lately passed. We employed a good deal of time here in hunting after curiosities, which our itinerary pointed out to the traveller, but which perpetually eluded our search.

The palace of the Popes, during their residence at Avignon, still remains. It is a lofty and irregular pile, surmounted by towers, and looks more like a place of strength, built by some warlike chieftain, in a turbulent age, than the abode of the ministers of peace. Part of it is now occupied as a prison; the rest is suffered to go to ruin. When we visited

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it on Sunday, the populace were amusing themselves in the inner court with a bear fight.

The Metropolitan church, a few paces from the palace, is despoiled and forsaken. We were here shown the chapel of the Popes, that of Charlemagne, and the tomb of John XXII.

The body of the fair Laura, so celebrated by the love and sonnets of Petrarch, was interred in the ancient church of the Cordeliers; but this church suffered so much from the French revolution, that her remains, together with those of the brave Crillon, were, in consequence, removed elsewhere. Our guide assured us that the body of Laura had been transferred here, and pointed out the very niche in which it was deposited. We were afterwards conducted, upon better information, to a private garden, where it was said these interesting relicks had really been conveyed. Two young cypresses, one at the head, and the other at the foot, were the only memorials of this doubtful grave.

In the *Maison des Insensees* we saw some good paintings by Mignard and Puget, and an admirable crucifixion, in ivory, by Guillarmin. The sufferings of our Lord appeared in the swell of the muscles, in the contraction of the hands and feet, in the expression of agony in his eyes, his countenance, and every part of his frame. But with all this strength there was no violent and unnatural distortion. His anguish was softened by a patience and resignation becoming the dignity of the Lamb of God.

In this brief and imperfect account of Avignon, I ought not to forget a delightful view from the *Rocher*

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de Don, an eminence above the cathedral, of the city under our feet, a luxuriant and populous vale, the rapid Rhone, interrupted in its course by several islands, and the Durance diverging from it, an extensive range of snow-capped mountains on one side, and a dark semicircular sweep on the other; forming altogether a rich and magnificent landscape. Nor ought I, perhaps, to omit another extraordinary sight, the prettiest woman I had seen in France, fantastically dressed in loose trowsers and laced boots, and mounted on horseback *a la mode des hommes.*

FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE.

On the following day I went out, through a violent and piercing wind, to see the fountain of Vaucluse. The road passes over a beautiful plain, which is covered with a population proportioned to its fertility. But the excessive cold which penetrated my whole frame, and the snow which I saw on the mountains of Dauphiny before me, scarcely permitted me to enjoy the scene. At ten miles from Avignon I reached the rocky and narrow passage through which the Sorgue flows, whose waters all gush from the fountain of Vaucluse. It is a small stream, though dignified with the name of a river, but so clear and transparent that I could plainly see at the bottom the green weeds and plants that overspread its bed. The hills on one side are partially covered with olive trees

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and grain; on the other, they are dreary, naked, and barren. As I drew nearer to the fountain, the river became more rapid and noisy, and the rocks more varied and grotesque. On a lofty point to the right, which seemed inaccessible, were the ruins of the house once inhabited by the Archbishop of the province, and below, a small hamlet on the margin of the stream. All these objects received an additional charm, from the recollection that this was the favourite haunt of Petrarch and Laura. I went into the garden which she had cultivated with her own hands, but it had now no other attraction than her name gave it.

A little higher up is the fountain itself. It is situated at the foot of a rock, which rises perpendicularly 600 feet, and covers the bottom of a large vaulted grotto. When I saw it the waters were remarkably low, and instead of coming in a torrent from the mouth, they oozed out, at a distance from the source, in numberless rills, through the earth and crevices of the rocks. Notwithstanding this unfavourable circumstance, and the coldness and desolation of winter, it was still very interesting; but, in the spring, when it rises and rushes in one mass over the barrier which confined it, bounding and foaming in its impetuous course, it must be enchanting. After such a feast for my eyes, I had a dinner of trout caught in the waters which flow from the fountain.

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MARSEILLES.

We left Avignon on the 30th, and just before night reached the elevation on the road which commands so noble a view of Marseilles. It is more than half encircled by mountains, rising abruptly and grandly around it; the slopes at their feet are brightened with innumerable country houses, which thicken as they descend to the suburbs, and are at length confounded with the city; and the gulf spreads out majestically beyond it.

It was dark before we entered Marseilles. The long line of lamps suspended over our heads, the extraordinary height and regularity of the houses, and the breadth of the streets, gave it an air of splendour and consequence, which it did not lose in the light of day. Order and beauty prevail in every part of the new town, and we walk in it with ease and freedom. Excepting the flat roofs, and the more cheerful appearance of the houses, there is nothing remarkable in them individually; but their loftiness, their uniformity, and their extent in direct lines, produce a great degree of elegance in the general combination. The streets, for the most part, intersect each other at right angles, and some of them are much more open and spacious than any I have seen in France. They are well paved in the middle with flat square stones, and the side walks with small bricks, which are pressed so compactly together (their edges being turned upwards), that they are scarcely

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ever uneven or out of place. The grand quay, where all the vessels land their cargoes, is paved in the same neat way, and that part of the city which is commonly so noisome and unpleasant, is here a beautiful public walk. It forms three sides of an immense square, faced by stores and warehouses. The basin is crowded with vessels; we see the colours of almost all nations; we meet *Greeks*, if not *barbarians*, and hear so many different people *speaking in their own tongues*. It is always a lively and bustling scene, and there is the same difficulty in jostling through the crowd, which assembles on week days for business, or the multitudes who throng it on Sundays for pleasure. Back of the quay of St. Nicholas a steep path leads to a promenade on a high terrace formed out of the rock, from which there is a full and charming view of the city, the rural environs, the rugged mountains behind them, the harbour, the isle d'If, and the sea beyond it. The fort *de Notre Dame de la Garde* is at a considerable elevation above the terrace. An oratory is built on the way, to give an opportunity to those who come to enjoy the prospect for an hasty act of devotion.

The *Course*, a long wide street, is a more frequented and fashionable walk. In one part of it, a great number of women are ranged on each side, with flowers and fruits for sale.

The *Allèes de Meilhan*, which run from the *Course* towards the suburbs, have the advantage of shade and retirement. We took a turn in them on a festival, and found a great display of the *beau monde* there. The ladies were all showing themselves in their best

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attire, according to the custom of the Carnival, and courting admiration by their elegance and vivacity.

The common people were amusing themselves in a different way. They were collected together before a temporary stage, to attend a kind of theatrical exhibition, and every few moments, the droll grimace and coarse buffoonery of the actors were followed by bursts of laughter and applause.

A stranger can have no conception of the many methods that are contrived to divert the levity of this thoughtless people. We have seen, more than once, under our window, a company of dancing dogs, tricked off in female dress, and coaxed and whipped into a curious jig. Scarcely is dinner served up at a *table d'hote* before we are saluted by the sound of a violin or guitar, or by the voice of some female singer, and immediately after a small contribution is levied on each person present, which is generally paid with cheerfulness. At one time our attention will be called from our plate, to feats of agility; at another, a dwarf will enter, to give us an account of his age, of the place of his nativity, of the great personages who have seen him, and not only admired his diminutive form, but the justness of his proportions.

The number of agreeable acquaintances I formed here, in consequence of my letters, would have made the time pass very pleasantly, had not a slight return of my cough, and some pain in the breast, renewed my uneasiness. They were brought on again by too much exposure to the *mistral*, which had been blowing almost constantly from the time we left Mont-

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pellier till we arrived at Marseilles. This cold and piercing north-west wind is dreaded not only by invalids, but shunned even by those who are well.

From the state of the weather, and the necessity I was under of attending to my health, I was not able to examine the public buildings, the literary and benevolent institutions, and many curious and interesting objects, except in a very partial and hasty manner.

After remaining about a week at Marseilles, we proceeded to Toulon. We set out in the Diligence at a very early hour in the morning, and from some mismanagement were compelled to take seats in the cabriolet. The air was so sharp and penetrating, that it was scarcely possible to be occupied with any thing but ourselves. Excepting the savage and sublime pass of Ollioules, which forced itself upon our attention, the journey to Toulon was a blank.

TOULON.

The upper or old part of the town is irregular, but the new part below is neat, airy, and well built. The fine capacious harbour, and great maritime arsenal, however, are the chief distinctions of the place.

The next day we hired a boat, and sailed out into the bay. Behind the city there is a range of gray and sandy mountains, and on their sides two forts that were erected by the English, to command the

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town. The hills fall in an easy declivity to the right and left, putting on a green and smiling appearance, and delighting the eye by their variety and beauty. Opposite to the city they appear to meet, and to leave no outlet to the harbour. Near this extremity two high and pointed rocks rise abruptly out of the water, and from their insulated situation, and, at the same time, their neighbourhood, are denominated the Brothers. The day was fine, the prospect gay and animated, and the breeze mild and warm as the breath of spring, though we were in the depth of winter. Indeed, the strong contrast, and undulating surface of the hills, the country seats scattered over them, the freshness and verdure of the fields, the pleasant face of the city, the ships of war lying in the port, the beautiful form and sheltered appearance of the harbour, made such a group of objects as seldom enter into the pictures either of nature or fancy.

We staid but one day at Toulon, and on the 9th reached a paltry village, called Vidauban, where, much against our will, we were obliged to remain two. The only carriage in the village belonged to the Post-Master, who, determining to profit by this circumstance, demanded fifty francs for a distance of fifteen miles. Rather than satisfy his rapacity, we chose to put ourselves to some inconvenience. Accordingly we hired a couple of mules and a waggon, to take our baggage to Frejus. But the Post-Master was as much on the alert to defeat our plans as we were to frustrate his. He had his emissaries abroad, who watched all our movements, and having law on his side to aid his injustice, we found all our resources

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unequal to his address and power. He threatened the man, it appears, of whom we had hired the waggon and mules, with the penalties denounced against those who let them out without a licence from government; and the poor fellow, more alarmed by his menaces than allured by our offers, returned us our earnest money. The same difficulties occurring wherever we applied, we went to the Mayor, and made a representation of the Post-Master's conduct. He took upon himself the trouble of seeing this important personage, and succeeded in making such an arrangement for us, as did not altogether meet our views, but lessened our humiliation. The recollection of this affair is amusing, though at the time it was a serious vexation.

VOYAGE FROM FREJUS TO NICE.

Jan. 10th. We reached Frejus to-day, and took more pains in viewing the antiquities of the place than they were worth. This port, which was so extensive in the age of Augustus, is now an insignificant place, containing only about two thousand inhabitants. It has derived no small degree of consequence from incidental circumstances, both in former and latter times. Here Agricola was born, whom Tacitus has immortalized. Here the fleet of Anthony was sent after the battle of Actium. Here Bonaparte landed on his return from Egypt, and here he embarked for the island of Elba.

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On the following day we hired an open row-boat to take us to Nice. Near the place where we set out we saw a number of young persons and children carrying baskets of sand, to mend the road, who were working cheerfully and merrily for eight, and even four, *sous* a day.

The weather was soft and delightful, and the towns, the villages, the changing aspect of the coast, made the sail remarkably pleasant. We passed Cannes, where Bonaparte landed on his escape from Elba, and the isle of Marguerite, where the man in the iron mask was for some time imprisoned.

It was long after dark before we got to Nice. The port was closed, and though we were already thoroughly chilled by the cold and piercing air of the evening, we had reason to fear that we should have to remain in an open boat all night; but after much grumbling and hesitation on the part of the sentry, in order to enhance the value of his services, we prevailed on him to go for the commandant. The officer permitted us to go on shore, and, while he was examining the bills of health which we had got at Frejus, I stepped towards him to make some explanation. He started back from me with uplifted hands, as if I had been smitten with the plague. It seemed obtrusive to approach him till the papers were read.

From the appearance of Nice, the lateness of the hour, and the apprehensions we suffered, our entrance into Italy was not unlike our landing in France.

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NICE.

Nice is situated on a plain at the foot of the maritime Alps, which shelter it on the north from the wintry winds, and circling around to the east, run boldly and grandly into the sea. The river Paglion separates the city from the rural suburb, a long street called the *Croix de Marbre*, and chiefly occupied by strangers. The modern part of Nice is laid out with regularity. The public squares, and several of the streets, are neat and handsome. The port is defended by a fort that serves also as a mole, and though it is small, and filled almost entirely with craft, there is water enough for vessels of considerable burden. A high and solitary hill, covered with the ruins of the ancient fortress, rises steeply on one side, presenting towards the sea a huge pile of perpendicular rock. A short causeway, connecting the port with the other part of the city, runs in front of this high wall, and, in leaning over the parapet, we see the waves breaking furiously amongst the rocks, and rushing, with the noise of thunder, into the cavities beneath. Continuing along the path, we soon come to one of the most agreeable walks in the world. A row of houses, a quarter of a mile in length, bordering the sea, and sometimes sprinkled with its spray, are built of an equal height, with flat roofs. These being covered with stucco, form a broad and noble terrace, where strangers and natives meet together, to enjoy the sublime view of the deep; the glimpses of

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the mountains on each side, which it stops in their course; the softer beauties of the plain that skirts the shores towards the river Var; and the mild breezes of the south, which, to the valetudinarian, are more delightful than all.

It is not surprising then, that this place should have acquired so much reputation, and become the favourite resort of those who are looking for health, as well as of many who are only in pursuit of pleasure. Nature has prodigally lavished her glories and charms around it, and blessed it with a climate so equal and temperate, as almost to change the order of the seasons, and turn the rigours of winter into the genial warmth of spring. My time passed away there rapidly, and was full of occupation and enjoyment. In the morning we had our Italian teacher, and in the evening the French. In the middle of the day we either took a few turns on the terrace, or made a pleasant excursion on horseback to Villa Franca, along the windings of the shore to the river Var, in the valley towards Turin, or on the mountainous road to Genoa. Sometimes we were accompanied in our rambles by two of our compatriots, Mr. Rogers, of Baltimore, and Mr. Cox, of Philadelphia. The society of these amiable and estimable men relieved the solitude which might have been felt in the absence of all our countrymen and friends, and I can hardly say, that I had an uneasy or irksome hour, except from my anxiety for the slow recovery, or rather increased indisposition of Mr. Hands. Our lodgings were in the *Hotel de Yorck*, but we enjoyed all the stillness and seclusion of a private house, and

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lived with so much comfort, regularity, and temperance, as enabled us to make a thorough trial of what climate and regimen could do towards restoring our health. My own improved surprisingly, and I felt that the climate and other helping causes were almost working a miracle in me. Could I have seen the same change in my friend, my joy would have been complete.

During our stay at Nice, which was about a month, the weather was uniformly pleasant, with the exception of one rainy day and part of another. The air is at times a little too elastic and bracing, producing in consumptive persons a tightness of the chest, and a slight difficulty in breathing. Occasionally too, though very rarely, the winds are somewhat raw and blustering. But it is incomparably milder and better than any climate I have ever tried. The invalid must not expose himself to the morning nor evening air. His recreations and exercise should all be embraced between the hours of ten and four. Then he will generally find a cheering and salutary warmth. I rode out in the valley, where, in many places, the sun merely enters and disappears, over the open plain, and upon the mountains, without ever using a surtout. There was no frost nor ice in the city or immediate environs. The hedges were putting forth their leaves; the almond trees were in blossom; the orange and lemon groves were loaded with fruits; and vegetables are almost perennial. In the end of January we were eating green peas.

A few days before our departure we walked out on the road to Genoa, which is one of the monuments

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of the greatness and ambition of a man whose energies were too often exerted in works of destruction, but were sometimes also directed to objects of utility and real glory. This road commences at the foot of the mountains which rise on the east of Nice, and winds up their sides to their summits. It is supported on the outer part by a solid wall of stone, differing in height according to the varying surface of the ground. Sometimes it is entirely cut out of the hills, and at others through large masses of rock. We had gone up, a short time before, on horseback, till we supposed we were about a thousand feet above the valley. In several places the descent is rapid and frightful, but in general the eye meets, at intervals, with clumps of trees, or spots of cultivation, which break the steepness of the precipice. Now, as we mounted up at our leisure, warmed by the rays almost of a summer's sun, in the bleak and desolate month of February, we saw wild flowers scattered about us, and trees in full blossom. At every turn the view improved, and at length we reached a high and commanding point, where it was enchanting. A narrow vale, divided into a multitude of gardens, pleasingly arranged, and without much art, laid far below us. Alternate rows of wheat, with the beds of vegetables, and a profusion of orange and lemon trees, made them appear as fresh and verdant as in mid-summer. The houses, which are remarkably neat, and often painted in a fanciful manner, with a village church and two white convents, formed a suitable accompaniment to a spot so smiling. From the foot of the mountains, in which this valley is

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embosomed, to the very top, their steep and rugged sides have, in many places, been subdued and fertilised by patient and hard labour; and one level strip, supported by stone walls, or a sodded bank, rises above another, in regular gradation, like a hanging garden. In other places precipitous rocks, deep ridges, formed by the mountain torrents, the pine and other evergreens, and a rough and unkind soil, have made them retain all their original wildness. Houses are perched up on lofty heights, to which we see no path, and persons are at work where one would be afraid of giddiness. These objects, immediately around and below us, so diversified in their general features, and in the slighter shades of the olive, the evergreen, the orange groves, and the bright bloom of the almond trees, were only the fore ground of the picture. Over the mountains to the right arose the loftier tops of others. Nice appeared before us as in a map; the hill which parts it and the old fortress looked more interesting, and the restless and immeasurable sea closed this beautiful and glorious prospect.

It was an inexpressible satisfaction to us, while we remained here, to be able to attend (at the country-seat of an English gentleman) the service of our own church. How strong is the common bond of faith, and how intimate the communion of those whom it "knits together." When we united with these brethren of the same household, who all knelt on the floor with profound reverence, and whose devotion seemed to be inflamed by a grateful sense of the privilege they were enjoying, we felt the whole power

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of these ties, and the intensity with which the soul is sometimes capable of worshipping God.

The service was read with a propriety of manner that gave to every part a due effect, and with a holy fervour that warmed the heart. The sermons were written in a simple, chaste, and manly style. They were edifying in the matter, sound in doctrine, practical in their tendency, and delivered earnestly and impressively, though without gesture.

Mr. Proctor, the clergyman, hearing that a stranger of his own profession and communion was in town, politely called on me. I found him a very intelligent and agreeable man, whose conversation and manners had more of frankness, cordiality, and warmth, than are generally shown by his countrymen on a slight intimacy with strangers. He asked me to preach for him, but the state of my health induced me to decline. It is somewhat remarkable that he made no inquiries about the Episcopal Church in this country, and listened with much apparent indifference to the accounts which I gratuitously gave him.

The *Hotel de Yorck* was large and commodious, but neither fashionable nor expensive. Indeed, we never got so much comfort, in any part of our route, at so cheap a rate. We had two well furnished apartments, one of which was quite spacious, and the other convenient, and breakfast and dinner served up in our own room, for ten francs a day, or less than a dollar a piece.

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VOYAGE TO LERICI.

We left Nice, without a very encouraging prospect, in a small felucca. The day was fine, and the snowy tops of the Alps, faintly touched by the rays of the morning, appeared like

> "The blushing discontented sun,
> "When the envious clouds are bent,
> "To dim his glory."

But in a short time sea sickness coming on, the beauties of nature faded before me, and I could observe nothing with care, till we landed at Monaco. Here we were detained four days by contrary winds. The views around us were suited to the lovers of nature, under her harsher forms. Monaco is built on a high and almost insulated rock, and, with the lofty walls which girdle it, covered in many places with creeping ivy, its battlements, watch-towers, and draw-bridge, looks like one of the fabled fortresses of romance. The rock is in general steep, and in some parts almost perpendicular, and excepting on the north-west, where it is connected by a low and narrow neck of land with the main, the waves of the Mediterranean dash and foam everlastingly around it.

The inhabitants of this little kingdom appeared wretchedly poor,* yet the prince keeps up the state

* When we first arrived, our landlord was not able to get us a dinner till we furnished him with money.

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and parade of a court. He is in a singular situation, for though his dominions form a part of the territories of the king of Sardinia, he is at the same time a peer of France.

Feb. 16th. A light breeze springing up to-day, we at length set sail, and proceeded slowly along the coast. It is lined by mountains, which are the extremities of the smaller branches of the great range of the maritime Alps. Their gray and naked sides do not appear as if they could furnish nourishment for the multitudes who inhabit them. We could frequently take in, at a single view, ten or twelve sprightly villages and towns, some of which were large and populous, and most of them strikingly situated, in the sheltered recess of a mountain, on the summit of a sloping hill, or in the inmost depths of a bay. Small barques and vessels, keeping closely and timorously towards the land, were seen in all directions. The coast, faced with precipices, broken with inlets, and projecting in sudden bluffs and bolder promontories, shifted the scene every moment, and amused us continually with new prospects.

Near Savone a high and jutting rock, with a pleasant country house on the southern side of it, and another enormous mass below, still more lofty and cragged, extending about the same distance into the sea, enclose between them a beautiful and regular cove. We passed by it, at an early hour of a lovely morning. A number of men and women were busily engaged on the beach in drawing their nets. At the same moment a party on mules, who had just come out of a gallery, pierced through the lower

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promontory, appeared on the cliffs above, which overhang the sea, and were carefully descending the giddy road which runs along their border. As soon as we had got by this point, the deep and extensive harbour of Savone opened upon us; and, in looking back, we could see on high the lower outlet of the gallery. The passage cut through the solid rock is 200 feet long, and wide and high enough to admit carriages. This is one of the common, but daring efforts of Bonaparte. The road from Genoa stopped here, like all the other undertakings of that extraordinary man, when it lost the energy of his mighty arm; and there is neither the spirit nor ability in the present powers to complete what he began.

It was not our intention to land at Genoa. I begged the man at the helm to wake me, if we should pass it in the night. We did so about twelve o'clock, but though the full moon was shining, we were not near enough to see it distinctly. The wind, however, dying away, we had an opportunity of viewing this celebrated city by day-light. The beautiful and capacious harbour, the white buildings rising above each other, like the seats of an amphitheatre, and the walls running in irregular lines over the barren hills above it, together with the populous and long extended suburbs to the south, certainly form an extraordinary spectacle. But perhaps it was owing to the distance from which we surveyed it, that it appeared less splendid than I had expected.

Feb. 19th. A pleasant breeze brought us this evening to the lower promontory, which terminates the Gulf of Genoa. On the northern side of it, in

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a place so steep as to appear almost inaccessible, there is a small country seat, surrounded by a garden, of which we can only see the fruit trees and evergreens that shoot above the wall. From the west end of this strange retreat a ledge of rocks runs down into the sea, and, with the point below, shuts up a smooth and peaceful basin. The sun had just set, and amidst the broken and stupendous objects before us, evening was disposing of the light and shade with a magical effect. Before we got by, the broad side of this projecting mountain was wrapt in gloom, and, hiding the brightness of the moon, which had just risen, it threw over the basin below its own darkness and obscurity, while all was cheerful beyond it. But when the moon rose above, it came forth with such purity, and cast such a lustre over the heavens, and all things on which it shone, that it fully justified whatever has been said of the beauty of an Italian sky.

Presently we came under the lofty precipice, which for many miles borders the sea. This part of the coast presents itself in a thousand striking and fanciful forms. At times a huge fragment, rent asunder from the rest of the pile, would admit the light through the fissure. At others the rocks, which we almost touched with our oars, rose up with amazing grandeur, and seemed suspended over our heads. Frequently they would fall back in rugged inlets, whose deep bosom, overshadowed by the surrounding mountains, formed a fine contrast with the waves, glittering in the moon-beams without. In one of these we saw a hermitage at the foot of a tremendous

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ravine, and the chapel belonging to it was lighted up as we passed. The seclusion of the place, shut out as it were from the rest of the world; the silence, interrupted only by the dashing and roaring of the waters, and the majesty of every thing around, made this spot a fit abode for a solitary, who wished only to hold communion with the world to come, and might have almost inspired devotion in a heart that it had never touched.

But more commonly the coast presented a high and massive wall, towering many hundred feet above the sea, irregular and broken at the top like the ruinous fortifications of a fallen city. The edges of these mountains were generally naked and abrupt, but occasionally covered with trees, and for ever changing their outline and appearance. Now and then some artificial object was seen on them, a summer-house, a telegraph, or an ancient tower appearing still higher than it really was from the angle at which we viewed it. It was interesting also to observe the cavities below, which time and the ceaseless motion of the waters had eaten out of the rocks.

As we came near to Porto Fino the mountains sunk for a short distance into a plain, but still at a great height above the sea. Here, on the very outskirt of the precipice, there is a church, which, in the light of the moon, appeared to be of the purest white, and which, to an imagination delighted with every thing around, seemed also to be singularly beautiful. At length we reached the point, crowned on high with a little oratory, which put an end to this enrapturing prospect. The evening was so mild and so serenely

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bright, the sea so unruffled, the objects which adorned the coast so picturesque, and the whole scene so full of loveliness, and, at the same time, of wildness and sublimity, that I never felt so much the power of nature, for I had never seen her under an aspect so impressive.

JOURNEY FROM LERICI TO LEGHORN.

On the 21st of February we landed at Lerici, in the Gulf of Spezzia. We remained no longer at this insignificant port, where nothing could be seen but poverty and decay, than was necessary for passing through the formalities of the Custom-House. We were glad to find, at Sarzana, a decent table and comfortable beds, after the indifferent fare and worse accommodations of our felucca. We were the only passengers, but the cabin was a confined and miserable hole, where even two persons could not be much at their ease. My mattress was little more than a folded sail, and the ropes which passed under my body, in different directions, would have made me uneasy, had not my attention been diverted from this inconvenience by the biting and scampering of myriads of fleas. We were nine days in coming from Nice to Lerici, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, five nights of which we slept on board of the felucca. But the soft and delightful weather, and the succession of romantic prospects, beguiled our

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time, and made us patient and contented. Indeed our cold fare, or the coarse cookery of the sailors, eggs beaten up for milk, and wooden spoons and dishes, were even amusing by their novelty.

Sarzana is an ancient but inconsiderable city. Three centuries ago it was given in exchange to the Genoese, by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, for Leghorn, which was then a small village, but has now become the most flourishing port in Italy.

On the following day we left this place, and travelled through a rich and agreeable country.

At the distance of twelve miles from Sarzana, we passed by Massa, which is charmingly situated on the side of a hill. The famous marble quarries of Carrara are in the immediate neighbourhood of this city. But we could not go to see them, without running the risk of a most inconvenient delay. For the rains had so swelled the streains, that we already found great difficulty in crossing them, and we were fearful that they might soon become impassable.

We stopped at Pietra Santa to dine, and remained there till the next day. In the afternoon we visited one of the churches during vespers. When the service was over, the children and young people collected together near the grand altar, and seated themselves in a circle. A priest in the centre went around to them severally, and catechised them both in the way of interrogation and familiar instruction. A multitude of their friends remained to encourage them by their presence, and to enjoy the interesting spectacle. There was an eagerness and pleasure on the part of the pastor, the children, and attendants, not

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often seen among those who, laying a better foundation of doctrine and practice, ought to be animated with a more active and ardent zeal.

We were struck by a peculiarity in the costume of the females. A square white muslin handkerchief doubled, was thrown over their heads, and hung loosely upon their shoulders, producing a very graceful and pleasing effect.

Feb. 23d. The road, for a considerable distance from Pietra Santa, passed over a sandy plain, with an extensive forest on the side toward the sea. The fields on the other were secured by a rail fence, the first enclosure of the kind we had seen since we left home. The soil improved as we drew nearer to Pisa, and, in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, it indicated extraordinary strength and the most laborious cultivation. While we were yet far off, the leaning tower and the domes of the cathedral and baptistery rose up before us. Intending to re-visit Pisa on our way to Florence, we merely glanced at them, and hurried on the next morning to Leghorn.

LEGHORN.

This city, though of early origin, is indebted for its present consequence to the commercial prosperity of later times. The private dwellings are neat and commodious, and the streets wide, straight, and paved with smooth flat stones, but there are scarcely any

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splendid edifices, or public monuments, to associate it with the decayed magnificence of the other great cities of Italy. To a lover of the real comfort and happiness of men, however, the noise and bustle in the streets of Leghorn, the number of ships in the harbour, and the many appearances of an active and flourishing trade, would perhaps be more gratifying than the remains of former glory.

A mole of nearly 2000 feet in length, protects the vessels in port from the violence of the winds and waves. As there is not a sufficient depth of water for ships of a large burden, they lie off at some distance from the mole. The statue of Ferdinand I. on the quay, and the four Turkish slaves in chains at the corners of the pedestal, marked with the sullenness and dejection of bondage, are spoken of with greater admiration than they appeared to us to deserve, from the hasty look we gave them in passing.

All that is curious may be quickly seen at Leghorn, but some arrangements for the prosecution of our journey, and the civilities of three or four gentlemen to whom we had letters, kept us here several days. The English chaplain, Mr. Hall, was formerly of Philadelphia. His kindness and cordiality towards us showed that the change of his political relations had by no means extinguished the love of his country.

We returned to Pisa by the same route, through a dull succession of meadows, intersected by numerous canals. At almost every hamlet or cottage that we passed, the little children ran out and thrust a bunch of violets into our carriage, in the hope of getting for

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this nosegay some trifling present. This delicate and silent solicitation would undoubtedly succeed with most strangers, if it were not so frequent as to become troublesome.

PISA.

The Arno passes through this city in a slight bend. The yellow and turbid waters do not correspond with the imagined freshness and purity of this poetical stream. Three bridges are thrown across it, one of which is faced with marble. The quays on both sides being wide and smooth, and the houses having a gay and sprightly appearance, the promenade along the Arno is pleasant and inviting. It is especially so in winter, when, besides the advantage of being sheltered from the winds, it is also warmed by the powerful reflection of the sun's rays from the adjoining buildings. But the last circumstance must render it proportionably disagreeable in summer, as there are no trees to intercept this concentration of heat, nor to fan the air by the waving of their branches. This is the only part of the city where there is any thing like animation; but here the numerous groups that throng these walks on foot, and the carriages drawn furiously along by spirited horses, with long flowing tails and manes, form a singular contrast with the dulness and inactivity of other streets, and make the Lung' Arno quite as lively and bustling a scene

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as is to be found in many a metropolis more flourishing and crowded. There is an air of neatness and elegance in the other parts of the city, which bespeak the opulence and power of Pisa in the days of the republic, but accompanied with a sullenness and desertion that remind us still more strongly of its present poverty and decay. The streets are broader, more regular, and better paved, than in most continental cities; and, what is rather uncommon, they are furnished with side-walks.

The cathedral stands at the north-east extremity of the city. It is in a corrupted style of Grecian architecture, with a few scattered traces of the Gothic. The bronze doors in the west end are covered with basso relievos. In the same front there are five rows of semicircular arches, rising above each other, and supported by half pillars of different colours; some of which are plain, others wreathed with spiral lines, or decorated with fanciful figures. Similar ranks of arches run along the sides of the church, and around the dome. The last are surmounted by pediments, pinnacles, and statues. Notwithstanding the costliness of the ornaments, and the vast dimensions of the building, the cathedral cannot be considered as a stately fabric. There is an utter want of simplicity in the details, and of boldness in the general design. The interiour is still more splendid and dazzling. The roof of the nave is lined with gilded pannel work. The floor is paved with mosaics and variegated marbles. The walls are covered with pictures. The pulpit, the chancel, the side altars, are all of precious materials, and great beauty. Fifty-two large pillars

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of dark oriental granite divide the church into five aisles, and two rows of the same kind intersect them at the arm of the cross. The variety, the gaudiness, and laboured elegance of many of the embellishments, weakened the impression that would have been made by the gloomy aisles, the massive columns, the loftiness of the nave, and the great outlines of the edifice.

The belfry, or leaning tower, stands at a short distance from the east end of the cathedral. This is an hollow column of great diameter, and one hundred and eighty feet in height. It is divided into eight stories; the first of which is encircled by fifteen large pillars, sunk in the wall, and supporting as many round arches; the next six by open galleries, with a double number of columns; and the last by an iron railing. There ought to have been grandeur in a work of such solidity and magnitude, but it is divided into so many minute parts, that it is merely beautiful.

The leaning tower is very remarkable from the circumstance indicated by its name. It inclines thirteen feet beyond the perpendicular line. In looking at it from below, it seems as if it were just ready to fall and overwhelm us, and, in ascending, we feel as if it were sinking under our feet.

The idle opinion that this inclination was the result of design, in order to show the skill of the architect, is now generally rejected. The swampy and yielding soil on which the tower is built, will account for it much more rationally.

From the shelving and unguarded top, we had a fine view of the city, the course of the Arno, the vast

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and superb monastery of the Carthusians to the east, the white tops of the Appenines, and the Mediterranean sea.

The baptistery is in a line with the cathedral, at the west end. This is a large rotundo, covered with a dome. In the exterior of this edifice, the mixture of style and profusion of inappropriate ornaments must offend the eye even of the common observer. It is deformed within also, by two round galleries, resting on pillars, which intercept the view of the dome, and destroy its simplicity and proportion.

To the north of the cathedral is the Campo Santo, or cemetery, where the inhabitants of Pisa were formerly interred. It is an oblong square of four hundred feet in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth. Within there is a broad portico, communicating with an open court by six Gothic windows, and several doors, fashioned with all the lightness and grace for which that style is often remarkable. The soil, with which it is filled to the depth of ten feet, is said to have been brought from the Holy Land, in the time of the Crusades. Funeral monuments, of various design, partially cover the walls of the gallery, ancient sarcophagi are ranged beneath, and the pavement is, in a great measure, made up of memorials to the departed; some of which are legible, and others trodden out and long since effaced. These, with many reliques of antiquity, busts, statues, and cinerary urns; the fresco paintings of Giotto, Memmi, and the other early masters of the art, which are fading and perishing, are so many trophies of destruction and death, that force upon the

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mind the destiny of man and all his works. The cloistered seclusion of the place, the religious style of the architecture, the court within covered with thick rank grass, and strewed with violets, assist these reflections, and lead to thoughtfulness and melancholy. I have no where seen any thing so solemn and impressive.

The Campo Santo, the cathedral, belfry, and baptistery, are all of white marble. They were erected in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and, in the lapse of so many ages, have put on a dingy and yellowish hue. When examined in detail, we may perceive many deformities and faults, but when viewed in general, the group is wonderful and majestic.

Before leaving Pisa, I went to a *conversazione* at the house of our countrywoman, Mrs. Felicca, to whom I had letters. She made many inquiries after her early friends, and though her connexions and habits were entirely altered by a residence of thirty years in Italy, her thoughts still recurred with pleasure to the intimacies and scenes of her youth. I regretted that the shortness of my stay here would not allow me to accept of the proffered civilities and hospitality of this interesting lady.

We did not remain long enough at Pisa to visit the University, and several other objects deserving of our attention, much less to form any opinion of the climate, so celebrated for its healing power in pulmonary complaints. While we were there, the weather was mild and pleasant, but from the plain which surrounds it, extending in a perfect level to the sea, it is much more exposed than Nice. The grounds in the

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neighbourhood also, are marshy, and hence it is more subject to rains and a damp atmosphere. The temperature I believe is about the same, and the softness of the air, in consequence of this humidity, we were told by our physician at Nice, was more favourable in consumptive cases, than the cloudless sky, and keen and bracing air of that place. I learned nothing myself of Pisa. My own happy experience has created, perhaps, a too partial fondness for Nice. I can scarcely conceive any thing more delightful than this climate, where one fair day succeeds another, almost without interruption; where the weather is equal and temperate; where the nights of January, though chilly and biting, are without frost, and mid-day is as warm as spring; where nothing interferes with regular exercise, so essential to invalids; where winter is seen only on the mountains; and leaves, and blossoms, and fruits, regale the senses in the valley. It is said, however, though this climate be so salutary in the beginning of a consumption, it quickens the progress of the disease when it is far advanced, and hurries the sufferer to the grave.

JOURNEY TO FLORENCE.

March 2d. This morning we left Pisa, and passed through a lovely valley. The road sometimes ran along a canal, which was as pure and rapid as a stream, and occasionally the river Cerchio appeared

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at a distance through the trees. The hills on each side were cultivated to their tops in terraces, or covered with groves of pine and the slender and towering cypress, or brightened by towns and villas. The rich bottom between was divided into small fields, separated by ditches, and by trees hung with vines, which extended in garlands from one to the other. Violets, and a profusion of wild flowers of different kinds and colours, were scattered on the borders of the road and on the banks above. The arbours and summer-houses in the gardens were overrun with spreading cypress or creeping evergreen, and sometimes they were fancifully combined. Two or three solitary towers on the hills, and a ruinous castle, gave to this sweet vale a higher charm, and finished the beauty of the landscape. I was in raptures with it, and my friend, who was hardly well enough to enjoy any thing, felt the same enthusiasm.

LUCCA.

We reached Lucca about noon. At our inn we were shown into a parlour filled with pictures, in a style so far beyond the usual decorations of such places, that in many other countries they would have formed a respectable gallery.

We went immediately to the cathedral, a large Gothic structure of the eleventh century. The white marble of which it is built has lost but little of its brightness, even after so many ages. The interiour

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is gloomy and venerable, but strongly illuminated in certain parts by the brilliant hues of the painted windows. Among the pictures, I was much pleased with the Last Supper by Tintoretto, and the Ascension of the Virgin into Heaven by Tofanelli.

From the belfry of the cathedral, which I mounted by a dark and crazy staircase, there is a charming view of a beautiful and populous plain, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, clad with vines and olive trees, and adorned with the elegant villas of the nobles of Lucca.

The city is encompassed with ramparts, shaded by trees, which are not only broad enough for a public walk, but even for carriages. The streets are regular, handsome, and paved with large cut stone. The only stately edifice, is the public palace, an immense pile, though but half of the original plan was completed. Lucca has still a considerable trade in oil and silks, but it has declined as well as Pisa, and in passing through the streets, we remark the same sober and neglected air, and almost the same desertion and silence. The temporary splendour given to it by the presence of Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, who met here to divide among them the Roman empire, is still its most interesting distinction, to those who love to recall the past in the present.

On leaving Lucca we travelled over a fine road, raised a few feet above the adjacent fields, with ditches on each side, inlaid with stone. It is lined with double rows of trees, forming long avenues for foot passengers, and a refreshing shade for those who are in carriages. For several miles we rode through

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a luxuriant country, and, in turning around a gentle ascent at one point, we had a momentary view of the valley behind, cultivated like a garden; of the swelling hills to the left, with farm houses and superb mansions scattered over their sides, and above them the silvery tops of the Appenines, partly lost in the clouds and mists of the morning. The grounds to the right were broken and varied, with something more of wildness and sterility. Brooks and streams were running among the hills. Trees were in blossom in some of the gardens, and before many of the houses there was a small lawn, an avenue of box or cypress, or some kind of ornamental shrubbery. And as the road passed over hill and dale, we perceived, at every turn, some new combination, some singular feature, or some resemblance to the prospects of our own country.

Near Bourg Buggiano a number of persons were returning from a fair, leading white oxen, and others of a most delicate fawn colour. These cattle were small, but exceedingly neat and handsome. Among the rustic groups that went by, we were struck with the fine complexions, comely features, and even graceful forms of the peasant girls. The smart beaver hat and feather is a peculiarity in their costume. They dress in other respects with simplicity and taste, and have often an appearance above their condition. We remarked two in particular in the course of this day's ride, of such singular beauty as would have attracted admiration in a fashionable assembly, though one was employed in drawing water, and the other in carrying wood.

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Throughout all the cities of Tuscany, and even in the smaller villages, there is an extraordinary cleanliness, which we were lead to notice more particularly from having been so recently disgusted with the intolerable filthiness of the south of France.

Not far from Pistoa we passed by one of the retreats of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The palace itself is elegant and spacious, with a noble portico and extensive out-houses. A handsome park covers the brow of a small acclivity on the opposite side of the road. It had been raining hard in the morning, and the sky was still heavy and lowering; but when we were within a few miles of Florence, the sun threw out a partial glare on the villas of the gentry and nobles which surround it, while thick dark clouds overspread the mountains behind us.

FLORENCE.

We entered the city about twilight. While the Custom-House officer was examining our baggage the Grand Duke passed us, in a carriage drawn by six horses, followed by another with his suite, in the same style. But they were driven so furiously that we had scarcely a glimpse of these great personages. It is usual, at such times, for all who are in the streets to take off their hats. This mark of respect for princely rank may be decent and becoming, but it produces a strange sensation in the minds of proud and discourteous republicans. Whether it be in all

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cases a cheerful and voluntary act on the part of the people themselves, may, perhaps, be doubted; for I remarked that our *Cicerone* sought to indemnify himself for this token of homage, by expressions of disregard and contempt for the authority to which it was rendered.

The next day we went out, with eager curiosity, to examine this far-famed city. Hitherto we had been chiefly entertained by the lovely face of nature in Italy, by her romantic coast, the charms of her valleys, the ruggedness of her mountains, the admirable cultivation of her soil, the taste displayed in all her rural embellishments. Pisa and Lucca alone had given us some specimens of art and genius. But we were now in the very seat of elegance and refinement; where poetry, after the slumber of ages, had revived; where sculpture rivalled the boasted works of antiquity, and painting probably surpassed them; where talent of every kind had flourished; but the fine arts were brought almost to perfection.

The cathedral and baptistery were very near our hotel. The latter is a large octagonal building, entirely incrusted, both externally and internally, with white and black marble. Statues of eminent sculptors adorn the interiour, granite pillars support the dome, and the vault is covered with figures in mosaic that appeared to me rather grotesque than beautiful. But the glory of this edifice consists in the three bronze gates, inimitably wrought by Andrew Ugolini and Laurence Ghiberti. A variety of scriptural facts are traced out in basso-relievo, and the figures, both individually and in the general groups, are executed with

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such delicacy, truth, and effect, as to seize the attention of the most unskilful observer, and excite the unbounded admiration of the artist. Was there ever such a compliment to genius as the well known exclamation of Michael Angelo, who, in gazing at them, saw such beauties as are hidden from common eyes, and called them the gates of Paradise?

From the baptistery we passed to the cathedral, a great and magnificent pile, incased with pannel work of black and white marble, and surmounted by a cupola which only yields to the majesty of St. Peter's, at Rome.

A Florentine of our acquaintance endeavoured to claim for it the pre-eminence; but it is honour enough that the work of Brunelleschi was at one time unrivalled, and suggested the bold and beautiful plan which surpassed it. The ribs of the octagon, and the breaks in the circle of this dome, are not like the harmonious lines, and the easy and graceful swell of St. Peter's.

The naked and unfinished appearance of the cathedral within, does not correspond with the rich and costly dress without; but still the dim light of the deep-stained windows, and particularly the obscurity overshadowing the altar and the choir, the height of the cupola, the length of the aisles, the soaring of the arches, the solemn and gloomy grandeur which reigns throughout the building, impress the mind with awe and veneration. What proud memorials are that tower and that dome of the architect who planned the one, and the genius who sublimely reared the other. The ashes of Giotto and Brunelleschi lie

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under the shadow of their works, and their own hands have raised their mausoleums.

We were here one evening at vespers, when we saw fifty priests in their sacerdotal robes, and about a hundred candidates for orders, in habits resembling them. In this display of ecclesiastical pomp, an imagination fond of tracing resemblances between the past and the present, might have almost fancied that another council was sitting to confirm or sever the bond of faith between communities and nations. On a subsequent occasion, we heard a funeral address from one of the preachers belonging to the cathedral, which, in point of elocution, was masterly. It was delivered in a clear, strong, and sonorous voice, with a free and forcible gesture, an attitude easy and natural, but constantly varied, and a countenance full of passion and expression. The manner was exceedingly fine, but there was a want of that persuasiveness, and those tender and touching tones which should enter more or less into all subjects, but almost exclusively into this.

At one end of the cathedral, and on the north side, rises the belfry, a light square tower, which is more than three hundred feet in height. Gothic windows, with delicate and ornamented mullions, give an airy and graceful appearance to this massive work. It is covered with variegated marbles, set off with statues, and surrounded at the top by a handsome balustrade. The trouble of mounting it was abundantly rewarded by the glorious prospect it commanded; the domes and towers of other churches, and the whole city, at our feet; the Arno dividing it, and winding through

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that vale, so celebrated in song; the villas, convents, and palaces scattered below and on the hills around; the mountains which rise above encircling the whole, and with their dark sides and whitened summits, forming so strange a contrast with the freshness, and verdure, and bloom of the valley. It is only in Italy that we meet with those rare combinations, which make our pleasure perfect. Here nature and art, summer and winter, the past and the present, are all brought together, and we see more than elsewhere, and feel more than we see.

The church of St. Lorenzo is only remarkable for the sacristy, planned by Michael Angelo, and the mausoleum of the Medicean family, which adjoins it. In the former are the tombs of several of the Medici, and the statues of Guliano and Lorenzo. They are represented sitting, in the military costume of the Romans. The emblematical figures of day and night, and morning and evening, are reclining beneath on their sarcophagi. Night is personified by a sleeping female, and the ease in the attitude, the natural relaxation of the body, and the soundness of sweet and tranquil slumber, gave rise to that epigram of Giovanni Strozzi:—

> "La notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
> "Dormir, fu da un Angelo scolpita.
> "In questo sasso, e perchè dorme, ha vita.
> "Destala se nol credi, e parleratti."

"The night, which you see sleeping in this easy posture, was wrought by an angel. Whilst she sleeps on this tomb, she lives. If you do not believe it, awake her, and she will speak to you."

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The altar of the church itself is faced with a mosaic of precious stones, depicting almost with the justness and delicacy of the pencil, the sight of the Promised Land, the sacrifice of Isaac, and the manna rained down from Heaven.

The royal chapel, or mausoleum of the Medicean family, is an octagon of nearly one hundred feet in diameter, and two hundred in height. Excepting the dome, it is incrusted with the finest and rarest marbles, and enriched with the statues of the most distinguished sculptors. The oriental granite, the jasper of Sicily, Corsica, and Tuscany; the porphyry of Egypt, the violet of Flanders, the coral of Spain, the pearl, the agate, the lapis lazuli, the topaz, ruby, emerald, and sapphire; all enter into this costly work. These fill up the spaces between the pilasters, and are so arranged as to produce a fine general effect, as well as to exhibit a multitude of fanciful decorations, and the arms and inscriptions of different cities in Italy.

The church of Santa Croce is an immense building, but, like St. Lorenzo, presents an unfinished exterior of rough and gloomy brick walls. The simple dignity of the edifice within, is made still more impressive by a most extraordinary assemblage of the illustrious dead, whose monuments line the walls. Here lies the body of Michael Angelo, whose vigour and boldness chastened the taste of his countrymen in the arts; and there, Alfieri, whose lofty muse exalted their sentiments, and rekindled the spirit of the Romans. "Here is Galileo, who was persecuted by men, for having discovered the secrets of Heaven; a little farther on Machiavel, who laid open the art of

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tyranny, but whose lessons were more profitable to the oppressors than the oppressed; Boccacio, whose smiling imagination resisted the united scourges of pestilence and civil war; Aretino, who devoted his days to pleasantry, and experienced nothing serious on earth but death; finally, many others, celebrated during their lives, but whose names will resound more faintly from generation to generation, till their noise at last dies away, and is lost for ever."*

On one of the funeral monuments in this church we observed a singular inscription. Instead of stating that the deceased had departed this life in such a year of our Lord, it was thus expressed, *a partu Virginis* 1770.

The palaces of Florence were built rather for defence in times of civil distraction, than for elegance and comfort in peace. They are for the most part dark, heavy, quadrangular piles, with a high and strong foundation of rough unhewn stone, small windows, and a large projecting cornice. The upper stories are built of free-stone. The architectural ornaments are entirely confined to the inner court, and even there also beauty is generally neglected for the sake of strength.

The Palazzo Ricardi was built by the great Cosmo de Medici, but has now passed to the family whose name it bears. The library consists of a valuable collection of forty-six thousand volumes, and four thousand manuscripts. Many of the latter are beautifully illuminated. We entered the library

* Corinne, tom. iii. 320, 321.

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through a long hall, the vaulted ceiling of which is painted with mythological subjects by Luke Jordan, and the sides covered with painted mirrors. The other apartments are highly embellished by frescos and stucco work. On leaving this palace, a cardinal, who lives in the neighbouring city of Reggio, was just getting into his carriage in the court, and to our eyes, accustomed to simplicity among ecclesiastics, the splendour of his equipage seemed to savour too much of worldly pomp.

The Palazzo Pitti, which is the residence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, is outwardly a rude, gloomy, and uncouth mass, but within it is as rich and gorgeous as the pictures of romance. We passed through a multitude of chambers, many of which are filled with ancient statues, and with the master-pieces of the most eminent painters in the Italian and Flemish schools.

Fifteen of these apartments communicate with each other in a direct line, nearly five hundred feet long. With the exception of one, which is furnished in a different style, they are all entirely hung with superb damasks of various colours and patterns. The beautiful statue of Venus, by Canova, is the last object shown to the stranger. In the decorations of this palace there was no glitter nor profusion, but a simple magnificence throughout the whole, suited to the dignity of a princely abode.

There are altogether between three and four hundred paintings in the gallery. The Madonna della sedia, or Virgin, holding in her arms the infant Saviour, is one of the most admired works of Raphael.

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There is nothing more than the expression of maternal fondness in Mary, a sweet and open look in the child, and extraordinary beauty in both; together with that grace in the attitudes, that richness of colouring, and incomparable finish which mark his best productions. But it irresistibly arrests the attention, and I found myself delighted with it, before I knew what claims it had to admiration. There is another here of the Virgin, by Raphael; but, by a very common anachronism, the painter has introduced into it the persons of St. Augustin, St. Bernard, and St. Roque. The wife of Titian, by himself, is an interesting portrait, and his Magdalen perhaps the best work in the collection. It is somewhat singular that painters have generally chosen to represent this penitent woman, with so much of her person exposed, as to give her an air of wantonness, even in grief and prayer. So she appears at present, but in all other respects the picture is faultless. Her hair is dishevelled, and hanging loosely over her shoulders and bosom. Her forehead is slightly contracted. Her face is flushed. Her eyes, reddened and filled with tears, are lifted up to Heaven, in earnest supplication. Her lips are just opened, but her heart breaks through them. She is in an agony of sorrow. Her plaintive cries must be heard, and her sins forgiven. Never was passion more forcibly pourtrayed, nor art brought nearer to nature. The sinful woman is before our eyes, and we almost feel like our Lord himself, when he received the affecting testimonies of her love and grief.

The garden of Boboli, which belongs to this pa-

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lace, spreads over a vast extent, and rising behind it, gives a delightful view of the surrounding country.

The *Palazzo Vecchio*, once the residence of the Grand Duke, is in a still heavier style of architecture, and the lofty tower above makes it appear more like a fortress than a palace. It stands on a square, in the centre of which is an equestrian statue of Cosmo de Medici, in bronze, the work of John of Bologna; and a large fountain, surrounded by nymphs and tritons, with Neptune in the middle of the basin. In the entrance of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, and the portico of a neighbouring edifice, we see the seizure of the Sabine women, by the same sculptor, the Judith of Donatello, the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, the Hercules and Cacus of Bandinelli, and the David of Michael Angelo. The last was one of the earliest efforts of that great artist's genius. His patron, Soderini, the chief magistrate of Florence, "on seeing the statue, admired it exceedingly, but pretended to discover that the nose was a little too large, which Michael Angelo explained, by attributing the appearance to the fore-shortening produced by the situation from which he saw it. His scientific reasoning, however, was not satisfactory; therefore, in an instant he mounted the scaffold, taking a chisel in one hand, and a little marble dust in the other, and while he pretended to be reducing the surface, he let fall a little dust, as he appeared to be working. Soderini was satisfied with this deference to his judgment, and soon exclaimed, Now I am better pleased; you have given it life."*

* Life of Michael Angelo, by Duppa, p. 36.

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From this square we pass into the grand gallery of Florence, which forms three sides of another. It is an immense building, the wings of which are between four and five hundred feet long, and the intermediate part about a hundred. The gallery corresponds in extent with the three sides of the edifice, and in a series of paintings arranged along the walls, according to the several epochs to which they belong, exhibits a history of the art in all its stages; from the stiffness, meagerness, and deformity of the eleventh century, to the grace, the richness, and more perfect beauty of the sixteenth. Besides these, there are the portraits of men who were distinguished in the annals of Florence, eminent strangers, painters of merit, and a complete collection of ancient busts; comprising the Roman emperors and their families, from the destruction of the republic to the reign of Constantine.

The eye is confused by the multitude of these objects, and while it glances carelessly over all, it retains no impression of any. This vast collection, however, only comprehends the works of inferior merit. A long suite of apartments, parallel with one wing of the building, is filled with the *chefs d'œuvres* in sculpture and painting, disposed according to their comparative merit, and divided into different schools. The tribune, an octagonal chamber of twenty-four feet in diameter, and about the same height, the pavement of which is of variegated marble, and the dome inlaid with mother of pearl, contains the wonder of the world, the Venus de Medici, and another which divides its admiration, the Venus of Titian. In one,

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the artist, it is thought, must have followed the ideal beauty of his own imagination, for he could have had no model. In the other, we see the perfection of the imitative power. The daughter of Herodias, receiving the head of St. John the Baptist from the executioner, by Leonardo da Vinci, seemed to my untaught judgment deserving the next place, though it ranks, I believe, after several others in this collection. Her head is turned from the hideous object towards her mother, while she stretches out her hand to receive it. There is a smile of satisfaction, disturbed by a slight degree of horror, and the painter has entirely succeeded in reconciling so much beauty with so much cruelty. The whole group is well conceived, and all the figures are exquisitely finished.

I never shall forget the masterly strokes and glowing tints in Raphael's portrait of Julius the Second, nor the loveliness and grace of his Fornarina. A superb portrait of the prelate Becadelli, remarkable for strength of expression and freshness of colouring, by Titian, and St. John the Baptist in the wilderness, by Raphael, in his last manner, are all besides of which I have a distinct recollection.

Among the secondary statues, the attention is chiefly drawn to the wrestlers, the knife grinder, and the young Apollo, though it is ever recurring to the inimitable form of the Paphian goddess. My eye was too little practised in sculpture, and my taste too little improved to perceive all the excellencies in the group of Niobe, and to be struck, like others, with her calmness, her dignity, her chastened grief, in the midst of the most profound despair.

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This gallery is always open to citizens and strangers; a person of education and refinement is paid by the people of Florence to be their guide through it; inferior officers are in waiting to assist when there is a crowd; and for all this gratification and service nothing is allowed to be given, except a trifle to the porter on the first visit, which is not to be repeated.

We spent one morning only, where we might have passed a hundred, in rambling through the cabinet of natural history, and in examining the anatomical figures, in wax, of Fontana. The representation of the human body, from the first step in dissection down to the naked skeleton, and of all its different parts, even to the most delicate vessels and minute fibres, forms so vast a collection, as to fill sixteen rooms. Twenty others are taken up with the exhibition of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, throughout their endless varieties.

I was delighted to meet a gentleman here from New-York. In a strange country he seemed like an old acquaintance, and, for the remainder of the time, became our inseparable companion. In Mr. Ambrosi we found a man of very general information, who, having been in America, could talk to us, in our own language, about our friends and our homes; and who, by his kind, assiduous, and useful attentions, has made us his debtors, in common with many of our countrymen.

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JOURNEY TO ROME.

March 10th. We left Florence in company with Mr. Cohen, an English gentleman of London, and two Italians. The country through which we travelled the first day presented a succession of hills, clothed with vines and olive trees. We spent the night at Poggibonsi, an insignificant town, which would scarcely have been remembered but for the pre-eminently vile supper that was set before us, and the dirty and unfinished room in which it was served.

A narrow ridge, with a deep valley on each side, leads, by an easy ascent, to the summit of the mountain on which SIENNA is situated. We entered the city by the long and undulating street that divides it into two equal parts. The cathedral is a rich and curious Gothic edifice, cased with rows of black and white marble. The pillars, composed of alternate layers of the same, have a singular and disagreeable appearance. Among the decorations scattered profusely through every part, some are extremely beautiful, and others sufficiently grotesque. The vault of the nave is of a deep sky blue, bespangled with stars. The heads of all the popes, cast in terra cotta, are placed around it. Statues and basso relievos, by Bernini, Donatello, and Michael Angelo, adorn the walls, and the outlines of figures, formed by the intermixture of black with white marble in the pavement, produce all the effect of mosaic. In the adjoining library there are some fresco paintings, one

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of which is ascribed to Raphael; and several illuminated liturgies are said to be touched by the same pencil. The exterior of the cathedral is more simple and uniform, though that is also somewhat fantastical. This, with many of the principal buildings, suffered much from an earthquake in 1798.

Several of the public edifices in Sienna merit attention; but irregularity, inelegance, and an air of squalid poverty, mark the city in general.

Beyond Sienna there is less fertility, and a fainter verdure, but still the country is beautiful and striking. As we proceeded, it grew more wild and desolate, and at Poderina we saw nothing before us but an ocean of sand hills, cut up with gullies and deep ravines, and scarcely enlivened by a trace of vegetation. Such a deserted waste was suited to the dark deeds which rumour reports are sometimes acted upon it.

The fields near Radicofani were covered with a peculiar kind of stones, which were probably thrown there in some volcanic eruption. The ancient city is supposed to have been built on the mouth of a crater. When we arrived at the modern town, which is considerably lower, it was almost night, and a thick mist increased the obscurity; but feeling anxious to view the site, we immediately set out, and ascended the slippery height with some difficulty. The old fortifications appeared to be built in a great measure of pumice stone, but we could discover no vestiges of the crater. This steep and pointed peak, which is more than three thousand feet above the sea, can be seen from Sienna, a distance of nearly fifty miles.

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I never heard the human voice in its ordinary tones so sweet and musical as in the loquacious boy who was our guide up the mountain, and in his mouth the Italian language had all the softness and melody for which it is so much extolled.

A little before Pontecentino, we passed from Tuscany into the Ecclesiastical State, and were detained at this place sometime by the examination of our baggage. Near Acquapendente we remarked among the rocks at the side of the road, some basaltic columns.

Soon after we came in sight of the beautiful lake of Bolsena, with several islands rising out of it, and three or four towns on the borders. One of these, which was built on the ruins of the ancient Volsinium, now bears the name of the lake. Excepting a few slabs, with Latin inscriptions, which appear to have been recently dug up, and a rudely sculptured sarcophagus, in the court of the principal church, there was nothing that indicated the remote origin of this city. A small and ruinous castle, of the middle ages, stands on an eminence near the upper gate.

Before dinner we took a ramble, through some fields and vineyards, to the lake. The still and retired scene was fitted for musing; and had it even been less so, yet in such a place dulness itself could have scarcely escaped from reflection. Here lived the Volsci who contended so manfully with the aspiring power of Rome. The story of Coriolanus rises up in the mind; his wounded pride driving him to the household gods of his enemies for protection, and to their alliance for revenge; then the affections

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of nature struggling with his purpose; his firmness dissolved; his ungrateful country saved; but his own life the price of his generosity.

During the evening a party came to our inn with the Countess of Rochefocault, who had spent many years in the United States, and who seemed pleased with the present occasion of calling up the recollections of her abode among us.

They gave us an account of a robbery which took place a day or two before near Ronciglione, and entertained us with many other narrations quite as seasonable. The most dangerous part of our route was before us, and our apprehensions stood in need of no additional excitement.

From Ronciglione, till we got within the immediate environs of Rome, we travelled through the most naked and neglected country in Europe. It is not, however, a barren desert, for the fields are fresh, and the soil good; but it is a place forsaken and desolate. In a distance of thirty miles, excepting two or three villages, I counted only eight houses on the road, and about twice that number in the adjacent fields. Occasionally we saw herds of cattle, or a shepherd with his flock, or a few patches of grain, which appeared rather like spontaneous productions than the fruit of cultivation; but there are scarcely any other appearances of man or his labours in the whole wide waste of the Campagna of Rome. The desolation of nature was also heightened by associating with it the crimes of men; for here we were frequently reminded of them by the limbs of the malefactors, which were suspended on poles, and exposed as a

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terror to evil doers. A sight so revolting made us sick both in body and mind.

We were now drawing near to that renowned city whose history is so interwoven with our early remembrances and feelings. Rome, of which I had read so much, the story of whose heroes was like "a household tale;" whose hills, Forum, temples, and palaces, seemed so familiar; Rome, the theatre of so many mighty revolutions, the seat of an empire unequalled in extent or duration, and which became more remarkable in its decline than in the zenith of its power; Rome was just ready to break upon my straining sight. I found myself strangely affected. I grew uneasy and impatient. It seemed even as if an important epoch in my life were approaching; and I had a kind of confused and indescribable feeling, made up of curiosity, wonder, joy, and eager expectation, which I never experienced before, and which, perhaps, no earthly object could ever again excite.

At Baccano I got out on the front seat to catch the first glimpse of St. Peter's. It was almost impossible to realize my situation; and when I crossed the Tiber, and entered the gates, and found myself in the midst of Rome, it still seemed like an illusion.

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ROME.

We came into the city by the *porta del popolo*, which displays it in one of the most striking points of view. Before this gate there is a small square with a superb Egyptian obelisk, of red granite, in the centre. At the opposite side it opens upon three long and regular streets slightly diverging from each other, and the two points from which they separate are graced with neat and beautiful churches. As we rode on, all that we saw was new, except the aspiring column of Marcus Aurelius, and part of a portico that formerly surrounded the temple of Antoninus. This elegant ruin, consisting of thirteen pillars of Greek marble, with a rich entablature, now forms the front of the Custom-House, and though it is disfigured by this incorporation with a modern edifice, yet perhaps it owes its very existence to the union which degrades it.

After having taken our lodgings, we rambled about the city in the evening, and in the course of our walk saw the Pantheon. Though the moon gave but a dim light, the lofty dome and spacious vestibule struck us with admiration. Captain Totti, an Italian gentleman who accompanied us from Florence, and to whom every thing in Rome was familiar, appeared, however, to be in a still greater transport. "Figure to yourselves," said he, with eagerness and extravagance, "the difficulty of rearing this portico. What enormous columns, and each of a single block! By what ef-

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forts of mechanism were they placed here! What skill! What majesty! How great were the ancients! Who would not venerate this temple of all the gods?" The ludicrous warmth of our companion entirely diverted our attention from the object he was praising. We revisited it in the morning, and the sober dignity of this temple was still more imposing in the light of day. Eight pillars of oriental granite, in front of the portico, support a pediment of the most just and beautiful proportions. Eight more of the same description form a double rank behind, by omitting every other column. In entering the Pantheon, our wonder increased. We had seen costly and magnificent edifices, but never any so simple and sublime. The diameter of the rotundo is only one hundred and fifty feet, and the height of the dome is the same; but it is so little encumbered with ornaments, and the eye ranges around with so much freedom, that there is an appearance of vastness altogether beyond the true dimensions. The illusion is extraordinary and powerful. We cannot realize the great extent of some buildings. Here my astonishment never ceased at the grand and impressive effect of this temple, when the means by which it is produced seem to be so inadequate. But the graceful form and apparent magnitude of the Pantheon are not all that we admire. While the bronze and silver, so profusely lavished on this building, could not escape the hand of rapacity, the precious marbles which covered the walls, and the pillars and pilasters which were placed around the rotundo, have lost but little of their original freshness and beauty. The Pantheon has suf-

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fered more without than within. The cupidity of conquerors, the spoliations of popes, and the wasting of time, have left only the solid walls and strong and massive portico. Stripped, however, as it is, tarnished and discoloured, and deprived of its original elevation from the accumulation of soil around it, it is, nevertheless, one of the noblest relicks of antiquity; and still exhibits the munificence of Agrippa, the glory of the Augustan age, and the most perfect model of taste, proportion, and grandeur.

From the Pantheon we proceeded to the Capitoline hill. Here the Egyptian lions, at the foot of the steps which lead to the summit, remind us of the nations that were tributary to Rome; the columns above, that once stood as mile stones on the roads, of the extent of her dominion; "the trophies of Marius, of her misfortunes, and the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, in the centre of the square, of the best days of her glory." And this is the capitol—so intimately connected with the history of Rome, with her defence, her worship, her triumphs, and renown; which has been trodden by so many illustrious men, apostrophized by so many orators, and distinguished by so many pompous ceremonies, such weighty deliberations, and important measures. But in looking around, all the edifices we see are modern. They are the works of Michael Angelo, though without his usual boldness and vigour; and, in this spot, with which the imagination has been accustomed to associate ideas of greatness and splendour, we merely see elegance and beauty.

The palace of the Conservatori is on one side, the

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Museum Capitolinum on the other, and the palace of the Senator of Rome in front. The church of Ara Cœli, on a higher part of the mount, is supposed to occupy the site of the temple of Jupiter Feretrius. It was in a fit of musing in this church that Gibbon first thought of writing the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. In the view of things so new, however, we did not find the spot itself calling up immediately and strongly the feelings connected with it. But as soon as we went down into the Forum, we were carried back to the times and events of ancient Rome. Here, scattered columns, the porticos of temples, triumphal arches, and ruinous foundations, forcibly remind us of the days of imperial greatness; and the imagination is busy in filling up this scene of desolation, and figuring its original majesty and pomp. In descending the Capitoline hill we see on the right three columns of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, which Augustus raised in grateful commemoration of his being saved by that deity from a stroke of lightning near this spot. Immediately below is a portico consisting of eight Ionic pillars of oriental granite, which, there is some reason to believe, belonged to the temple of Concord, where Cicero assembled the Senate in Cataline's conspiracy. Three fluted columns of Parian marble, with Corinthian capitals, supporting an entablature, which is equally admired for grandeur and the delicacy and finish of the frieze and other ornaments, are all the remains of the temple of Jupiter Stator. Deep excavations have been made here, as well as around the column of Phocas near it. They have found broken pillars, fragments of

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cornices, mutilated statues, the foundations of ancient and modern edifices; but the pavement of the Forum has not been discovered, nor any thing else which could elucidate materially the doubts of antiquarians. The triumphal arch of Septimius Severus is a little to the left. It is decorated with eight fluted pillars, and with representations in basso relievo of his expeditions against the Parthians and Arabians. The figures are but little injured, and the rest of this solid monument is entire. A short distance from this arch, in the Via Sacra, are the ruins of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina. The portico, the two side walls, the cornice, and the beautiful embellishments of the frieze, are well preserved. The church of St. Lorenzo in Miranda is built within these walls, and having its own front behind the ancient portico, and not being assimilated in the style of architecture or elegance of design to the temple itself, it deforms this ruin, though it will contribute to preserve it. The inscription in front, to the god Antoninus and the goddess Faustina, is perfectly legible. The former was more worthy of divine honours than many on whom they were lavished; but the latter was a divinity only in the estimation of her husband. He celebrated her virtues in his writings; temples were raised to her; she was represented in them "with the attributes of Juno, Venus, and Ceres;" and while all Rome was scandalized by her manners, he alone was ignorant of her gallantries, and thought her a spotless being, worthy of invocations and vows.

Three immense arches, with some beautiful marble fragments lying beneath them, are thought by

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some antiquaries to be a part of the temple of Peace; and on the right side of the Via Sacra, are the lofty and extensive foundations of the palace of the Cæsars, now forming the Farnese gardens. Here also is the triumphal arch of Titus, which is esteemed the most perfect monument of the kind that time has spared. Beneath the arch, on one of the inner sides, Titus is seen, borne along in his triumphal chariot by four fiery steeds, with the emblematic figures of Rome guiding, and Victory crowning him; on the other, the Jewish prisoners, and soldiers carrying on their shoulders the precious vessels of the temple of Jerusalem, the golden candlestick, the silver trumpets, the vase which held the water for purification, and the table of gold upon which the shew-bread was placed. Many of the figures are mutilated and defaced, and the whole arch has suffered so much, that props are employed to support it.

We did not neglect to visit the Tarpeian rock. On our way there, we inquired of a woman who lived in the neighbourhood, where it was to be found. "O Sirs," she replied, "these are matters with which I am entirely unacquainted. I never trouble my head about them." Our Italian friend Totti was moved with a kind of good-natured indignation at such gross ignorance in a region so classical. But we soon succeeded in discovering the spot which tradition has marked out as the Tarpeian rock. It is at present covered with a garden. This circumstance, together with the accumulation of soil below, had so softened the terrors of the place, that it bore no resemblance to the horrid form in which fancy had pictured it.

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In the course of ages has ancient Rome not only disappeared, but some of the hills on which it was built, are almost lost. The intervening spaces have, in part, been filled up by the constant operation of natural causes, and by the ruins of the city. In the older views of the Forum, the arch of Septimius Severus was half buried, and all the other objects so sunken and deformed as to exhibit very imperfectly their beauty and proportion. But the earth is now cleared away from every portico and arch, and we see them from their base.

On leaving the Forum, we went to the Spada palace. A gentleman in our party being pressed for time, we could only run hastily over the statues dug out of Pompey's theatre. There was one object, however, of uncommon interest, which we contemplated at greater leisure, the colossal statue of Pompey himself, at the foot of which it is supposed Julius Cæsar fell. If this were certain, the pride of the Vatican would not excite so deep a feeling. But here obtrusive doubts are a source of perpetual vexation. We could not help remarking in this statue a certain extravagance, which overstepped the modesty of nature. In order to show great manliness and strength, there was a swelling of the muscles, and a tension of sinew, which would have hardly suited Hercules himself.

March 17th. To-day we completed our survey of the antiquities about the Forum. We stopped a few minutes at the triumphal arch of Constantine, which is the largest work of the kind in Rome. The basso relievos, exhibiting the victories of Trajan over the Dacians, were taken from the arch of that emperor,

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and employed in the decoration of this. Must not the pride of the conqueror have been mortified by the necessity of borrowing the inappropriate story of another, to perpetuate the remembrance of his own achievements? The other figures are considered as proofs of bad taste, and of the decline of the arts in the time of Constantine.

Within a few paces stands the Coliseum, or amphitheatre of Titus. It is the most majestic ruin in the world. Will it not then appear like extravagance to say, that it did not correspond with my expectations? I had heard that the amphitheatre at Nismes sunk into insignificance when compared with it; and this work had appeared to me so great, that my imagination had magnified the Coliseum beyond the gigantic attempts of Roman power. Three ranks of arches encircled the building, and the spaces between them were ornamented with Doric pillars in the first story, with Ionic in the second, and with Corinthian pilasters in the third. An attic rose above the whole. It contained seats for nearly eighty thousand spectators, and room for twenty thousand more. The circumference of this vast edifice is one thousand six hundred and twenty-one feet, and the height one hundred and seventy. Nearly one half of the outer wall remains entire; the rest has fallen; but the circle is completed with a lower elevation by the wall of the next corridor within. On entering the arena we saw no seats, but merely the naked and crumbling arches which supported them. The two upper slopes are already destroyed, and the wall which rises above is only sustained by its own solidity. The rest are in a

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great measure preserved, but stripped of their covering, and broken into a variety of forms; and the interiour has one face of decay and ruin. Grass and weeds cover those parts which have suffered most from time and violence, and this solitary monument of fallen greatness inspires a deeper interest now than it could have done when it was perfect and uninjured.

When we consider the form and simplicity of this structure, so well calculated to resist the influence of the ordinary agents which destroy the works of man, the durability of the materials, the massiveness of the work, we cannot be surprised at the exclamation of the northern pilgrims, who saw it in the eighth century, recorded by the venerable Bede:—"As long as the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall." But what neglect and the ravages of time could not have done, the struggles of contending factions, who intrenched themselves within its walls, the sale of the materials by some popes, the licensed plunder of the nobles, and the continual depredations of the people, have accomplished; and neither the lofty buttress which is raised against the falling wall, nor the new supports which are built to sustain the tottering arches, by the liberality of the present pope, can save it, for many generations, from utter ruin.

From the Coliseum we went to St. Peter's. Before we entered it we found ourselves surrounded with wonders. A double colonnade, formed by four extensive ranges of lofty pillars, sweep around, on each

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side, in a semicircle, and leave between them a beautiful and spacious court. From the inner extremities of these open porticos, two close galleries extend, almost in a direct line, to the front of the church. In the centre of the court, an Egyptian obelisk, eighty feet in height and nine feet square at the base, rises upon an elevated pedestal; and two superb fountains, at equal distances from it, throw up streams of water, which fall around in perpetual showers. The view is closed by the vast front of St. Peter's, the lesser cupolas, and the stupendous dome. It is difficult to give any suitable ideas of these extraordinary objects, or to express the feelings which they successively excited.

We then enter, by a fine marble staircase, of three flights, into a grand and elegant vestibule, about fifty feet in breadth and four hundred and fifty in length, graced with the equestrian statue of Constantine the Great at one end, and Charlemagne at the other.

But when we passed into the church itself, all that we had seen seemed as nothing. So vast in dimensions, so just in symmetry, so rich and gorgeous, and yet so sublime!—it surpassed all that we had conceived of this world's grandeur. We stood some time fixed in amazement, uttering nothing but exclamations of wonder and delight. The vault, glittering with gilded bronze, rose one hundred and fifty feet above our heads, and the grand nave stretched out to the length of a furlong. We walked up this aisle till we came under the dome, which hangs over the transept, where it is intersected by the nave. The extreme point of the lantern is between four and five hundred

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feet from the pavement. The light admitted from above throws a soft lustre over the rich mosaics with which the dome is inlaid; and while we gaze at the representation of our Lord in his glory, surrounded by apostles and martyrs, "the spirits of just men made perfect, and all the company of Heaven;" the striking emblem can scarcely fail to awaken more lively ideas of the reality. The greatness, the elevation, the unrivalled sublimity of this work, draw the eye from the rest of the edifice, and fix it, with increased admiration, on this noblest part of the noblest building in the universe. The columns only which support the dome are sixty-five feet square. The arm of the cross is five hundred feet long, and even wider than the middle aisle.

The grand altar, at the central point of intersection, is covered by a high canopy of bronze, resting on twisted pillars. Around the tomb of St. Peter, immediately beneath, a hundred and twelve silver lamps are always kept burning. At the upper end of the nave is the chair of St. Peter. The four doctors of the Latin and Greek churches are supporting it. Angels stand at the side, two above hold the tiara and the pontifical keys, and cherubim and seraphim worship it. This presumptuous monument is likewise of gilded bronze. The Holy Spirit, blessing and crowning the work, appears above all, in the form of a dove, on a ground of yellow crystal; and the light which comes through is so brilliant, and yet so subdued, that it throws around the dove a kind of celestial splendour.

It would be an endless work to describe the stately

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sepulchral monuments which fill the recesses; the various marbles with which the walls are covered; the columns scattered through the aisles and about the altars; the paintings, in mosaic, which ceil the numerous domes; the copies of celebrated pictures, taken by artists skilful in mosaic work, to perpetuate their beauties; the statues and other embellishments which enrich this magnificent temple. These give it the finishing graces, but it owes its incomparable majesty to the bold and simple features already described. Every thing here is on a colossal scale; but whether it be from the numerous ornaments of the building, or from the perfect harmony between the details and the general plan, I could never realize the vastness and extent of St. Peter's. As we came in, one of the company called my attention to the statues of two angels which are placed by the fonts of holy water on each side of the middle aisle. They seemed, only a few paces off, to be about the size of a chubby infant, just out of the mother's arms; but, on drawing near, we found them larger than men. So also the bronze canopy over the altar, viewed from the entrance of the church, looks like a diminutive object, though it is nearly one hundred feet high. All that we see around us is grand and elevating beyond conception, and yet, from the actual dimensions, we would expect the aisles to appear longer, the roof more aspiring, and the dome dim and indistinct from distance.

When Julius II. ascended the papal throne Michael Angelo was invited to Rome. After some deliberation, it was determined that he should exert his

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skill in the erection of a mausoleum, which might associate the fame of the patron with the genius of the artist, and be a lasting memorial of both. He conceived a plan which was too vast to be executed in the church of St. Peter without enlarging the building. But as it was already very old, Sangallo advised the Pope to raise a chapel expressly for the mausoleum; and this is the origin of that edifice, which exceeds every other in glory.

The vanity of Julius was, perhaps, then, the immediate cause of the Reformation. For it was in the eager exaction of monies, through the sale of indulgences, to build St. Peter's, that men determined to shake off their burdens, and break the fetters which bound them.

We confined ourselves, for the rest of the morning, to the gallery of pictures in the Vatican. As an apology for an appearance of presumption in the following remarks, I ought to state, that my design in this loose journal, is only to describe, with simplicity, the objects that pass before me, and to record the impressions which they make on my own mind. Knowing little or nothing of statuary and painting, or of their rules and technical language, I judge of them only by their effects on a common and untutored observer.

On entering the gallery, the first picture that we saw was the transfiguration of Raphael. It is the master-piece of the author, and the most famous painting on earth. My expectations were proportioned to its reputation, and, in this instance, as in many others, I experienced a degree of disappoint-

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ment. The excellencies are so great as to justify the most enthusiastic praise, but yet I was rash enough to find fault with it. Our Saviour, surrounded by a cloud of glory, is raised a little above the mount, as well as Moses and Elias on each side of him. This is a liberty with the narration of the evangelists which some may think justifiable, but, to me, it did not seem natural. The same objection might also be made against the introduction of two other personages on the mount besides the apostles. For a similar reason I was not pleased with another group below, which is the admiration of all connoisseurs. It is the father and lunatic son, with the crowd of people which Jesus met the next day after he had come down from the mountain.

I cannot help thinking, where facts are the subject of a picture, any thing else which is brought in merely for effect, without a shadow of authority from the history itself, or any connexion of distinct incidents, differing both in time and place, is a blemish which no excellence in the execution can atone for or excuse.

If, however, we could for a moment suppose that the painter had copied the real account of the transfiguration, then our admiration of the piece would be unbounded. Our Saviour appears to be more than man; and Moses and Elias seem like glorified spirits. The apostles are wrapt in a kind of ecstatic trance; they are disturbed by the scene which is passing before them, though they see it imperfectly, and comprehend it less; they are bent down in attitudes of awe and astonishment, with their hands before their

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eyes to shield them from the dazzling and insupportable brightness. The agitation and workings of the evil spirit in the person of the possessed; the ghastly appearance of his eyes, uplifted and turned aside; the demoniacal expression of the countenance, and the convulsive struggles of one tormented in body and mind; the surprise and horror in the wild gaze of the man who supports him; the just attitudes and natural looks of the whole group, are all proofs of the strong conceptions and exalted genius of the painter. Every figure in the piece is finished. Every head, when examined singly, is viewed with admiration. The colouring is rich and deep, but yet it is the colouring of life. No part of it that has not some striking beauty or excellence, and if in the representation of an historical fact fidelity to the story be not required, and painting be allowed a licence which poetry can only use with reserve, then the transfiguration may justly be considered the first piece in the world.

Excepting the Fortune of Guido, the only picture besides in this valuable collection which left a strong impression on my mind, was the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino.

He is on the bed of death, and on the eve of expiring. He is sitting up, and just ready to receive from the hands of the priest the bread of life. His looks are divided between this memorial of salvation and that Heaven which it assures him. Weak, pale, emaciated, and ready to give up the ghost, his countenance is nevertheless lightened with faith and hope A friend, kneeling at his side, is melted by a sight so

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affecting. A woman is clasping one of his arms, and kissing his hand, in an agony of grief. An air of solemnity and sadness is spread over the faces of all the attendants. The dying man alone is unmoved—all earthly affections are gone—he is occupied only with the cross and the crown of glory.

Some familiarity with such scenes in the exercise of my ministry, made me, in this instance, more confident in my judgment; and I should have had no hesitation in pronouncing it a master-piece, though I had not known the reputation of the painter.

March 18th. The desire of seeing a friend, an acquaintance, or even a countryman, in a strange land, is stronger than those can conceive who have never been far from home. It was from a motive of this kind that I made many inquiries of the ecclesiastics whom I met, after Mr. Barber, all of which were fruitless. The conversion of a Protestant clergyman, in a distant country, it could hardly be expected would be much known at Rome, though it was an event of such rare occurrence as to have excited much notice at home. At length a layman, to whom I applied for information, took me to the college of the Jesuits, as a place where a Jesuit might most easily be found. I here inquired again for Mr. Barber. The porter, who was a member of the order, told me that no person of that name belonged to the institution. After a moment's pause, he suddenly said, as if recollecting himself, perhaps you mean Signori Barberini? It may be, I replied. On being conducted to this person's room, I found him whom I had sought, transformed in appearance as well as name.

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He received me with great cordiality and joy, but without any wonder or surprise. I spent a short time with him very pleasantly. He spoke with freedom of the rites and ceremonies of his adopted religion, but with perfect delicacy, and the most studied regard to my feelings. There was even a liberality in censuring what he thought blame-worthy, which was somewhat surprising in a new convert.

A hard bed, laid on bare planks, a table, a desk, two or three chairs, a small crucifix, and the pictures of some Romish saints, were all the articles with which his solitary chamber was furnished. He was dressed in the coarse black cassock, which is the habit of his order; the crown of his head was shaved, and both in his countenance and in all the objects around him, there was an air of austerity and mortification.

From the day we came to Rome, which was Palm Sunday, the beginning of Passion Week, till Wednesday, there were no ceremonies to be seen at St. Peter's or the Vatican This evening we went to the Sistine chapel, to hear the music. It was rather late when we got there, and for this reason, with another more weighty, I was afraid I should not gain admission. None were allowed to enter unless they were in full dress, and I had unfortunately left my small clothes at Leghorn. However, I pressed through the crowd, near the circle of Swiss guards, who stood with their halberds around the door. A great many were refused on account of their dress; but one of the masters of ceremonies, either being deceived by my tight pantaloons, or thinking they came under the

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rule, told me to enter. There were so many before me, that I could not get near enough to see any thing. The vespers were sung in plain chant, and with unusual dulness. The principal object of expectation was the celebrated *Miserere* by Allegri. At length, when the psalms were finished, and all the lights were extinguished, the choir commenced—Oh! it was like the ravishing harmony of Heaven, if we could suppose that the plaintive voice of supplication were heard there. It thrilled my whole frame, and brought tears into my eyes, and kept them there for many minutes. Such tenderness, such melody, such unison, such power and compass of voice, I did not suppose possible in human beings. The tones were as new as the effect. But what a painful after-thought! This music of angels, was from the most humbled and degraded of men.

The *Miserere* has now been sung in the Sistine chapel, on Wednesday and Friday of Holy Week, for one hundred and seventy years. It is thought that the extraordinary charms of this music are not so much owing to the piece itself, as to the traditionary graces which have been handed down from one generation to another. But neither these improvements, which are so arbitrary as to be subject to perpetual change, and so evanescent as scarcely to be retained, nor the long preparation required of all who take a part in it, could account for the overwhelming effect of the *Miserere*, were not the composition divine. They are the breathings of Allegri's own soul, repeated in softened and dying echoes.

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In the evening I made a visit, with two or three of my friends, to the Coliseum by moonlight. Excepting a guard or two at the entrance, and a few persons who had been led there by the same feelings as ourselves, there was nothing to interrupt our reflections. After looking around awhile from the arena, we went above, ranged cautiously through the gloomy corridors, and at length gained the best and highest point from which this stupendous ruin can be viewed. Here, the outer wall having fallen, we could dimly see at a distance one or two solitary monuments of the ancient city. From our elevated position, and the obscurity of night, the irregularities of the interiour were in a great measure lost. This vast mass of ruins was thrown into shape, the elliptical form appeared more perfect and beautiful, the magnitude and extent enlarged, and the height more towering and majestic. The loftiest part, on our right, was buried in deep shade, except where the moon-beams broke through the arcades and other apertures, and faintly lighted the winding galleries. They fell with full lustre on the other, showing the uneven outline of broken walls, and the decayed and falling arches with the most charming effect. In such a place, so still, so secluded and sublime, could the recollections of carnage and tumult have been suppressed; could any one purpose to which it had been devoted have been referred to the honour or happiness of man; we could not help feeling a kind of melancholy delight bordering on enthusiasm. As it is, we only admire the grand and picturesque appearance of these ruins. We become pensive and thoughtful. The

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end of man and his works, the fate of empires, the vanity of all earthly glory, is forced upon our minds by the solemn emblem before us. We love to indulge in these feelings. They agitate the heart for a moment, but they soon soothe and compose it again. We lingered for an hour before we could prevail on ourselves to part with the scene or the reflections it excited.

March 19th. This morning I directed my steps again towards the Vatican. The making the holy sepulchre in the Pauline chapel; the washing the feet of thirteen pilgrims, called apostles, in the Clementine hall; and the waiting on the same by the Pope himself, in the Consistory; were among the ceremonies of Holy Thursday. There was an immense press, and an eager and active curiosity to see the services of the Holy Week. From this circumstance, and from being ignorant that in some cases the formality of a ticket was necessary to gain admission, I missed several of them.

In approaching St. Peter's, however, I was just in time to see the Pope give his blessing, from the balcony, to a vast multitude assembled in the court before it. Every thing is well arranged at Rome, and when it is intended to produce an effect, they take special pains not to be disappointed. Accordingly, that the prostration of the people might be more reverent and profound, the host was elevated when the benediction was pronounced. Many bowed the knee; all were uncovered; and though there might not have been much of devout feeling in this promiscuous crowd, it was certainly a pom-

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pous and impressive spectacle. But I could not help thinking, that these marks of outward devotion were not merely the humble attitudes suitable to sinners, in receiving the blessing of God from the mouth of his ministering servant, but, on the part of many, an act of homage to a frail mortal, invested with attributes above his condition. As he was moved back in his chair from the sight of the multitude, this persuasion made me feel a degree of pity and pain which the occasion might not have justified. The errors of the church of Rome appear to us so gross that, perhaps, we are scarcely qualified to form an unprejudiced judgment even of her most innocent and edifying practices.

In the evening we went again to the Sistine chapel, to hear the *Miserere*. The singers were the same, the music was by another. It was an admirable piece, and sung so divinely, that I was scarcely less affected by these new strains than by the composition of Allegri.

The Pauline chapel had been illuminated by several hundred torches, for the ceremony of the holy sepulchre, that were still burning. I passed on with the crowd that accompanied Charles IV. late king of Spain, who went in to offer up, in this public manner, his private adorations. The prince of Bavaria was also a devout and constant attendant on the ceremonies of the Holy Week.

March 29th. On Good Friday we visited the church of St. John Lateran. It is said to have been built by Constantine, though every trace of its antiquity is lost in modern alterations.

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While we were walking through it, examining the different parts, our ears were saluted with such sweet and enchanting sounds, that curiosity was suspended; and it was not till this delightful service was over, which went to the heart, that we could attend to what merely pleased the eye. The music was neither so plaintive, nor so powerful as the *Miserere* of the Vatican, though nothing could surpass it in melody, in execution, and in its soft and subduing influence over the feelings. The notes came upon us through the long aisles, in such mellowed tones, and with such a charm and effect, as cannot be conceived by those who have not heard Italian voices in the noblest of churches.

In the evening we went once more to hear the *Miserere* of Allegri. After listening to this incomparable piece again with a delight which repetition could not pall, we came down from the Sistine chapel to see the illuminated cross in St. Peter's. This obvious idea, which has been considered as one of the most sublime conceptions of Michael Angelo, in our estimation, would have given no great credit to an humbler name. It fell altogether short of our expectations, in splendour, dimensions, and effect. The lustre which it threw immediately around, contrasted with the obscurity beyond this circle, might have set off a venerable Gothic pile, to which dimness and gloom are congenial, but the beauty of this gorgeous and magnificent edifice can only appear in full light. The delicate colours of the variegated marbles, the mild radiance of the gilded domes, the unrivalled graces of the Mosaic paintings, the richness

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and elegance of the sepulchral monuments, the wonderful magnitude of the building, which receives no increase from artifice or illusion, are lost by shade and concealment, and set off only by the dazzling blaze of a meridian sun.

We had not remained long in looking at the cross, and the crowds that flocked in to see it, when our Italian companion, Mr. Totti, began to show some uneasiness. He had hired the coach in which we came, till the end of the *Miserere*, and he was well aware that every moment's delay beyond the appointed time, would give room for clamour and dispute, for the hackmen in Rome are very Shylocks in a bargain. The price we had agreed to pay was immoderate, but, according to the fears of our friend, on our return to the carriage, the knave demanded double. Mr. Totti reasoned calmly with him for a moment, but finding that he grew loud and insolent, to draw the attention of persons around us, he ordered him, in an absolute tone, to drive us to the magistrate. The fellow hesitated, but as Totti was determined, he reluctantly complied. The case being clearly stated, the magistrate declared that the *Miserere* was supposed to end with the *Ave Maria*, though in fact it was three quarters of an hour before, and that, therefore, we were not bound to pay him any more than the stipulated sum. If we chose to give him a trifle for the delay, it was very well: he did not impose it upon us as an obligation. The coachman, not relishing this decision, became impertinent and clamorous in the presence of the judge. But an imperious threat to send a carbinier home with him, if he

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were not more civil, soon silenced him. He then quietly drove us to the Coffee-House, and servilely attempted to gain of us by entreaty what he could not extort by insolence. Such is the base and degraded character of the common Italians.

March 21st. To-day I attended mass in the Pontifical palace, on the Quirinal hill. It was the anniversary of the election of Pius VII. and it was understood that the Pope himself would assist in the celebration. Twenty-four Cardinals, who were dressed in flowing purple robes, the hoods of which were lined with white damask, and whose heads were powdered and crowns covered with a circular piece of scarlet cloth, took the upper seats on each side of the chapel; the dignitaries next in rank sat below them; and the inferior clergy on seats scarcely raised above the floor. They had not proceeded far in the service before the masters of ceremonies (who on this occasion were dressed in black robes, with scapularies of netted muslin hanging on their shoulders) went in to the Cardinals, and, almost in the twinkling of an eye, changed their purple mantles for scarlet. A few minutes after, the infirm old Pope, a man of a mild and meek countenance, and who in his person, his features, and especially in his air and manner, was not unlike the late Bishop Moore, of New-York, was brought in on a chair, and placed upon a throne. Bishops (as I supposed) adjusted the folds of his garments, Cardinals ministered around him, incense was thrown into his face, and every mark of respect short of absolute homage, was shown to this vicegerent of Heaven. They then went on celebrating the mass

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with extraordinary pomp, and the Pope occasionally took a part in it with the officiating Cardinal, in a low, hollow, and tremulous voice. They both wore mitres, which were of a light straw colour, and not distinguishable at the distance from which I saw them, either in their form or appearance. In the more solemn parts of the service they were taken off. The Cardinals afterwards rose in succession from their seats; they advanced towards the Pope, while the masters of ceremonies arranged the long train of their garments, to prevent entanglement and confusion; they bowed profoundly to his holiness, kissed his hand, and returned. Two of the inferior clergy kissed his foot. During the mass, there was music occasionally, but it was less sweet and harmonious than common. After the gospel, a Cardinal taking a censer, repeated the ceremony of throwing incense in the Pope's face, and then did it successively to all his brethren. These things were performed with grace and dignity. The behaviour of Cardinal Doria was singularly composed and devout, and, of the greater part, perfectly grave and becoming, though I observed, among a few, a degree of levity in less solemn parts of the service, and, in one or two instances, even while on their knees. When mass was ended, the Pope was carried out in the same manner as he had been brought in.

In the form and pageantry of this morning's ceremonies there was much for the eye; but to those unacquainted with the significance and grounds of them, there seemed to be little for the heart and understanding. On descending, the court was filled

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with the gaudy carriages of these ecclesiastical dignitaries, and we were as strongly reminded below of the vanities of this world, as above of the solemn realities of another.

In the evening we went to Trinity Church of the Pilgrims, to see these humble men of the staff and beads served by Cardinals and nobles. Preparations were made for washing their feet and satisfying their stomachs, but the spiritual lords showed no love of this employment, and neither poverty of spirit, nor the ostentation of it, could bring a single one of them there, to assist at so edifying a spectacle. A few young men, and some laymen of distinction, washed the feet of these followers of St. Philip, and then kissed them in token of humility and brotherly love, but with a fastidiousness justly warranted, even after this ablution. They then waited on them at supper, embarrassing the poor pilgrims by this unwonted service, though without taking off the edge of their appetites. These were always either keen and active, or else they had been held in requisition for the occasion.

March 22d. This being Easter Sunday, we pressed forward with all the world to St. Peter's. From the immense crowd which thronged it, and the confused noise of a promiscuous multitude, the greater part could neither see nor hear any thing. A glimpse of the Pope's mitre, and a few notes from the choir, mixed with the shuffling, whispering, and conversation of thousands, was all that could be gained by the utmost straining of eyes and ears. After many fruitless efforts to obtain a more perfect gratification, I went

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to secure a good place for seeing every thing at the benediction, but thus lost sight of the stately procession in which the Pope was carried out of the church, made up of all that was illustrious in that vast assembly, princes, nobles, cardinals, and bishops. I mounted one of the colossal statues on the colonnade, between seventy and eighty feet above the ground, and, from this giddy elevation, had a fine view of the front of St. Peter's and of the court. The Pope's guards, consisting of about six hundred horsemen, were drawn up in three sides of a hollow square, a little below the porch. This quadrangular enclosure was vacant, but the space between them and the church, the whole of the circular court without, the roofs of the colonnade, the street which leads to the castle of St. Angelo, the doors and windows of the neighbouring houses, were filled with people; and such a vast multitude of all ages, sexes, and conditions, so variously grouped, in holiday attire, "darting their desiring eyes" upon the Pope, and attending his motions with eager expectation, presented a spectacle which, without the aid of a religious solemnity, would have been exceedingly grand and imposing. As soon as the Pope appeared at the balcony, the host was elevated, the benediction was given, some prostrated themselves, and all were uncovered, the cannons fired at the castle of St. Angelo, the trumpets sounded, and these acts and ceremonies of religion were accompanied with all "the pomp and circumstance" of worldly rejoicing.

In the evening the front and dome of St. Peter's were illuminated with taste, but not with much glare

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or effect. While we were observing the preparations for it, one of our company entered into conversation with a well dressed Italian, who was standing near us. He answered some questions about the illumination very civilly, and with a ready loquacity made such other communications as he thought might be gratifying. But never was there a people so keen for money. No sooner had he finished, than he requested something for his trouble.

I did not wait for the second illumination, which is commonly more brilliant, as it began to be rainy and unpleasant; but I had a fine view, from the Pincian hill, of this beautiful and dazzling exhibition. Fire-works at the castle of St. Angelo closed the amusements of this sacred festival.

This was an interesting week at Rome, not merely on account of the ceremonies which have been noticed, but from the great concourse of strangers from every part of Europe, and even from America. The streets and public places were thronged, and this ancient and fallen city, to which we are accustomed to attach the ideas of solitude and desertion, was animated with the activity and bustle of her better days. The gay carriages of visitors; the still more gaudy equipages of the cardinals, bishops, and nobles of Rome; the multitude of hacks which carried persons of less note and consequence; pressed along with rival eagerness, putting every humble foot passenger on the alert, and sometimes driving him so close to the wall, as scarcely to allow him the chance of escaping. For as the streets are without side-walks, and often so narrow as just to admit two carriages

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abreast, there is really difficulty and danger in getting along. The liveried gentry pay little regard to the safety or affright of those below them, and each one learns to take care of himself when closely pressed, and to gain a timely shelter in a gateway, portico, or any recess which is nearest at hand. One or two coachmen, two, and sometimes three footmen, (and occasionally two bare-headed *avant-coureurs*, or heralds, holding silver verges in their hands, and running before with the speed of the horses,) are the usual appendages of every carriage. Each family has its appropriate livery; but though they differ in the style of their decorations, yet the cocked hat, the powdered head, or bag wig, and the party coloured dress of Merry Andrews, are common to all. This tinsel show and real splendour, this haste and confusion, this mixture of high and low in the pursuit of the same objects, this holiday recreation, in which all were so busy and yet so idle, made a most lively and amusing scene. Some things were impressive and affecting, but still the Holy Week at Rome is more like a carnival than the season of our Saviour's death and passion.

March 23d. The religious solemnities having ended with Easter, we had now an opportunity of renewing our attention to the antiquities and curiosities of Rome. This morning we rode out of the walls of the city to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the wife of Crassus the Triumvir. This beautiful sepulchral monument is situated on a slight eminence, at the side of the Appian-way. The material of which it is built is a light brown stone, the form of it is

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circular, and, under the frieze of an elegant entablature, a wreath of festoons and oxen's heads runs around it. Battlemented walls were raised on the top of this tomb, in the middle ages, by the Gaetan family, and this peaceful abode of the dead was converted into a place of tumult and blood. The sarcophagus of Greek marble which was found within is removed to the Farnese palace, and nothing is now to be seen but an empty cone, fallen in at the top, and fringed around with shrubs and vines. From the wonderful thickness and great simplicity of this structure, it is not surprising that it presents so few marks of age and decay. It is connected with the ruins of an old castle, ivy creeps over both, weeds and brambles grow out of the crevices, and hang over the walls, and the whole has an air of solitude and desolation.

In returning we observed some traces of the Appian-way, and stopped for a few minutes below at the circus and stables of Caracalla.

The Basilica of St. Sebastian, one of the seven oldest churches of Rome, is nearly opposite. It is built over the mouth of the famous catacombs where the primitive Christians were accustomed to bury their martyrs, and to retreat in times of persecution. They are long galleries, branching out in different directions. Being furnished with torches, we went down into the labyrinth, and saw the chapel where the afflicted disciples of Christ had been compelled to perform the pure rites of the Gospel, as if they were mysteries of iniquity. We penetrated a short distance into these subterraneous windings, but

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amidst the dampness and gloom, a regard to our health prevailed over curiosity, and we soon returned.

Among the remnants of Roman grandeur there are few more remarkable than the baths of Titus, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Coliseum. They were originally of great extent, and large additions were made to them by several successive emperors. Besides the convenience and luxury of bathing, these *thermæ* were places of elegant amusement. Here were academies, where philosophers taught the doctrines of their schools; *exedræ*, where orators declaimed; libraries, for the lovers of literature; porticos, for the conversation and lounging of the idle; open courts, for athletic exercises; temples, for the worship of the gods. The lower story was strictly appropriated to bathing, and this is all that remains of the baths of Titus. Till lately even this was buried under ground. The cells and halls were either filled with earth, or shut out from communication with the galleries, which were choaked with rubbish. But by the liberal and active exertions of the French, a considerable part has been cleared, and we can now form some idea of the distribution and arrangement of the whole. We passed through the long and lofty corridors, examined the apartments assigned to the common people, where each person was accommodated with a bathing-room and dressing-chamber, and then entered into the more spacious halls reserved for the great. We were astonished by the extent of what we saw, though so much was concealed. Some vestiges of the rich-

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ness and splendour of this fabrick can still be seen in the fragments of precious marbles which covered the floors and walls, and in the delicate and fanciful arabesque paintings on the vaulted ceilings. By the help of lighted torches, lifted up on poles, we were enabled to examine these singular decorations of ancient art. Notwithstanding the extreme humidity of the place, and the revolution of so many ages, the gilding is hardly dimmed, and the colours have lost but little of their freshness. In some places they are so bright, that it scarcely seems as if as many years could have passed over them as centuries. The celebrated group of Laocoon was found here. Nothing remains in the naked chambers except an immense basin of granite, which stands in the centre of the royal apartment, and, in a room above, a collection of vases and amphorse, of broken capitals, friezes, and cornices. There is another thing here too interesting to be omitted. The house of Mæcenas was first comprehended in the palace of Nero, which was converted into these baths by the Emperor Titus. Some parts of the portico are still pointed out. It is only the conjecture of antiquarians, but very often in these matters we can have no better authority.

The baths of Caracalla, near the Cœlian mount, were more than a quarter of a mile square. They were divided into three stories, and contained one thousand six hundred cells for bathing. The first is buried under ground. A considerable part of the second is still standing, though deprived of every ornament, and exhibiting no reliques of its former

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magnificence, but the immense size of the apartments and the vast space covered by the ruins. We can trace here two extensive courts which were surrounded with porticos; the Cella Solearis, once so celebrated for its costly embellishments, and even now so astonishing by its magnitude; and another large hall, which was supported by eight columns of granite, like the Pinacotheca in the baths of Diocletian. These include a space of seven hundred feet in length and three hundred in breadth. Though nothing is seen but the broken and naked brick walls, the place is full of interest. Trees are scattered through the empty halls, brambles in some places choak up the path made by the visitors, and thick rank grass covers the rest. Vines and briers run along the top of the walls, and hang over the falling arches. Whilst rambling among these remnants of ancient greatness, in a place so solitary and deserted, the vicissitudes of human things obtrude their salutary lesson upon the mind, with a force which the most unthinking cannot resist.

The famous Torso of Belvedere, the Flora at Naples, the Hercules of Glycon, and the Farnesian bull, were found in these baths.

The *Thermæ* of Diocletian were also immense. Two of the large halls still exist. One of these, which is now converted into the church of *Sainte Marie des Anges*, is perfectly well preserved, though somewhat metamorphosed by modern alterations. It was in this grand hall, which is three hundred and fifty feet long, eighty feet wide, and ninety feet high, that the most precious works of painting and sculpture were collect-

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ed together; and from this circumstance it was called the Pinacotheca. The vault is supported by eight massive pillars, five feet and a half in diameter, and more than forty feet in height, each composed of a single block of granite. In a circular vestibule, at the entrance that forms a part of the transept, are the tombs of Salvator Rosa and Charles Maratti. The modern additions were, for the most part, made under the direction of Michael Angelo Buonarotti, and bear the impress of his genius and taste. A meridian is marked out on the pavement in brass, bordered with representations in marble of the different signs of the zodiac. In the repairs of later times, there has been such an adaptation to the ancient edifice, as to give it an uniform appearance. Excepting the Pantheon, there is nothing so well preserved among all the ruins of Rome, and though it fall short of the purity of the Augustan age, yet in vastness, simplicity, grandeur, and effect, it comes near to the great conceptions of that celebrated æra.

In reading of the Cæsars we get some ideas of their extravagance, luxury, and frantic ambition; but it is in beholding the extensive and majestic remains of these different baths, that they are raised to the highest pitch. We are astonished at the wealth and pomp of Imperial Rome, and at the elegance and refinement of her pleasures.

It would be as troublesome as uninteresting to enter into a minute description of several other ruins which are scattered through the city and environs; the forum of Nerva, the fountain of Egeria, the arches of Janus Quadrifons, of Gallienus, and Drusus; the

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temples of Romulus and Remus, of Bacchus, Vesta, and Pallas. A few, however, merit some slight notice.

The sumptuous edifices raised for the vanity and pleasure of the living were almost equalled by the proud mausoleums of the dead.

The tomb of Augustus I did not see. That of Adrian, which was intended to eclipse it, is in a more perfect state, though it is stripped of the marble with which it was incased, and though the superb pillars which formed the colonnade around it, now lend their glory to the nave of St. Paul's. The lofty and solid foundation, and the circular edifice above, still show the vast dimensions, though not the incomparable beauty, of this stately sepulchre.

In the decline of the empire, when Rome was beset by enemies, Belisarius, who was full of courage and resources, raised battlements on the ruin, and turned it into a castle. It is still used as a fortification. The beautiful bridge in front is supported by five arches, and surmounted by ten statues of angels, holding in their hands the cross, the crown of thorns, and the other instruments of our Saviour's passion. From this point the castle of St. Angelo is a noble and striking object, and the view is made still more interesting by the buildings winding along the Tiber, and the glimpse of the dome and front of St. Peter's.

The tomb of Caius Cestius has preserved "a name unknown to history," and given him a rank among the dead which he does not appear to have held among the living. This monument is of a pyrami-

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dal form. It is eighty feet square at the base, and one hundred and twenty feet high. The walls are of immense thickness, and, excepting the small sepulchral chamber, they form a solid mass, which seems to be proof against destruction. The outer coating is of white marble. The interiour is ornamented with paintings, which still retain a surprising freshness. The situation of this monument is singular and picturesque. The walls of the city are interrupted by it in their course, and it, therefore, forms a part of them, though its tapering summit rises to triple their height. A little farther on, to the left, are two ancient towers. At the foot of the pyramid, in the spot appropriated to the burial of Protestants, are the simple monuments of those travellers who have here ended their pilgrimage; who came in pursuit of health, and found a grave, or to see those wonders which they have died without relating. The solitary fields around sadly harmonize with these memorials of the departed. And, within the enclosure of a mighty city, we have a scene as secluded and peaceful as in the bosom of the country.

I here observed the tomb of Mrs. James M'Evers, who died at Velletri; another, of a Mrs. Temple, who was born in Rhode-Island, and married an English baronet; and a third, of a son of the Baron de Humboldt.

It was not without interest that we visited the family sepulchre of the Scipios. In passing through the subterraneous windings we saw many inscriptions in honour of this illustrious name, but no notice of those whom history has made immortal. The sarco-

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phagus of Lucius Scipio Barbatus, the conqueror of the Samnites and the Lucanians, which was found here, has been removed to the Vatican.

There are but few remains of the times of the Republic. Two or three, however, are anterior. The temple of Fortuna Virilis carries back our thoughts to the infancy of the Roman state, and has that air of simplicity which we may suppose to have prevailed in the days of Servius Tullius, when it was built. And the Cloaca Maxima, which is formed of huge stones, put together without cramp or cement, is apparently as firm and perfect as when it was completed by Tarquin the Proud.

Two of the pillars of the ancient city still remain in modern Rome. The column of Antoninus was originally raised in commemoration of the victories of Marcus Aurelius over the Marcomanni and other people of Germany. These are represented on it very minutely, and the multitude of figures introduced, literally cover the column, which is twelve feet in diameter, and nearly one hundred in height. The whole elevation, including the pedestal and statue of St. Paul on the top, is one hundred and fifty feet.

The column of Trajan is of about the same dimensions, but very superior in the correctness, elegance, and finish of the sculptured ornaments. The wars of this emperor with the Daci, his victories, triumphal processions, and sacrifices to the gods, are here traced out in a succession of basso relievos, winding spirally around the pillar.

This noble monument stands in the forum of Tra-

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jan. Till lately nothing had been seen, for centuries, of the temple, the porticos, the basilica, and the Ulpian library, which once surrounded the column. But the recent excavations have done something for the gratification of the curious. The pavement of the forum, which was buried about twelve feet under ground, is now exposed to view. Many beautiful fragments have been discovered, and forty broken pillars of gray granite, which formed the portico of the basilica, are placed again on their bases.

Rome not only reminds us of her former glory by these splendid remains, but, by the spoils and trophies of her victories, carries back our thoughts to other nations, whose sun had set before her's had risen. Here are those Egyptian obelisks which were raised in the time of Sesostris, when history was sung by poets, and Rome was without a name. The largest of these stands in the square of St. John Lateran. It is more than a hundred feet in height, and was originally composed of a single block of red granite. How might the hieroglyphics which cover it delight the antiquarian, if they did not baffle his researches! Three thousand years ago this obelisk stood in the city of Thebes. What an effort of power and skill, to transport this enormous mass to a place so distant! After having been raised again in the Circus Maximus, it was overthrown and broken in its fall. For ages it remained under ground, till at length it was discovered, dug up, and finally erected by Sixtus V. on the commanding site where it now stands. There are ten of these Egyptian obelisks in

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different parts of the city, most of which are inferior in size, but all equally venerable for their antiquity. "The wonderful charm of Rome is not merely from the beauty of its monuments, but from the interesting thoughts which they inspire."

EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

March 30th. Having by this time satisfied the first cravings of curiosity, we set out for Tivoli, in the neighbourhood. We stopped about a mile from the gate to see the church of St. Lorenzo. This basilica, which is said to have been built by Constantine the Great, is rich in ornaments, but without taste in the arrangement, or uniformity in the style.

On entering the church we met with one of our acquaintances and countrymen, who was a Roman Catholic. He observed to me that, according to Vasi, whose itinerary he had in his hand, the body of St. Stephen laid here; but the hesitating manner with which he referred to his authority, showed that he was not much more credulous than myself on this point.

About two miles from St. Lorenzo we crossed the Teverone, anciently the Anio, which is here a sluggish stream, with low and naked banks. We passed on through the flat and deserted Campagna, where a scanty pasturage, with a few shepherds and their flocks, some shapeless ruins scattered over the plains, and an occasional farm house or cot, were the only

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objects that could be seen, except in the distant view, for several leagues. In the course of our journey we rode over a part of the ancient Via Tiburtina. It is paved with large irregular stones, so worn and displaced by time as to render it very uncomfortable to the traveller, however gratifying it may be to the antiquary.

At the distance of ten miles from Rome, on the left of the road, we got out of our carriage to examine the Tartar lake. It is so called from a deposit of tartar made by its waters on the different vegetable substances which grow in it. The reeds and rushes around the lake are all converted into masses of petrifaction. In some instances they stand detached from each other, and perfectly retain their form, though their properties are changed.

Shortly after we crossed the canal which carries off the superabundant waters from the sulphureous lake, supposed to be the Albunea of Horace, and the scene of some of the poetical fables of Virgil. The air here was strongly impregnated with offensive exhalations from the lake and stream.

The country improved as we drew nearer to Tivoli, and at the *Ponte Lugano* it is so beautiful, that Poussin has taken from it one of his finest landscapes. The Teverone flows here with more rapidity; hilly grounds rise from the plain to the right; before us was the elegant circular tomb of the Plautian family, surmounted by a battlement of the middle ages, and half concealed with mantling ivy; farther on the orchards were in full blossom; and above them were the site and ruins of Adrian's villa, Tivoli, and the Sabine mountains.

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Whilst dinner was preparing, we went out to see some of the antiquities of Tivoli and the falls of the Anio. The beautiful temple of the Sibyll stands in the yard of the Sibilla inn. It is a small but well proportioned rotundo, with the remains of a circular colonnade of the Corinthian order. The situation of this ruin, on a cliff overhanging the dark gulf that receives the waters of the Anio, and the many interesting associations which it awakens, give it an inexpressible charm. Some ancient pillars are incorporated with the modern church of St. George, adjoining the temple. From this spot we had a view of the grand cascade, coming down in one broad sheet, and rushing below over its rocky bed with noise and violence.

We then descended into the deep ravine where the river is precipitated a second time. The banks rise up perpendicularly to a great height, and small gardens are spread over the sloping grounds above. On the left, the waters gush through a passage worn in the solid rock, which appear a few feet, are again hidden for a moment, and then fall into the chasm beneath. The temple of the Sibyll, on the edge of the rock at the right, forms a most appropriate ornament to a spot so romantic. Hurrying along the pathway sprinkled by the spray, we came to the grotto of Neptune, where, through a natural aperture, with a bold and regular arch, we had a partial view of a larger stream bursting out with foam and fury from another subterraneous passage. We soon stood directly over it, and saw the torrent forcing its way with indescribable impetuosity through

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a rough and obstructed channel, making us almost giddy with the sight, and stunning us with its roar. The two falls then unite, and the river tumbles from rock to rock till it is again concealed in its course, and makes another plunge into the deep bed below. As we crossed the natural bridge under which it passes, we saw it once more with all its anger spent, and gliding along in peace. Beyond this narrow outlet the valley was enlarged. Vineyards, olive trees, and smooth green spots bordered the precipitous banks of the river, when suddenly this gentle appearance again was lost, and an amphitheatre of gray and barren mountains rose to a noble elevation around us. The most glowing descriptions of poetry or romance never awakened in me a conception that equalled this lovely reality. Such unrivalled beauty uniting with such wildness and grandeur, might have justified even a more enthusiastick delight than that expressed by Horace.

> "Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
> "Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
> "Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
> "Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
> "Mobilibus pomaria rivis."

After dinner we clambered up monte Catillo, to enjoy the mild glories of the setting sun. The Teverone flowed at our feet, through a deep and winding dell; the Sabine hills stretched along to the northeast; a small town crowned the solitary peak of a distant mountain; and the Campagna extended itself before us like a boundless ocean, where all things were dim and indistinct but the vast dome of St. Peter's, which makes itself conspicuous when every

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other object around is lost. We lingered here for some time, and after the sun had set, we went down to see the falls in a different point of view. The valley was now covered with a deeper shade, the bright colours of the western sky were changed into a reddish glare, and nothing could be discerned at a distance but the faint outlines of the mountains. The softened light of the evening appearing through the columns of the temple of the Sibyll, made this ruin more striking than ever. All was still about us, excepting the roaring of the waters. A painter or a poet might have improved this moment, but we could only enjoy it.

The next morning we set out for the tour of the hills. We were most sorrily mounted on mules and jackasses, whose garniture was still more ragged and uncouth than the animals themselves. Crossing the bridge, we took a circuit around the sides of mount Catillo. The road follows the bend of the river, keeping closely on the steep and elevated banks; and as we pursued its course, we soon had a glimpse, in the turning of the valley, of the lower falls, which are called the Cascatelli. We alighted at the church of St. Anthony, to see the foundations of a house which go under the name of the Villa of Vopiscus. Some arched passages, a little farther on, called Quintigliolo, are supposed to be the ruins of the country seat of Quintilius Varus. While we were rambling among them, a boy came up to me and offered something for sale; but as this is a very common annoyance, I paid no attention to him, and sent him to Mr. Totti. He bought it with eagerness,

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for a trifling sum, and showed a most extravagant joy at his purchase. It turned out to be a golden medal of the reign of Trajan, which the boy had found in ploughing a neighbouring field. The inscription and impression were quite distinct; and, apart from the value it would acquire if there were a vacancy in the series of imperial heads in any cabinet, its intrinsic worth was ten times as much as it cost. We were greatly amused, during the day, by his frequent examination of his treasure, and by his looks and expressions of delight.

Below these ruins there is a full view of all the Cascatelli. They fall in five different sheets from the lofty precipice that bounds Tivoli to the north. The river from which they were withdrawn in the town, and which had lost them for a moment in its windings round the hill, now passes immediately beneath, and again unites with them in one rapid stream. The first of these cascades is singularly beautiful. Just above the spot where it falls, the Teverone rushes through a narrow passage, and plunges over a rock in one mass. The second, which is of less elevation, tumbles from the same bank, a little below. And the other three come through the lowest range of arches of the villa of Mæcenas, still farther down. This fine ruin, consisting of a double row of lofty Dorick arcades, so commandingly situated on the brow of the hill, with so many streams gushing from it, is, of itself, a charming picture; but the church, the dwellings, the gardens, and orchards that just appear on the height above; the banks thickly wooded or covered with

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brambles, ivy, and moss; the silvery foam of the upper cascades; the torrent beneath, bounding impetuously over its rocky bed; the softer and more peaceful scenery on this side of the river; the mountains in the back ground, and the expanding view of the Campagna in front; form such a landscape as painters endeavour to copy, poets to sing, and every visitor to describe, but where all attempts must fail. The opening spring lent new beauties to this incomparable valley, and I never remember a ramble so delightful as the tour of the hills of Tivoli.

We afterwards visited the villa of Adrian. Antiquarians think they can discover here the remains of the Pœcile, where stoics were accustomed to walk and discuss the doctrines of their sect; of a Greek theatre, the temple of Serapis, the library, the *therme*, the quarters of the legionary soldiers, and the imperial palace. They point out the vale of Tempe, Tartarus, and the Elysian fields. The original plan of this magnificent villa is unknown. Something may be rightly conjectured, but nothing can be ascertained with certainty. The numerous buildings in this royal retreat, and the grounds about them, comprehended a space of several miles in circumference. What we still see disposes us to believe that there is no exaggeration in the accounts which we have received. From the rare statues, the beautiful columns, the rich mosaics, and other precious things that have been found here, and are now exhibited in the galleries at Rome, it would appear that the extent of this villa was not more astonishing than its splendour. At present cultivated fields, orchards,

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and forest trees, are enclosed within these ruins. Shrubs, and brambles, and thorns, choak up some of the apartments, and others are encumbered with rubbish. Grass overspreads the subterraneous galleries, and evergreens creep over the falling walls and crumbling arches. Amidst these reliques of earthly greatness a thoughtful melancholy steals upon the mind, in which it delights to indulge. The objects themselves also present the most picturesque views, and sometimes receive a reflective beauty from occasional glimpses of the Alban hills, of Rome, and the towns and villages on the neighbouring mountains.

On our return we visited the villa of Mæcenas, and, from the terrace above, contemplated the same scenery, under a new aspect. After dinner we went to see the modern villa Estense, built by Cardinal Hippolito, son of Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara. The ornaments of the garden are forced and unnatural, and the palace naked and deserted, but the situation is enchanting. We remained another night at Tivoli, and then returned to Rome.

ROME.

April 2d. On the following day we rode out of the city to the villa Pamfili, now belonging to the Doria family. The grounds are very extensive, but the walks are too regular, and the trees and shrubbery too artificially arranged and trimmed to please

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an admirer of nature. A large grove of pines, however, the lower branches of which are cut off, leaving only a spreading umbrella, and whose tufted tops meeting together present from above a rich green carpet, is still agreeable notwithstanding its formality and stiffness.

On our return we alighted at the Corsini palace, and, in going up to the gallery, remained for a moment at one of the balconies, to see the beautiful garden extending along the side of the Janiculum.

The first picture which struck me, was the *Ecce Homo* of Guercino. It was our Saviour crowned with thorns, and undergoing those agonies which entitled him to the name of *the Man of Sorrows*. We are not to imagine that he, who was *touched with the feeling of our infirmities*, should manifiest no sensibility to his own sufferings. But here, the dignity and firmness of his character are entirely lost in human weakness.

I called the attention of Totti to the supposed defects of this piece. He treated my criticisms with the contempt of which, perhaps, they were deserving, and made no other reply than a taunting rebuke—Do you think such a man as Guercino could be mistaken in the expression which suited a suffering Saviour?

A second piece of our Saviour crowned with thorns, is the work of one of the sweetest of all painters, Carlo Dolce. The loveliness, the meekness, the patience, and all the milder attributes of mortals, were within his reach. But who can represent the same attributes in the Son of God, influenced by the high and ineffable union of his divine nature with his human?

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Here the imagination may and does conceive something, but the pencil utterly fails.

The Farnese palace owes its majesty to the bold genius of Michael Angelo, and its beauty to Domenichino and Annibal Caracci. The materials with which it was built were chiefly taken from the Coliseum. The three galleries of the inner court are adorned by the three different orders of architecture, but the Hercules of Glycon, the celebrated Flora, and other valuable remains of antiquity which once rendered this palace so interesting, are now removed to Naples.

The care of this deserted mansion is left to servants. The apartment painted by Annibal Caracci is considered the most admirable of his works, though it is without comparison the most exceptionable exhibition in Rome. There is such beauty and grace however in the several groups, that if disgust does not immediately chastise the imagination, purity and innocence are sullied. The subjects upon which the painter has wasted his genius, are all drawn from "the elegant mythology of the heathens," upon which an historian* has prostituted his praises.

The Farnese gardens, belonging to the royal family of Naples, are spread over the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars. Of this immense edifice little more is left than the foundations, covered with a deep soil, and running out into a rank and luxuriant vegetation.

We went down into the baths of Livia by the light

* Gibbon.

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of torches, and were once more surprised by the brightness of the gilded stucco, and arabesque paintings.

We made repeated visits to the villa Borghese, which is just without the walls of Rome. The grounds, comprehending a space of three miles in circumference, present the most pleasing variety in their surface and appearance. Here, groves of forest trees are left to the careless growth of nature. There, they are intermingled with shrubbery, set out for ornament and effect. The formality of the avenues is occasionally broken by a winding path, which seems to have been trodden by chance. In riding through them to the palace itself, we pass a race ground, a church, a coffee-house, and several neat and handsome buildings, designed either for the pleasure of the owner, or for the use of those employed on the estate. At the intersection of different walks, we meet with refreshing fountains pouring out perpetual streams. The small and graceful temple of Diana is seen in one vista, and an imitation of the ruins of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina in another. But the most pleasant part of this villa is a kind of artificial wilderness, near the entrance, through which we are lead by irregular tracks to a small lake. Ancient funeral monuments, busts, and statues, are scattered through the wood. In emerging from it the temple of Æsculapius appears, and beyond the lake there is a fine view of monte Mario, the Vatican, and St. Peter's.

In this spot the wildness and negligence of nature were delightfully blended with the arrangements of art. It had such an air of seclusion and

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such a sweet tranquillity, that we were never tired in rambling over it, and every new visit only heightened the charms of this lovely retreat.

The mansion of the Prince is profusely ornamented without, but within it is more elegant and stately. The inestimable collection of ancient busts and statues with which it was once enriched, now form the chief glory of the Louvre. Being given or sold to Bonaparte, the general restoration has done nothing for these empty halls, and the group of Daphne chased by Apollo, is almost the only master-piece that remains.

This noble villa is suffering from the absence of the owner. Partly, it is said, from the offence taken at the Pope, who remonstrated against his making a seraglio of this princely abode, and, partly, from the growing unhealthiness of the neighbourhood, he has entirely deserted it, and fixed his residence at Florence. With a liberality which can hardly be felt in Italy, because it is so common, this villa is open to all persons and at all times. The polite and the vulgar, the citizen and stranger, may enter it with the same freedom as the master. And in an inscription on the pedestal of an ancient statue this general invitation is courteously given.

"*Villæ Burghesiæ Pincianæ custos hæc edico. Quisquis es, si liber, legum compedes ne hic timeas. Ito quo voles, petito quae cupis, abito quando voles. Externis magis hæc parantur quam hero. In aureo seculo, ubi cuncta aurea, temporum securitas fecit. Bene morato hospiti ferreas leges præfigere herus vetat. Sit hic amico pro lege honesta voluntas. Verum si quis*

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dolo malo, lubens sciens, aureas urbanitatis leges fregerit, caveat ne sibi tesseram amicuæ subiratus vilicus adversum frangat."

It may easily be supposed that the multitude of things already described, gave us full occupation during a short visit of only a few weeks.

Our mode of living was agreeable, because it was so easy and independent. Sometimes we took our breakfast at home, and at others at the Coffee-House. When our rambles carried us out of the way, we would stop and dine at a *Restaurateur's*, or, when it suited us, we would take a seat at the *table d'hote* in our own hotel. In the evening we frequently whiled away the time in the *Cafè neuf*, selecting something out of the various refreshments, and watching, unobserved, amidst the immense and ever shifting crowd, the different parties, of both sexes and all nations, that passed before us. Several of the rooms in this grand and extensive establishment are appropriated to those who come to take coffee and ices, and to amuse themselves with talking and gazing. The billiard tables, in the rest, are surrounded by such as delight in trials of skill. It is not uncommon to see ecclesiastics joining in this game; and, in the other apartments, the cocked hat and clerical habit are as familiar as any other costume. But it is less from a love of public places than a prudent economy. Here they can get a cheap meal, and, at the same time, see their friends and read the news.

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JOURNEY TO NAPLES.

April 8th. When we had spent three or four weeks at Rome, we began to make preparations for our journey to Naples. The frequent accounts of robbery and assassination in Italy had, at first, given us some uneasiness, but as we afterwards heard of very few atrocities that could be relied on as facts, and as we had penetrated so far into the country with perfect security, we were persuaded that much of what had been said was the mere exaggeration of rumour. We were now entering upon a part of the road which had, at all times, been more infested with banditti than any other, and, from some recent occurrences, there appeared to be just reason for apprehension. We were emboldened, however, by encouraging information from Mr. Cohen, who had gone on to Naples before us, and by the safe return of two or three of our friends. Among the multitudes too who daily travelled the same road accidents were rare, and we therefore quieted ourselves with the idea, that where so many escaped the risk was small.

In the route we now took the Campagna was still naked and deserted. An aqueduct, diverging slightly to the left, keeps in sight many miles, and the ruins of another stretch along, with frequent breaks and interruptions, in nearly a parallel line with the road. On our right there is a constant succession of tombs, once the splendid mausoleums of the great, but now,

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for the most part, only rude heaps of stone. The misfortunes of Rome seem to spread desolation around her, and the mind finds a secret pleasure in associating this wide and dreary solitude with her departed glory.

Just before our entrance into Albano we passed a square pile, which is called, by tradition, the Tomb of Ascanius. Whilst dinner was preparing we went up on the height above the town, and, from the grounds of a monastery of Capuchins, we had a full view of the Alban lake. It is a beautiful expanse of water, encircled by hills and mountains, and receiving a charm from all the objects around it. The ancient city of Alba Longa is supposed to have occupied the site where we stood, and to have extended along the lake as far as the Castello Gandolfo, which is on the brow of a precipice, about a mile above the monastery.

Mount Algidus rises on the opposite side to a commanding height, from which, it is said, Hannibal showed Rome to his army. A thick mist concealed from us the situation of Ardea, Lavinium, and Laurentum, and the classick ground, made so interesting by the fancy of the poet, was only left to our own imagination.

In returning we stopped to see the ruins of Pompey's villa, at present comprehended in the villa Barberini. The vestiges may be traced to a prodigious extent, and if its richness corresponded with its dimensions, it must have cost too much even for a Triumvir.

Soon after leaving Albano we passed the square

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monument, with two or three conical obelisks, which, according to popular belief, is the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii. Though this opinion is at variance with history, antiquarians have agreed in no other.

The little town of La Riccia is finely situated on an eminence, above a small and beautiful dell. This is the place noticed by Horace, as the first stage in his journey to Brundusium.

> "Egressum magnâ me accepit Aricia Româ,
> "Hospitio modico....."

In Gensano, the next town, we meet with the novel sight of wide streets, laid out with regularity.

Towards evening we came to Velletri, an ancient city of the Volsci. We lodged in the Palazzo Ginetti, once a stately edifice, but now abandoned by the proprietor, and converted into an inn. From the arched windows of a superb marble staircase, we enjoyed a delightful view of the neighbouring country. The rich and populous vale before us was bounded by a semicircular sweep of the Volscian mountains, and farther to the right was the celebrated promontory of Circe, stretching its high and jutting point far out into the sea.

Two or three hours daylight afforded us time for a ramble through the town. We saw an immense crowd coming out of the cathedral. The carriage of the Bishop, in waiting for him at the door, was without gaudiness or parade, and appeared to be entirely suited to the simplicity and poverty of the people under his charge.

We were much struck by the costume of the women of this place. It was distinguished by coarse

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stays worn outside of the gown, and by a towel, folded into a small square, laid upon their heads. Their dress was not more peculiar and extraordinary than the clumsiness of their forms and ugliness of their faces.

The men who were collected in knots, and lounging about the streets, were strongly marked by that dark, designing, and villainous cast of countenance so often seen among the common people of Italy. But we had heard so much of robbers watching the motions of travellers in the towns and villages, in order to intercept them on the road, that it is possible suspicion and fear may have thrown a deeper shade over their evil and gloomy visage.

In passing through one of the streets, I observed a religious ceremony, which appeared to be the visitation of a sick or dying person. A number of people were kneeling on the ground around the door of a private dwelling, and singing a kind of plaintive and monotonous response to some voices within. The priests came out in a few minutes, and the crowd followed in procession. This show of piety in public places, though contrary to our customs, and in general revolting to our feelings, is sometimes interesting and impressive. Every where in Italy religion meets the eye and the ear, and I cannot believe, with others, that it seldom or never reaches the heart.

April 9th. The next morning we passed by Citerna, which is supposed by some to be the place called in the Acts of the Apostles the Three Taverns, where the brethren met St. Paul on his way to Rome, and soon after the site of the Appii Forum.

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The famous road of Pius VI. across the Pomptine marches, commences at *Torre dei tre Ponti.* It is raised on the remains of the Appian way. A double row of trees on each side, screens carriages from the rays of a burning sun, and affords a cool and shady path for foot passengers. The road is hard, wide, and smooth, and scarcely deviates from a right line in five and twenty miles.

We arrived at Terracina early in the afternoon. This city stands at the foot of a mountain shelving towards the sea. The more modern part, along the shore, comprehending the palace of Pius VI. and many of his improvements, is light and cheerful, but the old town is dark and noisome. The sordid appearance of the inhabitants might excite pity, did not their sinister looks awaken suspicion. The skull of a notorious assassin is exposed in an iron cage over the gate of the city. There is nothing curious within except the cathedral, a motley assemblage of materials and orders, and part of the front of an ancient temple.

The prospect from the lower town is wild and singular. A high and insulated rock rises immediately before it, with chambers cut in the side for the accommodation of the guards. The rugged face of *Mons Anxurus* appears behind, and the arched foundations of the palace of Theodoric, or the temple of Jupiter, on the top. The base of the mountain to the left is covered with orange groves and gardens, and below we behold the great deep, and hear the ceaseless murmuring of its waters.

April 10th. The next day we set out before the

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dawn, and soon came to the *Torre dei confini*, or frontier tower, which separates the Ecclesiastical State from the kingdom of Naples. Here we were detained for the examination of our baggage. Nothing, however, was intended but that we should give something to the Custom-House officer, and pass on without search. We had already done so at Terracina, but it was necessary to submit again to this vexatious imposition, or to a tedious delay, which would have been still more inconvenient.

In drawing near the city of Fondi, we perceived that the lower part of the walls was built of irregular and unhewn stones. The date of this rude relique is placed farther back than the foundation of Rome.

A portion of the Appian way forms the principal street. The pavement consists of dark gray stones, the irregular sides and angles of which are fitted to each other.

Fondi is filled with beggars. I never remember to have seen, in any place, such a multitude of miserable and half-starved wretches as pressed around the carriage the moment we stopped. One or two sickly and emaciated old women, a stunted and famished boy, and a little girl, with a ghastly infant in her arms, which appeared more like a corpse than a living thing, made such a painful impression on me that they seem now to be before my eyes. They were the most pitiable objects in the crowd; but all were thin and pale, wasted away with want, clamorous, as if a mite were to keep them from perishing, and ready almost to die of hunger. We had some money changed, and threw it among them. In an

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instant there was such a crowd around us, that the guards had to interfere, to put an end to their noise and importunity. But for this service, which it is thought will generally be acceptable, the soldiers themselves expect a compensation, and they only stop the cries of these poor wretches to satisfy their own cupidity.

Here our baggage was taken off again for inspection; but showing the certificate that we had received at the frontier, and refusing to give any thing more, they very reluctantly let it pass.

At the next small town we were kept some time by the signing of our passports. Another famished crowd surrounded our carriage. Our change was gone, but we broke up two or three loaves of bread that we had with us, and scattered it among them. The children who were so unfortunate as to get none in the scramble, cried at the disappointment. What a touching spectacle! In our happy country we have no poverty compared with this piteous and abject want.

Itri, situated on an irregular height, and made conspicuous by the towers of a castle and the ruins of a mausoleum, looks well only at a distance. The streets are narrow, and the houses mean and insignificant.

As we descended mount Cæcubus the beautiful bay of Mola di Gaieta opened upon us, which, with the high grounds behind it to the left, the reputed tomb of Cicero below, the funeral monument of Munatius Plancus on the top of a smoothly swelling hill to the right, the fortress of Gaieta on the promontory

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a little beyond it, and the light and sprightly town of that name extending along the shore, formed such a charming *coup d'oeil* as is not often seen even on this delightful coast.

The ruins bearing the name of Cicero's Lower Villa, were in the grounds belonging to our inn at Mola. The path which leads to them passes through a thick grove of orange and lemon trees, laden with the fairest and brightest fruits. A kitchen garden is spread over the arched foundations, with a hedge of shrubbery and trees. The sea has encroached considerably upon the lower part of the villa, and we observed, just beneath the water, the circular form of one apartment, and the marks of several others. What would we feel if conjecture could be turned into certainty, and we knew that we were rambling over Cicero's Formianum!

The next post brought us to the Garigliano, formerly the Liris, which we crossed by a bridge of boats. Here, part of an aqueduct, consisting of a long succession of arches, and an amphitheatre, with some other ruins, point out the site of the ancient Minturnæ. The river runs through the level fields, and "the eating of the banks in its quiet course," a circumstance noticed in the description of Horace, is not less true than poetical.

We were now in the fertile plain of Sessa, and ascending a little way up mount Massicus, we came to St. Agatha. At supper we drank some of the Falernian wine, but it was no longer that generous liquor which promoted the hilarity of feasts, and inspired the song of poets.

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April 11th. In descending mount Massicus we soon descried, at a distance, the isle of Ischia, with a bold and striking outline, though not "towering to the sky,"* and the double summit of Vesuvius, but not its "wreath of smoke." This is too subtle an object to be seen at a distance of forty miles.

Whilst the horses were resting, at Capua, we hired a *calèche* to take us to the ancient city. A triumphal arch and the wreck of the amphitheatre are all the remains of that luxurious and effeminate city, which dissolved the vigour of Hannibal's army, and prevented the sack of Rome. The ruins of the amphitheatre are gigantic. The greater part of one story, and a small portion of the second, are still standing. From a loose measurement the diameter appears to be more than four hundred feet. Many of the stones lying around it are of a prodigious size. Some idea may be formed of their magnitude from the following circumstance. A high and narrow part of one of the inner walls, consisting only of single blocks piled upon each other, had fallen against the outer wall, and was lying in a regular angle, and though the stones were neither fastened by cramp nor cement, yet not one of them was displaced by the shock. The solid fragment rested there with the firmness of a column.

Our examination of these things was very hasty, but we found, on our return, that the delay had been long enough to try the temper of one of the passengers in the coach, a beggarly looking priest, who was

* Eustace's Classical Tour.

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impatient to be gone. In the course of the journey he had been muttering over his breviary more than half the time, but now his peevishness got the better of his piety, and, as we took our seats, he wished old Capua *a la casa di diaboli.*

From this place we passed through an uninterrupted plain, and, at an early hour in the evening, entered Naples. The city was crowded with strangers, but after some difficulty we found comfortable apartments at the *Albergo della villa di Londra.*

NAPLES.

April 12th. We spent several days in rambling through the city, and in seeing the gentlemen to whom we had letters, before we visited any of the interesting places in the neighbourhood. I found, in this celebrated metropolis, a more exact fulfilment of my expectations than common; an immense and active population pushing itself upon the notice of strangers, a general air of elegance in the buildings, a situation of incomparable beauty, a mild and salubrious climate, a laborious cultivation of the soil in the environs, which seemed to be rendered almost superfluous from its fertility, and, in every direction, the hand of man vying with the lavish prodigality of nature in adorning his choicest abode.

Naples rises from the shore, on the sides of a mountain, to a considerable height above the sea. A ridge, commencing with the abrupt and rocky eminence

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called *Pizze Falcone*, on the edge of the water, runs up to the elevated point which is crowned with the castle, and divides the city into two parts. That towards Pausilippo forms a perfect crescent on the border of the sea, and stands on the side of the mountain as in the hollow of a swelling sail. The elegant street of St. Lucia, and the Chiaia, with the royal gardens in front, sweeping round to the quarter of Mergyllina, first present their bright and cheerful face to the spectator on the bay. Then, in somewhat of broken and irregular gradation, we see one range of terraced roofs rising over the other; still higher the villas and rural retreats of the suburbs, with their hanging gardens; and finally, on the lofty point which overlooks the whole, the light and beautiful marble convent of the Carthusians, and the dark brown castle of St Elmo, towering above in gloomy grandeur. The part of the city towards Portici exhibits a spectacle somewhat similar, but less imposing. The streets are commonly narrow and straight, and neatly paved with square pieces of lava. The houses are covered with stucco. The roofs are flat, and iron balconies project from the upper windows, with a loose and open railing. Though few of the buildings, whether public or private, are rich and splendid when examined in detail, yet the general effect is fine. The Toledo, which is broader and longer than the rest, is rendered still more striking from being perpetually thronged. The street of business, a market-place in the morning, a fashionable walk at mid-day, the lounge of the idle, or the thoroughfare of the industrious through the remainder, it presents at all times

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a scene of noise, activity, and bustle. The tide of population rolls backward and forward *like the troubled sea which cannot rest*, and when carriages pass through, the crowd parts like the waves, and joins again without leaving a trace of their passage. And yet they glide over the smooth pavement so swiftly and silently, as scarcely to give any notice of their approach. The horses of the nobility and gentry are full of fire, and others are driven with rival fury. It is a standing miracle, that notwithstanding their spirit and speed, accidents are almost unknown. The proprietors of hacks are not only amenable for accidents in their purse but their persons, and if, either from negligence or wantonness, they run over any one, they are subject both to fine and imprisonment.

The Neapolitan *calèche* is a vehicle sufficiently curious to merit a particular description. It resembles the vertical section of a vase, and does not rest on springs, but on slender and elastic shafts. It is extremely light, very commodious for one person, but inconvenient for two. The person who is driven takes the reins, the driver stands behind, and continually smacking his whip and crying out to make way, pushes on with alarming speed.

From two or three American gentlemen residing at Naples, to whom we had letters, we received the most kind and friendly attentions. Several others, who were merely strangers here, made an agreeable addition to our circle of friends and countrymen. Among these was Mr. Clarke, lieutenant of the Franklin, a young man of amiable and engaging

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manners, and uncommon purity of mind. He was travelling, like ourselves, for health. The interest we felt in his character was heightened by sympathy for his situation. We could perceive, in the hacking and violent cough, the hectic flush, the pain and inconvenience of exertion, and the continual wasting of his strength, the advanced stage of that fatal disease, which, when not checked by change of climate, scarcely leaves a ray of hope, and soon brings the sufferer to the tomb. An impatient desire to see his home, still more endeared to him by his recent marriage, and secret cares, which seemed to weigh upon a heart already oppressed by gloomy forebodings, were evidently counteracting the only means which were left for his restoration. He struggled against his feelings, and strove to divert his mind with the objects which were so amusing to others, but, in the midst of his attempts to be cheerful, some casual expression would betray his despondency.*

POMPEII.

April 15th. To-day we went out to Pompeii. The road follows the indented sweep of the bay, passing through the long and beautiful street of Portici, the village of Resina, and the devoted town of Torre del Greco, so often overwhelmed by the burning torrents of Vesuvius, and raised again from its ashes. The

* It was too soon justified by the event. He lived to return to his friends, but the joy of the meeting only embittered the hasty and final parting.

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course of devastation is still visible in the huge masses of consolidated lava which appear between and around the houses, and can be traced to the edge of the sea. A little before mid-day we reached Pompeii. We were first taken into a court which was surrounded by a portico resting on doric pillars covered with stucco. The ranges of apartments behind the portico, are supposed to have been the quarters of the legionary soldiers. We passed from the opposite side of the court into the smaller and larger theatres. The marble pavement of the former is still left, with a short Latin inscription in letters of brass. The latter is in a more perfect state. We could discover the form and all the arrangements of this building for the audience and actors, the semicircular seats rising above one another, intersected by flights of steps of a more convenient elevation; the orchestra, the stage, the dressing rooms, and the places of ingress and egress. The stage is so small as to have left but little room for action or scenic effect, though this was indeed of no importance, as the scenes were not varied in ancient theatres according to the nature of the subject. Here also the pavement and many of the marble steps are preserved. This theatre is built against the side of a hill, and communicates with a forum above, where we observed an altar and other vestiges of a temple. Under the cool shade of an arched passage where the actors entered, we made an excellent dinner that we had providently brought along with us, and refreshed ourselves with some palatable wine procured for us at the place.

The temple of Isis, behind the smaller theatre, is

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a curious remain. It consists of an inner court with a portico. Near the entrance there is a square hollow block of marble for ablutions. At one extremity we see the chapel raised a few steps above the court, an open altar, and the inmost shrine beneath, or a hidden cell, with which there is a communication by a secret stairs.

The amphitheatre was excavated by the orders of Murat. The corridors are entirely cleared, the seats have left their form on the earth, though the stones are removed, and the arena is fully exposed. Situated in a hollow, it has no boldness without, and within it is more remarkable for its exact preservation than for its size and grandeur.

From these public buildings we proceeded to examine the private houses. We had already seen many of the monuments of the pride and power of the Romans, but we had never been admitted into their domestic retirement, nor permitted to judge of their comforts or their wants. Time has destroyed every clue to these things except at Herculaneum and Pompeii. At the latter we see something, but little however corresponding with the heated fancies or exaggerated descriptions of most persons who have visited it.

The first street consists of private dwellings, more than half demolished by the superincumbent weight of pumice stones and ashes. The roofs are broken in, the floor of the second story (where there was one) is gone, and nothing is standing but the naked walls of the first. In many instances even this is, in a great measure, choaked up and concealed by sand.

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The excavations, in the next street, were more complete. Here, the rooms being cleared, we had a good opportunity of examining the arrangements in the dwellings of the ancients. The apartments are very small, seldom communicating with each other, and receiving no light from without except by doors. They generally open upon an inner court, where the inhabitants must have looked for light, air, and enjoyment. There are no chimnies and no entries or halls; and, in short, there is a total want of room, convenience, and comfort, in all of them.

The shops, however, have windows opening upon the streets. They are very narrow, and the door and window take up the whole front.

We observed among them a baker's shop, a grocer's, with the amphoræ for wine, still remaining, and an apothecary's, with a symbol over the door expressive of his calling.

There was but one private edifice in Pompeii on a larger scale. Here the apartments were comparatively spacious, the court more extensive, and the different ornaments in better taste. The pavements were of neat mosaic; there were some reliques of beautiful marble in the baths; and the arabesque paintings made a nearer approach towards elegance. Every where else they seemed to me exceedingly rude and imperfect.

The streets are as narrow as the houses are insignificant. The broadest are not more than twenty-four feet wide, and I measured one which was not more than seven or eight. As a portion of this even is taken up with side-walks, only a single carriage

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could pass at a time. They are paved with mishapen pieces of basalt as they were taken from the quarry, and fitted nicely to each other. The deep traces of the wheels in this hard substance are a plain indication of the antiquity of this city at the time it was destroyed. They were trodden for centuries before our æra, and we now pass over the very stepping-stones by which the people of such remote ages crossed these very streets. There is nothing so impressive in this region of wonders.

At the extremity of one of the streets there is, on each side, a range of sepulchral monuments. They are of various dimensions and designs. The greater part are diminutive and neat, but a few, with sculptured decorations, have a degree of elegance and grandeur. The white marble of which they are built is scarcely discoloured by time. We went into some of them, and saw the niches where the vases had stood with the ashes of the dead. In one or two others, which were closed, we perceived, through the grating of the door, that some of these cinerary urns still remained.

A little farther on, the gate of the city and part of the wall are exposed. They are of the same shrunken proportions as every thing else in the place.

Excavations have recently been made in another part of the town, and they are now carrying on the work with spirit. In going to examine these new discoveries, we passed over a part of Pompeii, which is not yet disinterred. It is covered with trees and vines, and gives no sign of the city beneath.

The ruins which have been lately brought to light

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consist entirely of porticos, forums, basilicæ, and temples. There is a certain air of magnificence in them at the first glance which disappears upon close inspection. The columns, in these public buildings, are generally composed of brick, and covered with white or coloured stucco. In one of the temples they are of marble. I remarked here a very singular and interesting appearance. The lower steps of the portico having been shaken and displaced by some convulsion, had sunken considerably into the earth, and declined from their horizontal position. But by a composition of stucco they have been restored to their level. It looks exactly like a recent job. May not this injury, in appearance so lately repaired, have been occasioned by the shock of the earthquake that took place a short time before the eruption which overwhelmed Pompeii?

There were some rough pillars, lying near this temple, which had not yet received the finishing touches of the workmen.

Indeed all things here, as far as they exist, appear precisely as they were seventeen centuries since; the pavements, bearing the traces even of a higher antiquity; the apartments, inhabited by such distant generations; the forums, where they sauntered away their leisure hours; and the temples, where they worshipped their gods. The eating and waste of time can no where be seen. We are surrounded with ruin and desolation, but it is the work of a moment, and not the slow decay of ages. Pompeii looks now, just as it would have done, if it had been dug up immediately after its destruction.

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The person who can contemplate a spectacle so curious and singular, so calculated to affect him by the recollections it calls up, and not feel and think as he never did before, must have a degree of apathy only equalled by his stupidity. We could not ramble through the silent and deserted streets of this ancient city without thoughtfulness and emotion. But there is undoubtedly a great deal of affected sensibility in many who visit this place, and, in their descriptions, they represent it with the effect of enchantment. Madame de Stael remarks, that "while standing at the intersection of the streets from which you can see the city on all sides still subsisting almost entire, you are expecting to meet the inhabitants; and that such an appearance of life makes us feel more sadly its eternal silence." Eustace "entered the houses almost with the feeling of an intruder; he startled at the least sound as if the proprietor were coming out of the back apartments; and was afraid of turning a corner, lest he should jostle a passenger." Sass, a traveller of an humbler name, presumes, on this account, to be more ridiculous. "In alighting, he was introduced into what appeared a fairy city, whose inhabitants, by some charm, had disappeared. With breathless impatience and light steps, as if fearful of disturbing the genii of the place, he tripped over the ground, and gave himself up to the ecstatic feeling" which this magic scene produced. Nothing can be more idle and extravagant. Whatever may be the wildness of fancy or warmth of feeling, the illusion is impossible. There is not one entire house, not one temple with a roof, not one ba-

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silica, portico, or forum, that has any thing left but shattered walls and naked pillars. The whole city looks as if the upper part had been swept off by a conflagration that was instantaneously extinguished. The rooms of the first story are all that remain; many of these are half filled with sand; and all are open to the sky, excepting a few that are sheltered by a modern roof.

I confess therefore that these day-dreams of travellers, which had surprised and amused me so much in description, only lead to disappointment on the spot; and I could no more imagine this collection of ruins to be an inhabited, or even a deserted city, than I could expect to find the living among the dark and mouldering monuments of the dead.

HERCULANEUM.

On our return we stopped at Portici, which is built over Herculaneum. This city was destroyed by the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 79. Several of the public and private buildings have been discovered in different excavations, and many hidden treasures brought forth. But from a regard to the safety of the modern town and the royal palace, all researches have been suspended, and even those parts which were cleared out have been filled again with rubbish. The theatre is the only edifice left open for the inspection of strangers. Passages are cut through the lava, so as to exhibit the

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seats, the orchestra, and stage in sections. One of the galleries leads to the street on which the theatre stands. By the dusky glimmering of a few torches, we were able to catch the several parts, and assisted by what we had seen at Pompeii, to form a tolerably just idea of the whole. Some fragments of jaune antique on the floor and walls, are a slight presumption that the ornaments were rich, and, from what we could trace, it was still more evident that the building itself was spacious.

The impression of a human face in the lava caught our attention as we passed through one of the galleries, and for a moment occasioned some speculation and surprise. But it was, no doubt, made by a statue wrapt in the burning matter in a liquid state, and afterwards disengaged from it in opening the passage.

The lava filled the whole interiour of the theatre, and rose considerably above it. The perpendicular descent from the top to the stage cannot be less than fifty feet. In passing through these damp and subterraneous passages, we seem to be in the bosom of a perforated rock.

As the royal family happened to be at Portici the palace could not be seen, but we spent a short time in examining the antiquities taken from Herculaneum and Pompeii. The greater part have been removed from this museum to the Studio of Naples. The pictures are almost the only things left behind. These were either fanciful arabesques, or figures of birds, beasts, and fruits, or representations of mythological stories, which had adorned the walls of private houses.

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The colours were without softness or harmony, and the execution was coarse and inelegant. We would not look among the decorations of common dwellings for the master-pieces of ancient art; but still, from the universal prevalence of taste in their sculpture and architecture, we might expect something more perfect than these rude sketches.

EXCURSION TO POZZUOLI AND BAIÆ.

April 17th. To-day we made an excursion to Pozzuoli. The road passes through the long and famous grotto of Pausilippo. The mouth of it is wide and lofty, for the purpose of admitting light, but the vaulted roof gradually descends to the middle of the passage, where, for the same reason, it rises again and expands, till it reaches the opening at the opposite extremity. At some distance from each end, two large apertures have been worked through the mountain above, in an oblique direction, to lessen the darkness. A few lamps, suspended from the vault, glimmer in those parts, where the outward rays cannot penetrate. Still, however, through two thirds of the grotto, the way is scarcely discernible. As the carriage rolls on we are soon wrapt in the obscurity of night. Noises approach, while the cause of them is unseen; indistinct and shadowy objects flit by; at length they begin to put on some form; and in a few minutes passing from the faint dawning through all the successive degrees of light, we suddenly emerge

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into the full brightness of day. It is a relief to see before us a smiling country, though nothing but a comparison with the gloomy shades we had just left, could entitle it to the epithet of "Elysian."*

We turned off to the right three miles from the grotto, to the *Lago d'Agnano*. The immediate banks of the lake are level, but the grounds in the vicinity are bold and varied. It is a sweet, secluded spot, which the lover of retirement and rural beauty cannot fail to enjoy.

The *Grotto del Cane* is in the side of a hill, on the edge of the lake. Our guide took a dog with him to make the usual experiment. We were not aware of his intention till we saw the creature struggling and drawing back from the mouth of the cave. We immediately interposed, and saved the poor animal from the torment which he so much dreaded. Torches were suddenly extinguished by the mephitic vapour at the bottom of the grotto; though, on entering it, we breathed freely above. The ground was moist and warm under our feet. By leaning down, on the outside, the noxious exhalations can be plainly seen about six or eight inches above the surface.

The *Stufe di San Germano*, or vapour baths, are not far from the cave. They are found very serviceable in rheumatic and many other complaints. Some of the apartments were so warm that we could not bear our hands on the walls for a moment. In one or two, of a milder temperature, there are couches, made of the tufo, upon which the invalids repose,

* Eustace.

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after they are thrown into a perspiration by the heated vapour. In less than a minute our bodies both felt and exhibited the effects of it. The smoke is issuing out of the ground above in different places.

We walked along the borders of the lake while we sent our carriage around to meet us again at Pozzuoli. On turning off to the left, we passed a beautiful field of clover of a peculiar species. The blossom, which is high, pointed, and perfectly conical, is of the brightest red, and the whole surface of the field appeared like a bed of flowers. It is less fragrant, but more nutritious, than the common clover. Mr. Hands procured some of the seed at Naples, from the American consul, for cultivation.

In mounting up a deep ravine we came to the *Pisciarelli*, or hot wells. The woman who was our conductress, took along some eggs to boil in the water. Upon feeling it, this did not seem impossible. In one or two minutes the eggs were brought to us. They were warm on the outside, but when I came to eat mine, I found the yolk hard and cold. Notwithstanding the artifice was so palpable, the woman stoutly denied it.

The high mountain which we continued to ascend was, in a great measure, composed of volcanic substances. In some places men were employed in digging out the sulphur for manufacture, which already appeared as bright and pure as if it required no process.

The views around us, from the top of the mountain, were a full compensation for our toil in reaching it. The convent of the Camaldolese stands on the

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brow of a lofty eminence, at the left of the ravine, overlooking the peaceful lake of Agnano. Vesuvius rises into view to the south-east. The Mediterranean stretches out to the west. In turning around we see the Solfatara, still smoking with hidden fires; the town of Pozzuoli, with the fine bay spreading before it; and the coast and castle of Baiæ. The bold promontory of Misenus, the island of Procida, and the towering height of mount Epomeo, in the isle of Ischia, give a noble termination to the prospect in the north. The nakedness and desolation of the Phlegrean fields, and the faintness of the verdure elsewhere, were blots in the picture. Had we seen it in the glorious array of summer, it would have been as perfectly beautiful as it was extensive and sublime.

We then went down, by a steep and slippery path, into the Solfatara. It is the mouth of an ancient volcano, which was called the Court of Vulcan. The sides still retain the broken and irregular appearance of a crater. The bottom is a naked level, except a small part, towards Pozzuoli, which is covered with a scattered growth of stunted trees. The whole surface is of a light sulphureous colour. The extreme heat of certain spots, the smoke issuing from crevices in the banks, and the deep hollow reverberation on striking the ground with a stone, are so many indications of a volcano not yet entirely extinguished. Indeed the whole of this region is inwardly consumed by secret fires. A number of slight hovels were erected below, where persons were employed in extracting and preparing sulphur.

We were so thoroughly fatigued by a rough walk

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of several miles, in a hot and oppressive day, that we were unwilling to pass even a few minutes in examining the amphitheatre of Puteoli, which is older than the Coliseum at Rome. From the glance we gave it, it seemed so inferior to several that we had already seen, as to afford no provocative to a languid curiosity.

When we entered the town of Pozzuoli we stopped at a paltry inn, where there would have been nothing to eat, had we not provided against such an exigency. They furnished us with some good wine however, to which thirst gave a zest, and hunger made this simple fare better than a feast.

After dinner we went out to see a few of the antiquities in the neighbourhood. We spent some time in rambling over the site of ancient Cumæ. The pavements, occasionally exposed to view, or the foundations of a house or garden wall, overrun with grass and vines, might inform the traveller that here had been the abodes of men. Besides these slender notices there is nothing remaining of this city, so famed for its commerce, oracle, and sibyl, but a single gate and a half ruined castle. The latter, though built on the foundations of the ancient fortress of Cumæ, is a relique only of the days of her decline. Here we contemplated this region, once sounding with the hum of business, but now silent and deserted. The lonely arch, on the opposite height, through which we entered, with a remnant of the walls on each side, made the solitude more striking. The waves of the sea were dashing at the foot of the precipice where we stood. Procida, with its

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castle, on a lofty cliff, beetling over the waters, was so near us as to be distinctly seen; and Ischia soared conspicuously beyond it.

In the side of the rock on which the fortress stands, there are two grottos. One of them is supposed to be the cave of the Cumæan sibyl.

On our return to Pozzuoli, we stopped at the temple of Jupiter Serapis. The pavement of yellow marble; three immense columns, belonging to the portico; and the square cloister, consisting of many small chambers which enclosed the circular temple, are very well preserved. These, with the fragments of shafts, capitals, and cornices strewed around the court, are plain evidences of the elegance and splendour of this ancient edifice.

A ring of Corinthian brass, fastened to the floor, for the purpose of drawing up victims for sacrifice, was a curiosity; and a prostrate column, five feet in diameter, completely worm-eaten, and perforated almost like a honeycomb, shows that it must have been subject to the corroding influence of water from the sea. Indeed similar appearances, to a much greater height, in the columns still standing, would seem to argue, at some former period, an extraordinary inundation of the bay, which had continued for a long time.

Towards evening we made arrangements for passing the night at a large and uncomfortable inn, that appeared as if it had once been an elegant private dwelling.

While we were here, a man came in with a variety of coins and medals for sale. As none of us were

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skilled enough in these things to distinguish the false from the genuine we refused to buy, though the whole were offered for little more than the value of so much old copper. A small piece of sculptured bronze, as high as the rest in pretensions to antiquity, though evidently of modern workmanship, we felt disposed to take at a reasonable price. The man asked six crowns for it. He affected great surprise and indignation when Lieutenant Clarke offered him one. But soon resuming his composure, he fell to four, three, two, and finally to the price he had so much despised, which, after all, was more than it was worth.

The situation of our hotel was charming. From a high and spacious terrace adjoining our apartments, we could see the bay, the varying coast of Baiæ, the strong fortress which defends, and the proud promontory which bounds it. A little below us the ruinous arches and scattered piers of the ancient mole of Pozzuoli, vulgarly called the Bridge of Caligula, just appeared above the surface of the waters. The waves, with their hoarse and monotonous murmur, broke against the foot of the terrace. The air was mild and grateful, and the scene tranquil and soothing. By what a subtle process do our very pleasures revive the remembrance of our sorrows! From this calm delight we pass to thoughtfulness, and the softened heart, in the midst of its enjoyments, is prepared for different impressions. I had a friend of rare endowments and exalted worth,* who was known only to a few, but whose merit would soon have broken

* Dr. James Inderwick.

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through his modesty, and raised him to the distinction for which nature had fitted him. He was gifted with a sound understanding, a strong memory, an easy comprehension of the most abstruse subjects, a keen perception of truth, and a taste for all beauty, whether in nature, literature, or the arts. He had the elements of a great and elegant mind, and he was forming it by the most patient and persevering industry. But these qualities are sometimes found in men for whom we cannot feel a particle of esteem. In him, they were united with a noble way of thinking; a retired disposition, which arose partly from humility and partly from pride, for while he abhorred vainglory, he thought too highly of himself to court notice or favour; a kind and affectionate temper, which sought to indemnify itself for this general reserve, by freer and fuller communications in the society of his friends. Excepting in an aged and doating father, one companion of his childhood, and myself, his heart had no interest in the world. We had the whole of it, and how much is the gift enhanced by this selfish exclusion! After he had prepared himself for his profession, being without the patronage which is often necessary to bring talent itself into notice, he solicited employment in the navy, and was appointed surgeon of the Argus. Just before that unfortunate action in which she was captured, he came on deck, with such a composed and cheerful countenance as struck the officers with admiration; and when the engagement began, though the ward was exposed to every shot, he proceeded with as much coolness in his duty as if the bloody scene had been familiar to him, and he had

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no share in the chances of the battle. He was taken, with the surviving officers, to Ashburton, in Devonshire, where he passed a year in the most irksome captivity, tantalized with being in a country which offered so much for his gratification, and yet not permitted to pass the limits of this inconsiderable town. How happy would it have been for us, had early experience of the evils to which he was liable, inspired him with disgust for this unsettled and precarious course of life!

On his return to America, some of our vessels were going out to the Mediterranean. He had a love of the fine arts, and a turn for painting. A chance of touching that country which they had chosen for their abode was too captivating to be given up. It was a delightful day-dream, which promised him bliss, but which proved as unsubstantial as the visions of the night. He set sail, and arrived in the Mediterranean, but never saw the Italian coast. The vessel was ordered back immediately. The rest was a blank—filled up with the impatient desires of friends ready to embrace their friends—with disappointed hope—with trembling anxiety—with distracting doubts—which, as month rolled on after month, and year after year, at length settled in grief and despair. Not an individual was ever heard of. And, perhaps, the horrors of the poor souls, when sinking in the Epervier, were slight compared with the protracted agonies of those they left behind them.

Often as I was enjoying, in Italy, what my friend would have enjoyed so much more, the painful circumstances of his story would rush upon my mind,

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associated with our college hours, our pleasant rambles, our familiar conversations, and all those feelings which, happily for us, time blunts, or our sorrows would be intolerable.

April 18th. The next morning we visited the cathedral. It is formed of the remains of a pagan temple, consecrated to Augustus. Some antique columns of the Corinthian order, inserted into one of the side walls, and the Parian marble, with which it is partially incrusted, by no means correspond with the coarseness and inelegance of the modern building.

A small marble pedestal standing in the square, raised in commemoration of the cities rebuilt by Tiberius, in Asia Minor, after their destruction by an earthquake, seems a contemptible monument of such an important event. The figures, in basso relievo, on the sides are, for the most part, mutilated and destroyed. But there is one circumstance connected with Pozzuoli, which must render it deeply interesting to every Christian heart. It has been consecrated by the presence and temporary abode of the first messenger to the Gentiles. This is that city of Puteoli at which St. Paul touched on his way to Rome. *And from thence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium: and after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli: where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days: and so we went towards Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns: whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage.** With-

* Acts xxviii. 13, 14, 15.

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in a short time we had been over the greater part of this ground, trodden by the apostle.

Having hired jackasses, we set out for an excursion along the shores of Baiæ, with four or five attendants, to act as guides, and to press on the lazy animals by encouragement and blows. Passing the *Monte Nuovo*, which arose out of the Lucrine lake in a single night, we rode along the borders of the Avernus. This lake is now stripped of the horror and gloom with which it was covered by the imagination of the poets, and there is nothing in its present appearance to account for the extravagant fiction which made it the entrance into the infernal regions. But Augustus cut down the thick and impervious groves by which it was overshadowed, and, in forming the Julian harbour, he united it with the Lucrine lake, which communicates with the sea, and dissipated the noxious exhalations that once were fatal to the birds in crossing it.

Opposite to the ruins of an octagonal temple, on the eastern side of the lake, is the mouth of another cave, almost concealed by shrubs and brambles, which is also called the Grotto of the Sibyl. It is nine feet wide, six high, and six hundred long. After being conducted, by the light of torches, about half way through, we found Mr. Hands, who had entered at the other extremity, with several men, in readiness to be our guides and supporters in a part more curious and intricate. A narrow passage of three or four feet in width, and five in height, leads off at right angles from the larger grotto to the baths of the Sibyl. Three men took us on their shoulders, and directing us to lift our feet as high, and bend our heads as low as

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possible, they entered with us into this narrow way. The close and confined air, and the smoke of the torches which each one held in his hand, almost suffocated us. In a few moments the passage was enlarged, and we breathed more freely. We were carried hastily through two apartments, fitted up with accommodations for bathing, but now filled to a considerable depth with water. When our guides had waded through, we came to a stairway, which is supposed to have had some communication with a building above. Here we had an opportunity of looking around these subterraneous caverns, connected by tradition with the celebrated personage, whose dark and mysterious oracles shadowed out the fate of cities and nations. The gloom which this recollection produces is heightened by the deep solitude of the place, by an obscurity which seems more palpable from the faint glimmering of the torches, and by a feeling of apprehension and insecurity as to the character of the guides in whose power we are placed. In a few minutes we were carried back again, and restored to the cheerful light of day. Some clamorous altercation with these fellows, about their recompense, was soon stopped by the adroitness and management of our *cicerone*.

A little beyond the Lucrine lake, which is now reduced to a pond, we came to the *Stufe di Tritoli*, or hot baths of Nero, in a high cliff projecting over the shore. A number of apartments are cut out of the solid rock, and several galleries leading to the subterraneous fountain. Persons wishing to enjoy the benefit of the sweating baths, place themselves

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in these passages, which are heated to a great degree by the vapour rising from the boiling water. A man who attends them, stripped himself to his trowsers, and went in to get a pailful for our examination. In a short time he came out, covered with sweat, panting for breath, and apparently exhausted. Much of this was affected, to enhance the reward for his services. Our guide, who was perfectly well acquainted with the worth of all these things, as well as with the customary prices, gave him what he knew to be an abundant compensation. The usual farce of surprise at the inadequacy of the sum, then, of civil expostulation, and, finally, of loud and insolent importunity, was here acted over again. As yielding is attended with more difficulty than firmness, our man was immovable. We left the matter to him, and, mounting our donkies, were proceeding through a narrow gallery, cut out of the rock that forms part of the road to Baiæ, when the fellow, quitting him, pressed closely upon us. In such a confined and gloomy passage, the fierce looks and menacing tone of this half naked savage, gave me some uneasiness. Knowing the baseness and brutality of these people, the thoughts of the stiletto, or some other act of violence, crossed my mind, though it did not alter my purpose. We remained firm, and he at length returned in a storm of passion. We had witnessed a similar burst from the same person, occasioned by the determination of an Englishman, at our entrance into the baths.

This absence of all gratitude and principle in the greater part of those who wait upon strangers, ac-

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companied either with the most debasing servility, or the most outrageous insolence, lessens their pleasure very materially in many parts of Italy, but particularly in their visit to Pozzuoli and Baiæ. The people here seemed to me more gross, immoral, and degraded, than any I had seen. From the time we left Naples till we had finished this excursion, our faithful *cicerone* was continually harassed by vexatious disputes. Guides would officiously obtrude themselves upon us, and then would be sure to quarrel with him, if they did not receive all they wished for services that were not demanded. Sometimes he refused to take them, at others he submitted to the imposition, for we always observed that he (and every other Italian with whom we were acquainted) was exceedingly careful not to offend the common people. It was, doubtless, a caution arising out of an intimate knowledge of their habits and temper.

We rode along the high and precipitous shore which was formerly the favourite retreat of the luxurious Romans, and at every step we saw the foundations of their palaces and villas. They were incorporated with the whole bank, and sometimes plainly appeared beneath the waves at our feet.

Near the castle of Baiæ, which is strikingly situated on a small promontory running out into the bay, we turned off to the right, in order to see the lake *Fusaro*, or ancient *Acherusia palus*. It is reserved entirely for the royal amusement, and no one is allowed to fish in it without the king's permission.

Coming back again to the bay we visited several ruins along the shore. The temple of Diana is in

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a state of complete decay. The rotundo, which goes under the name of the temple of Mercury, is better preserved. The brick walls and part of the dome still remain. On entering it, our attention was arrested by a most extraordinary echo. The voice was returned with a quick and prodigious reverberation, and when we walked hastily across with a heavy step, the sounds were so multiplied as to make it seem like the trampling of a troop. The temple of Venus is of the same form, but more spacious and elevated. The vaulted roof has almost entirely fallen in, and the walls are bare.

The *Piscina Mirabile*, beyond the castle of Baiæ, a deep and ancient reservoir, divided into five immense arcades, and supported by lofty and massive pilasters, is a work of great solidity and grandeur.

The *Cento Camerelle*, or hundred chambers, under the promontory of Baulis, consist of a number of dark and subterraneous galleries, communicating with each other by low and contracted doors. At the mouth of this labyrinth we took some refreshment, which we enjoyed the more from the satisfaction of our half famished guides, and another hungry group, with whom we shared it. One of them picked up out of the dirt the slices of fat that we had thrown away, and devoured them with greediness, after having eaten more than enough of better food to quiet the cravings of a common appetite.

We soon came in sight of a poetical region, which now presents nothing to distinguish it from many beautiful scenes that are left unsung. The Elysian Fields lie at the foot of a semicircle of sloping hills.

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Covered with vines and grain, their aspect is pleasant and peaceful, but there are none of those ravishing charms in their actual state which can enable us to conceive how the most fervid imagination could, at any time, have selected this spot as the abode of blessed spirits.

On our return, we entered, for a moment, into the tomb of Agrippina. The mournful history and tragical fate of this high-minded woman, would give it a melancholy interest, had we any better assurance that it was really her sepulchre than the doubtful authority of tradition.

Here leaving our jackasses to the care of our guides, and dismissing another for his impertinence, we took a boat and sailed across the bay. On reaching Pozzuoli, the owner of the animals, not satisfied with the payment of the hire, but pretending to doubt the fidelity of the man whom he had sent with us, demanded security for their safe return. And Rosano had to go with him to the magistrate, to show his passport, and to leave directions where he might be found at Naples, before he was permitted to depart. As we were setting off, the guide whom we had dismissed overtook us. He had run from Baiæ to Pozzuoli, a distance of five miles, in about three-quarters of an hour. In the hope of extorting something more for his useless and unsolicited services than Rosano thought proper to give, he followed our carriage a long time, at the speed of the horses, stunning the ear of our patient and inflexible man with his clamour, and loading him with the vilest abuse. After another altercation with the coachman, who demanded an

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addition to the stipulated price, for having set down Lieutenant Clarke in the Toledo instead of St. Lucia, we finished this excursion, so varied by vexation and delight.

We were not long at Naples without visiting the tomb of Virgil. It is situated at the foot of a wild and irregular path, on the edge of a precipice, near the mouth of the grotto of Posilipo. The sepulchre is naked and empty, and the laurel, which Petrarch planted on the top, is withering away. But the spot is uncommonly picturesque, and this memorial of the poet gives it a charm which the doubts and reasonings of antiquarians cannot entirely dissipate.

April 19th. This morning we attended the service of our own church, which is regularly performed, on Sundays, at the house of the British Consul.

It was also celebrated at Rome, while we were there, in a private house, near the forum of Trajan; but we were so unfortunate as to be ignorant of it till on the eve of our departure. What an influence must the spirit of toleration have gained even in the bosom of popery, when the Protestant religion is exercised within sight of that vatican which has so often thundered anathemas against it! I was informed, that when application was made to the Pope for his permission, he neither granted nor refused it. The matter was understood, and from that time Protestants have met together without fear or molestation.

The gentleman who mentioned this circumstance to me, personally waited on the Bishop of Nice to solicit a similar favour. He pleasantly and courteously

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replied, that he wished it were possible for the Protestants to think and worship with them; but as that was not probable, he referred them to the civil authority, whose business it was to grant this privilege. The answer being considered evasive, it was acted upon with the same confidence as if they had received the most formal consent.

Notwithstanding, however, the indulgence of the Roman Catholics towards our supposed errors, they were still very careful in guarding the people of their own communion against them. Our French teacher at Nice once or twice attended the Episcopal service, but he soon received an authoritative admonition not to repeat it. He complained, and submitted.

In the afternoon I mounted up, at leisure, to the castle of St. Elmo. Turning off from the Toledo, I crossed several streets rising above each other till the path became steep, irregular, and difficult. Here, running in a zigzag direction, it presents, at every turn, delightful prospects of the city and villas in the environs, the towns and villages at a distance, the expanse of waters in front, and the grand sweep of mountains behind. The fortress can only be seen by a formal permit, which I had neglected to obtain. I entered, however, the hospital for invalids, an elegant edifice of marble, once a convent of the Carthusians, and, passing through the superb cloister, enjoyed, from the balconies of two apartments to the south-east and south-west, a divided view of those glorious objects, which, when united, as from the terrace above, are scarcely supposed to have a parallel in the universe.

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EXCURSION TO VESUVIUS.

April 21st. Our carriage had scarcely entered the little village of Resina before a multitude of guides, mounted on mules, were scampering at our side; and each soliciting the preference, they almost deafened us by their noise, and distracted us by their importunity. We took three of them, with a couple of mules. After riding up the mountain five or six miles, we came to the hermitage. Here one of the monks, with shaven head, and coarse brown woollen cassock girt around him with a cord, received us kindly as a host, and waited upon us cheerfully at table as a domestic. Having thus refreshed ourselves, we renewed our journey, and soon came to the steep and conical part of the mountain which it is necessary to ascend on foot. This is almost entirely formed of pumice stones, cinders, and ashes, lying so loosely together as to give way under the weight of the body, and to make the largest strides shrink into a diminutive space. It was this which formerly made the journey to Vesuvius so difficult, but in a very recent eruption, part of a stream of lava adhered to the side of the mountain, and left a firm but rough pathway for visitors. I had two guides, one of whom tied a sash around my body, and, passing it over his shoulder, held the ends of it in his hands; the other put a bridle over his breast, and gave me the reins. They then drew me after them by main strength. Notwithstanding this assistance, I

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sat down every few minutes, from an apprehension of excessive heat and fatigue. In an hour and a half, which is almost double the ordinary time, we reached the summit; and, as the wind blew freshly, we found the prudence of our precautions. A little before the highest point there is a break in the ascent, where, for a short distance, we walked over a plain, covered with black, misshapen masses of lava. On the borders of the crater the dark cinders disappear, and give place to a light yellowish substance, approaching almost to the brightness of pure sulphur. Two or three smaller apertures were made in the side of the mountain in the eruption of December, 1817. We stood over the mouth of one of them, and could hear distinctly the roaring of the fiery elements within, like the boiling of a cauldron. It was hot under our feet, and the guide putting a piece of paper to the chasm, it kindled at once into a blaze. But the grand crater, which had so long been to me an object of eager curiosity, and which my imagination had represented with a kind of sublime horror, greatly disappointed me. It had neither the apparent magnitude, nor frightful depth, nor awful obscurity at the bottom, which I had expected. The sides of it were striped with ridges of lava, and the light ashes in the intervening spaces looked like the dry beds of mountain torrents. It was so far closed below, that no orifice could be seen. We walked around the edge till we came to another crater, formed in 1817. The circumference of this is about a quarter of a mile. It was still encircled and wrapped up in smoke. We imprudently got to the leeward

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side, and, in passing through this cloud of sulphureous vapour, were almost suffocated. One of the guides went down a little way into the larger crater, which did not seem to be a very daring experiment, though I cannot conceive how any person could have the temerity to descend to the bottom.

Vesuvius, whose sides are blackened with so many different torrents of lava, the tracks of which can be distinctly traced till they have stopped short in their course, or have lost themselves in the sea, presents, on a great part of its outer surface, an aspect as dark and desolate as the crater within. The whole of the cone, which is a mass of volcanic substances; the deep valley, which is also filled with them to the north; and the steep and rugged ridge above it, which is part of the ancient crater; have the same dusky and gloomy appearance. There is not, in these parts, a tree, nor an herb, nor a vestige of vegetation, and every living thing shuns this region of destruction and death. At the base of the mountain, except in the direction of the lava, the soil is fertilized by the ashes, and covered with vineyards and gardens. The rich plain below, with an overflowing population, appears more animated from the contrast with the blasted and withered top of Vesuvius. And this is also heightened by the bright and cheering aspect of the towns that border the gulf, the city of Naples, the graceful outline of the coast, the high and jutting promontories, the bays, the islands, and the sea. In returning we went down, amidst the ashes and cinders, with the swiftness of a racehorse. At every step the foot sunk far beneath the

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loose and unsubstantial surface, and, notwithstanding the rapidity of our descent, this kept us from either being precipitated forward, or from such an accelerated velocity as could not be stopped. Excepting in a very small part of the way, near the top, we made our downward flight in about ten minutes. Some have accomplished it in much less time. This, however, was so hurried as to throw me into a burning heat, and so fatiguing, though my arm was locked within my guide's, as to give me a little uneasiness about the consequences. But I soon recovered from both, and returned the same day to Naples, without experiencing any subsequent injury.

NAPLES.

STUDIO.

The collection of paintings in the public gallery is valuable, though less rare and select than several in Rome and Florence. The first piece that I noticed with particular pleasure, was Democritus, by Hannibal Carracci. His laughing face, and arch and humourous eye, were not less true to nature, than to the character of his philosophy, which sported with the follies of mankind. Another, by the same, is taken from a story of Tasso. It is Rinaldo ensnared by the sorcery of Armida. He is looking at her with the gaze of fascination, and showing, in a small mirror,

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which he holds before her face, the charms by which he is entranced. Her looks, divided between herself and her lover, exhibit at once the complacency of conscious beauty and the exulting smile of conquest. The features of Rinaldo are free, bold, and manly, but softened and subdued by the power of the enchantress. Her's are fine and dazzling, but without that delicacy which is the soul of beauty.

Here are also a Magdalen of Titian like that in the Palazzo Pitti, but less finished and interesting; a fine picture of Bramante and the Duke of Urbino, by André del Sarto; the Danæ of Titian; the sacred family, by Raphael, where the Virgin is represented with the lovely and expressive countenance of his Fornarina; an admirable portrait of a Flemish minister, by Vandyck, with all the truth and animation peculiar to that school; and the Virgin Mary crowning St. Andrew, by Bernardini Siciliana. The principal excellence of this last picture consists in the easy and flowing elegance of the drapery, the richness and splendour of the colouring, and the just and striking distribution of light and shade. In the betraying of our Saviour, by Gerardi del Notte, the painter has thrown the glare of the torches upon the faces of the group with inimitable effect. So much indeed was he admired for his wonderful management of light in evening scenes, that his real name is lost in that of Gerard of the Night.

A few charming landscapes of Claude Lorraine; the portraits of Leo X. and the Cardinals Bembo and Passani, by Raphael; and the guardian angel guiding the wandering steps of a child, by Domenichino; are

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the principal pieces besides which deserve to be noticed on account of their merit. Another should not be passed over on account of its shocking absurdity. Our Saviour and St. Jerome are represented with their hearts laid open, and, as an evidence of their mutual affection, the image of each is seen in the other.

Among the multitude of ancient statues, a few are very highly esteemed. The brawny muscles and vigorous sinews of the Hercules of Glycon, are suited to the fabulous achievements of this deified hero, but they exhibit so much more than mortal strength, that the sculptor can hardly escape the charge of extravagance. The imagination may be bold and excursive, and we lend ourselves to it without control, but in what is submitted to the senses, there must be a greater conformity to nature.

The most careless observer will be struck by the light and easy folds of the drapery in the colossal statue of Flora, and the grace and beauty of the Farnesian Venus.

The dying gladiator excites a deeper feeling than admiration. Still standing, with arms hanging down, but stretched before him, with fainting knees, mouth slightly opened, trembling lips, and fixed eye, he is just ready to fall on his face and expire. The last convulsive agonies of death are seen in every limb and every feature. The whole expression is pathetic and moving, and there is more of life in this mournful exit from it, than genius often creates when she attempts to exhibit it in all its force.

In the apartment where the papyri are unfolded,

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we had an opportunity of examining this curious process. The manuscripts are burnt almost to a coal. Accordingly the greatest delicacy and precaution are necessary in unrolling them. The manner is tedious, but remarkably simple. The scroll is laid on a table, at the side of which stands a small frame with a roller at the top. A strip of muslin, or some other thin fabrick, is placed within this frame, with one end attached to the roller. The muslin is rubbed over with a glutinous substance. The outer extremity of the manuscript is applied to the muslin, and as this is gradually wound up, the parchment adheres to it, and covers the frame. The portion unfolded is blackened, shrivelled, and often cracked and broken; but the characters, in general, are distinct and legible, and copies are taken from the manuscript as the parts are successively exposed.

Seventeen hundred of these manuscripts have been found in Herculaneum and Pompeii. Three hundred and forty have been unrolled, all of which, excepting one or two, were Greek. None of the discoveries have been of much service to classical literature; but hidden treasures may yet be brought to light.

The collection of antiques, exclusively formed of the things taken out of these subterraneous cities, surpasses every other cabinet in interest. Kitchen and other domestic utensils, in such variety, as to show that the science of cookery, at least, has gained but little by modern improvements; lamps of different forms and sizes, and some of great beauty and elegance; polished mirrors, and all the trifles of a lady's

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toilet; household gods; surgical instruments; ponderous suits of armour, and every weapon of war; and ten thousand things that I cannot remember, fill several apartments, and require not only hours, but days, for a full and careful examination. The least of these are worthy of notice, from their great antiquity, and many of them are the only reliques of the kind now existing.

Even some perishable grain is still preserved, and retains its form, though not its properties nor colour. The scorching heat of the apartments has penetrated and burnt it like charcoal.

But the most curious things in this collection are several small plates of bronze, on the surface of which there are projecting types for two, three, or more words. The invention of stereotype plates, is nothing more than an enlargement of this idea. Here was the principle, though we may have the credit of a more extensive and successful application of it.

On one of the finest days of this charming climate, we took a ride along the bank towards Posilipo. After we had proceeded about two miles, we left the carriage, and, passing through a garden, went up to the convent of St. Bridget. Having permission to enter it, we ranged through the empty apartments till we found our way to the top of the tower. The view from this point, though less comprehensive than from some others, is large enough for grandeur, and, in certain respects, limited enough for beauty. From the promontory of Posilipo to the city, the bay forms one great curve, occasionally broken by the bold and irregular shore. The ruins of a royal palace im-

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mediately below, have the interest of desolation, though not of antiquity, and many of the summer retreats, along the banks, are extremely pleasant and rural. The high grounds above are sometimes steep and rugged; but, where the ascent is easy, the sides of this mountainous ridge are divided into gardens, filled with fig, apricot, and olive trees, and interspersed with vineyards. Among the villas on the heights, those of Belvedere and Vomers are on a scale of superior elegance; and these are surpassed by the castle and convent in their neighbourhood.

That part of the city rising from the Chiaia, makes a most noble show. We could also overlook the bluff above the Castle d'Ovo, which conceals the rest, and catch a glimpse of the steeples on the other side of Naples. The eye follows the deeper bosom of the bay, resting with delight on the sprightly towns which border it, till it has described the regular outline that ends with the lofty promontory of Surrento. About midway between this and the point of Posilipo, Capri rises solitarily and abruptly out of the sea. Behind this magnificent gulf, which makes a sweep of a hundred miles, there is a rich, extensive, and populous plain, and, in the back ground, the high and broken mountains of Surrento and Caserta. Just at this moment Vesuvius, which towers above them, threw up, to an immense height, a dark and majestic cloud of smoke.

The air was soft, and the sky serene. A few boats were sailing about in the bay, which was scarcely ruffled by the breeze. And whilst we remained on the tower, the setting sun cast a strong reflection upon

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the city, the towns, the villas, and mountains, lending to this grand and magical scene a brighter ray of glory.

Descending, at length, with reluctance, we hired a boat to take us to the Castle d'Ovo. While we were crossing Vesuvius discharged another cloud of smoke; the light departed; the mountains were soon enveloped in shade, and, before we reached home, even the west sunk in darkness, and this beautiful and splendid spectacle faded away.

A day or two before, in going out to take a sail, we saw, on the quay, a little deformed man, dressed in a shabby suit of black, who held a book in his hand, and was declaiming, with great vehemence, to the crowd that had gathered around him. We found that he was reciting the poems of Ariosto to a promiscuous audience of sailors and lazzaroni. They were listening to him with the fixed and eager attention of a devout congregation to a field preacher. Whenever he came to a passage that was at all obsolete, or obscure, he would stop for a moment to explain it, and then proceed in his recitation. On espying our party, he broke off suddenly, and, advancing towards us, he received some token of approbation, which so inflamed his spirit, that he went on again with all the animation and fury of Ariosto himself.

April 26th. On Sunday morning I attended our own service, and, in the evening, went to a concert, at the church of St. Augustine. It was preceded by a long sermon on the angels, St. Michael and St. Raphael, delivered with a grace and earnestness which

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would have suited a better subject. There were about twenty-five persons with violins and base-viols, and five or six singers. The instrumental and vocal music took place alternately. Sometimes, however, they were united, and occasionally we had a fine burst of the organ. There was a most masterly display of execution and skill in this concert. In the harmonious swell of instruments and voices, or the lower tones and more delicate touches, the most practised ear could detect no harshness nor break in time; but the truest and most admirable effect was produced without parade or effort. Much of the singing was designed to show the science of the performers, but some of the solos were so sweet and tender as to charm and melt the heart.

The church was decorated with silks of various colours, hanging in festoons from the walls and ceiling to the floor, and soldiers were stationed at the door to preserve order.

There was excellent music, every evening, in the church at the end of the Toledo, near the theatre of San Carlo. I went repeatedly to hear the Hymn to the Virgin. A single person in the choir, with a plaintive and melodious voice, sung one verse, and the congregation took up the next, in full response. It was one of the most simple and touching things that I ever heard. The general prevalence of a musical taste among all orders in Naples, and an appearance of extraordinary fervour in their devotions, heightened the effect of their most common chants.

But there is nothing in which the Roman Catholic clergy show a nicer acquaintance with the human

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heart, than in the manner of conducting the music at the elevation of the host. The organ sends forth such low, and solemn, and preternatural sounds, that one almost involuntarily sympathizes with its worshippers in the overpowering sentiment of a "present God."

The church of St. Paul occupies the site of the temple of Castor and Pollux. Two Corinthian pillars, which belonged to the portico, are still standing. We were shown, behind this building, an ancient wall, said to be a part of the theatre on which Nero disgraced himself, by first appearing in the character of a singer.

The only charitable institution, out of a number that I visited, was the *Albergo dei Poveri*, designed for the support of the poor in general, and especially for the education of children. It is an immense building, and, at the time we were there, contained four thousand souls. As General Nugent, with several persons in his train, were then passing through it, every thing was probably arranged for display and effect. The persons whom we saw were, for the most part, young. They were engaged in various kinds of useful and ornamental labour; some in weaving, more in making coral beads, bracelets, and necklaces, and many in drawing and music. We were entertained, in different parts, by the harpsichord, the full band, and a dramatic trifle, sung by a juvenile corps upon the stage. Some of these occupations might seem out of place in a house of charity; but they are here considered useful, because they fit the poor for professions by which multitudes

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gain their livelihood in Italy. They were all dressed neatly, but the boys were in uniform, with cocked hats. The apartments were judiciously arranged, well ventilated, by a communication with spacious halls, and kept in perfect order. There was an unusual air of cleanliness and comfort throughout the establishment, and nothing was to be censured but a little unbecoming ostentation and parade.

It was unfortunate for us that we happened to fall in the rear of a great man's train, for it could not be expected that simple republicans would draw any attention before the trappings of royalty. Accordingly we were not able to make any inquiries as to the rules of admission, the mode of treatment, the moral tendency, or actual and comparative condition of this institution; and we came away with no other information than was collected from a hasty glance of the eye, when every thing was specially disposed to strike it.

EXCURSION TO CASERTA.

April 27th. We made an excursion to-day through a well cultivated country, in the neighbourhood of Naples. On entering the valley of Maddaloni, about ten or twelve miles from the city, the famous aqueduct which crosses it, rose up in majesty before us. It consists of three rows of lofty arches, which are all of the same span and elevation, but the height is so disproportioned to their breadth as to lessen materi-

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ally the grandeur of the work. From this circumstance, and the small size and porous substance of the volcanic stones of which it is built, the aqueduct of Maddaloni is vastly inferior in boldness and effect, to the *Pont du Gard*. The situation, however, is scarcely less wild and lonely, and, in some respects, the surrounding objects and distant glimpses are even more striking and romantic. A bridge of eighteen feet wide, and two thousand long, passes over the conduit. Here, at the height of two hundred feet, there is a fine prospect of the valley beneath, and the mountains of Tifata and Gazzano on each side, enlivened by chesnut and olive trees, and small fields of grain, rising above each other in terraces. A hermitage and chapel on a neighbouring eminence, and an ancient tower on another, add to the beauty of the picture; and an opening in the valley to the south-west, presents a momentary view, in passing, of Vesuvius, the Gulf, Surrento, and Capri.

The palace of Caserta is three miles from the aqueduct. It is nearly eight hundred feet in length, six hundred in breadth, and one hundred and twenty in height. A wide portico, or gallery, adorned, in several parts, with fine columns, and, passing through the centre of the building, communicates with four spacious courts. Through this grand avenue there is a view of the royal gardens, and, at a great distance beyond it, a beautiful waterfall, which appears perfectly natural, though it is an arrangement of art. An octagonal hall, formed by twenty-four pillars, standing in the middle of the portico, opens

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upon the principal staircase. A flight of broad steps leads to a large platform, and then, to the right and left, two other flights run back from this stage in parallel lines, into a corresponding hall above. The triangular sides of the staircase, and the whole walls of this large recess, are cased with marble. The work is not more costly than the design is chaste and elegant.

We then passed through several sumptuous apartments, but most of them are neither proportioned in magnitude nor splendour to the outward appearance of the palace. We were shown the chamber where Murat formerly slept. The decorations of the bathing-room are suited to the sensual taste of the present king.

The gallery, supported by twelve columns of alabaster, is the most conspicuous part of the small theatre, built upon the ancient plan. The chapel is the pride of the palace. The proportions are minute, but the design, the embellishments, the materials, and effect are, perhaps, without a parallel. Eight pillars, of the finest dark gray marble, rise in couples from each side of the gallery to the vault, and four of the most beautiful jaune antique in a semicircular recess over the altar, are matched by four of the same kind, at the entrance of the chapel. The pavement and the walls, which form the base of the colonnade, are of the richest marbles. With all this prodigality and show there is the utmost simplicity and grace. Even the more finished and laboured monuments of the munificence and wealth of the Borghese and Corsini families, at the churches

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of St. John Lateran and St. Maria Maggiore, fall short of the chapel of Caserta.

We passed carelessly through the rest of the palace, which is too vast to be completed by the limited finances of this embarrassed kingdom. I was not in every part of it, and yet I saw more than two hundred columns of marble and alabaster. The whole number of rooms amounts to eighteen hundred.

The massy foundations of this building are of stone. The rest is of brick. The colonnade of the centre, and wings in front and rear, is faulty in many respects. The base of the pillars is forty feet above the ground. They are consequently out of proportion to the height of the edifice, and they are also wanting in boldness of relief. But though there is much to be censured in the architecture of this palace, yet we are more impressed by its immensity and grandeur than by its incongruities and defects.

On my return to Naples, Rosano having made the necessary arrangements for my departure, I took leave of him with a degree of affectionate regret which is seldom felt in separating from a transient acquaintance in his humble situation. The instances of honesty and worth, and much more of sincere and disinterested kindness, are so rare among the common people of Italy, that it is delightful to discover any relief in the dark picture of their moral degradation. This will be a sufficient reason for a more particular account of our *cicerone*, than the incidental notice which I have occasionally taken of him. When we left Rome he was an outside passenger in the cabriolet of our carriage. As he spoke a little English, he

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gradually attached himself to us, and seemed to find pleasure in rendering us those little services on the road which are so pleasant and acceptable to strangers.

He appeared to be perfectly acquainted with the customs of the country, and every body in it, and was our guide and interpreter through the whole of the journey. He took trouble upon himself, in various ways, to promote our ease and comfort, and continued his attention till he had conducted us to an excellent hotel at Naples.

Rosano had lived in some branch of Bonaparte's family, but his shrewdness, his strong natural sense, and the information he had picked up in the course of his migratory life, raised him much above his condition. He had spent ten years in France, and the rest of his life in rambling over his own country, and seemed to have made judicious observations on all that he had seen.

Being pleased with his gratuitous kindness to us, we requested him to become our *cicerone* during our stay at Naples, and offered him more than is usually given. He replied, "that he was here on his own business, which would occupy him from twelve to four o'clock. If he could be of any service to us through the remainder of the day, it should be cheerfully devoted to us, but he must be allowed to decline all compensation." So singular an instance of disinterestedness did not gain credit with us. We supposed he would ultimately accept, as a present, what he might not choose to receive as wages. From that time he waited upon us with the greatest assiduity,

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made the preparations for our rambles, arranged every thing afterwards, and managed our concerns with as much economy and strictness as his own. He knew the artifices of all the people with whom strangers have to deal, and outwitted the deceivers. He resisted every unjust exaction, and repeatedly bore for us the railing and abuse of scurrilous tongues, with the firmness and patience of a friend. After so much fidelity, we offered him a suitable remuneration for his services. He again, with thankful acknowledgments, refused it. On pressing him, he replied, "that the gratification he had received was a sufficient reward, but that he would take the half of it as a memento." In such a man what an instance of refinement and delicacy!

The separation from Mr. Hands was a painful event. He had, sometime before, engaged his passage for Sicily. I had hoped to see him embark, but the great delay of the vessel prevented this satisfaction. He was still in a feeble and precarious state. The issue of the matter was doubtful. I knew his need of the company and cheering of a friend. I thought of his danger, and my own; the raging sea for him, the length of the solitary journey which yet remained for me, and the many uncertainties between a long farewell and a future greeting. We sat up the greater part of the night, and in the morning put a speedy end to the pains of parting.*

* Mr. Hands returned home with scarcely any visible improvement in his health, but a change, it appears, had been wrought in his constitution, and he is now in a great measure restored.

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RETURN TO ROME.

April 28th. I left Naples in company with Lieut. Clarke. Capt. Bennet and Capt. Chartres, of the British army, were also in the carriage. The former had the reserve so peculiar to his countrymen, without their gravity. The huge mustachios which he stroaked and adjusted every moment, presented only one instance of the ridiculous affectation which pervaded his whole character. There was a good deal of gasconade and pretension in him, together with a degree of discourtesy and selfishness not often seen in military men. His companion, who was a Scotchman, was more simple and cordial. Bennet had travelled in Palestine and Greece, and had spent several years in Italy, and Chartres also had been much abroad. Both were men of reading and education, and had there been more of sympathy and predilection between us, we would have found them entertaining companions.

On coming out of Naples I saw some coarse paintings, representing the torments of souls in purgatory, on the walls of two or three houses inhabited by monks, who were appointed to solicit alms from the wayfaring, for the mitigation of their sufferings. Our driver to Caserta, a few days before, threw out something to one of these idle mendicants, though I am persuaded he could not have been moved by all the pathetic importunity of real distress to give a sous.

The vines, in tender leaf, hanging from tree to tree,

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fine fields of wheat, flax in blossom, and occasionally a patch of deep red clover, now gave the country that air of beauty and luxuriance so characteristic of the southern parts of Italy. The great fertility of the soil of Campania is attributed to the volcanic eruptions in this region, for so many thousand years. It is a rich, black mould, which is sometimes six or eight feet deep, and which cannot be exhausted by any succession of crops, or any mode of cultivation.

We stopped at Capua to breakfast, and were not a little diverted by the droll and decisive manner in which Bennet settled the account. As the prices had not been previously fixed, it was quite a matter of course that they should be unjust. He took up the bill, and casting his eye upon the first item, "What," said he, "have I been four years in Italy without learning the price of maccaroni? No, that must be reduced to so much, mutton chop to so much;" and thus he went on, marking down every article, according to his own ideas, till he had brought the bill to about half the original sum. The landlord stared at this procedure in a stranger, though it was common enough among his countrymen. He defended his charge, and loudly remonstrated against such dictation. Bennet spoke to him in fluent Italian, improved upon his own artifice, and overpowered him in vociferation, and, at length, made him submit to this correction of his account.

On leaving Capua we crossed the Volturnus, a small but pleasant river, and, as we proceeded, the country became more varied and agreeable. Nothing could exceed the strength and exuberance of

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the soil. The sea opened upon us to the left, and the Appenines skirted the plains to the right. While in sight of their frozen tops we were melting with heat.

In ascending mount Massicus, and crossing over its extended summit, we were delighted with a perpetual succession of pleasing prospects, where the soft beauties of cultivation were mingled with the wildness and grandeur of mountain scenery.

In the course of the evening, at St. Agatha, Captain Bennet, throwing off a little of the reserve, which he had almost a right to maintain in his intercourse with Americans, entered into a conversation, which was as painful to him as gratifying to myself. It was the suppression of wounded pride to make way for the expression of more generous feelings. "I have been in America. You gained some glory in the battle of New-Orleans. It was a handsome affair." From the manner in which he spoke, he had evidently been a sharer in that day's humiliation; for here he sought to relieve it by explaining the causes of their failure and defeat. He was still more free in his praises of our kindness to the prisoners and respect to the slain. He dwelt particularly on the assistance which was rendered in burying the dead, and the deep emotion of the American officers on the battle ground, when they contemplated the awful carnage which they had made. These observations seemed to be an involuntary tribute of respect to an enemy, which neither justice nor gratitude would suffer him to withhold. His mind was immediately unburthened by the discharge of it, and from that time he became more friendly and cordial.

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For some distance beyond Mola, the road was lined with the solid foundations and curious reticular work of ancient villas. We examined the tomb of Cicero, and, clambering over the loose and massy stones which incase it, entered the interiour. It consists of two stories. A large stone pillar rises from the centre of one chamber to the vault, and another of brick to the ceiling of the second. Here we see grass and shrubs springing from the sides, and ivy overrunning the top, the common ornaments of every mouldering tomb. Were it possible to establish the truth of tradition, with what veneration would this reputed monument of Cicero be regarded! His death, at first so cautiously shunned, at length was firmly met on these very shores; and though we are in doubt about his sepulchre, we still feel as if we may be near his ashes.

From the wild and barren pass of Fondi, we descended into a smiling plain. The environs of the city on the southern side are brightened by groves of orange and lemon trees.

We passed the second night at Terracina. The neglect and indifference of the servants at supper, together with repeated instances of impertinence, provoked us almost beyond endurance. The smothered indignation of Bennet; the look of Chartres, which seemed as if it would wither the object on whom it lighted; the impetuous feelings of Clarke, who, in a sudden impulse, flew upon the principal offender, were out of all proportion to the occasion, though a series of petty vexations are perhaps more difficult to be borne than greater evils. Notwithstanding, one

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of these fellows came up to Bennet the next morning, to beg something for his services. What a test to the temper of a choleric man! The answer of the Captain, as might be supposed, was neither in courteous phrase nor gospel meekness.

During this conversation I had stepped into a neighbouring coffee-house to take some refreshment. When I had finished, the *cafatière* demanded twice as much as it was worth. Just at that moment Bennet came in with ruffled spirits, ready to boil over with the slightest flame. I mentioned to him this trivial instance of extortion: but it was enough. He pounced upon the miserable *cafatière*, and shook him into a jelly. The creature was frightened out of his wits. An old man behind the counter, partaking of his panic, cried out, "For heaven's sake, gentlemen, pay us what you like, but let us alone." The suddenness of the thing confounded me almost as much as the sufferers.

The *Linea Pia* is lined on each side by a canal, and intersected in different parts by others. They were repairing and enlarging some of them as we passed. In a few places we observed coarse grass and rushes; but from what appears to the traveller, without going aside from his route, it would seem that the Pomptine marshes were successfully drained. There is a little Indian corn planted at hazard, but the greater part of the land that is reclaimed, is used for grazing. Multitudes of horses, droves of black hogs, and herds of buffaloes, are almost the only things which occupy the attention of the few persons who are rash enough to live in this deserted and pestilential region.

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The absence of those elegant retreats of the gentry, so common in other parts of Italy, is a peculiar feature in the whole journey from Naples to Rome. This may perhaps be owing to the danger of living in the country, from the daring and audacious attempts of robbers and assassins. I counted myself on the way from Naples to the confines of the Ecclesiastical State, a distance of about eighty miles, forty-three military stations, each of which consisted of seven or eight well armed soldiers, who were expressly appointed to guard the road. This array of defence is an alarming indication of the traveller's insecurity. In the Pope's territory it disappears, but not on account of the infrequency of crimes. Here the sight of a malefactor's skull in an iron cage, and the woods cut down in many places on each side of the road, as a precaution against sudden and unforeseen attacks, still keep up our fears. The latter was the very judicious idea of Murat, who nearly exterminated the banditti by his vigorous measures. But with the restoration of imbecile governments, the evils inseparable from them, again begin to appear. A gentleman from Rome, who was on a visit to his estates near Terracina, had been seized by the robbers about the time we were returning, and carried to the mountains. They had sent a secret message to his family, demanding a ransom of ten thousand crowns, with a threat, if it were not given he should pay the forfeit with his head. I merely state the public rumour, for I had no opportunity of examining the fact, nor hearing the sequel. There was another report of the tragical issue of such a menace, in consequence

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of some deception on the part of the person seized, or some failure on the part of his friends. Two or three occurrences of a less atrocious nature were well known to have taken place in the course of a few months. But there has been a vast deal of exaggeration on this subject. And the people of the country are much more exposed to the actual degree of danger than strangers. As to myself, I never met with the slightest adventure, nor even an alarm that could form a romantic incident in my narrative.

We left the carriage at Gensano, to go to the lake of Nemi. It is so smooth, and pure, and glassy, that it could not have had a more appropriate name than the Mirror of Diana. The high and shelving banks which form around it a perfect amphitheatre, are beautifully cultivated, and well wooded, and it is so deeply embosomed that no wind can approach to ruffle it.

After an attentive, and, as we began to fear, a hopeless search for the foundations of the Appian way, we at length discovered them. They are at the right of the tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii, and till closely inspected, they might easily be mistaken for a steep natural bank on the side of the road. Large masses of rock of irregular shape are piled upon each other, and fitted nicely together, or the interstices are filled up with smaller stones. The elevation of the part exposed is about twenty or five and twenty feet, and the solidity of the work is amazing.

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ROME.

I revisited several of the antiquities of the city, and also went to see some for the first time.

The Mamertine prisons, built by Ancus Martius, and afterwards restored by the consuls, have now the reputation of great sanctity, from the tradition that St. Peter and St. Paul were confined in them. We descended into the two subterraneous apartments, one of which is immediately below the other. They are each lighted very faintly by a small aperture in the ceiling. It was the opinion of a celebrated antiquarian, with whom I was acquainted at Rome, that this was the place in which Jugurtha was confined, and not the cell which is generally shown at the capitol.

The *Santa Scala* consists of twenty-eight marble steps, which, according to popular belief, belonged to the palace of Pontius Pilate; and as they had been hallowed by the footsteps of our Lord, they were transported in the time of the Crusades from Jerusalem to Rome. The story is very improbable, though Capt. Bennet said that he had heard the same tradition in Palestine This holy staircase stands in a fine portico, near the church of St. John Lateran; and the devout pilgrims, who will not dishonour it by their feet, but mount it, with veneration, on their knees, have so worn away the steps that it has been found necessary to cover them with plank to prevent their total destruction. We saw several men and women clam-

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bering up, in this way, with awkward efforts, but, willing to save ourselves the trouble, we began to ascend on our feet. A monk immediately checked us for our profaneness, and we could only look at them from the outer court.

In a visit to St. John Lateran to-day, my attention was almost entirely confined to the Corsini chapel, which I had only glanced at before. There is the greatest harmony in the proportions, and a simplicity in the decorations, which is seldom combined with so much costliness and splendour. It is inlaid with rare and beautiful marbles. The statues of distinguished sculptors standing in front of the altar, and filling up the niches, are emblematical of the Christian virtues and graces. Basso relievos of the most exquisite labour, set off the martial exploits of the family, and superb monuments perpetuate their names. The ancient sarcophagus of porphyry, taken from the portico of the Pantheon, and supposed to have contained the ashes of Agrippa, is now the depository of Clement the Twelfth's, who erected this chapel. The light and well proportioned dome is the finishing grace of the structure. Where the ornaments are so varied and minute, and the effect depends so much upon the taste exhibited in their adjustment, it is impossible for description to do any thing more than raise general ideas of their symmetry and elegance.

The Borghese chapel is exceedingly like it, though more gay and gorgeous. The church of Santa Maria Maggiore, of which it is a part, is one of the seven Basilicæ of Rome. Forty Ionic columns of marble

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and granite that separate the nave from the aisles, would give this building a glorious distinction, if there were nothing else to praise.

But of all that I saw in this region of wonders (for ever excepting the Pantheon and St. Peter's) nothing appeared more stately than the basilica of St. Paul. The exterior is mean, within it is naked, and the whole has the marks of dilapidation and decay; but the forty fluted pillars of white marble, streaked with veins of violet, and forty others of Parian marble, which together divide the church into five naves, and, finally, forty more of granite, cippoline, and porphyry, placed about the chancel and altar, produce such beauty of perspective, such an air of solidity, such a resemblance to the richness and pomp of ancient architecture, that I gazed at it with astonishment and delight; now examining the perfect polish and precious quality of some of the columns, and the gigantic dimensions of others, and now turning my attention to the general effect of their striking combination.

Having learned that an acquaintance from New-York had arrived, I went immediately in search of his lodgings. On getting, as I supposed, to the door of the hotel, I inquired of one of the servants whether Mr. Leonard staid there. "Signore Leonardini? Yes, Sir, you will find him in the second story." Here repeating my inquiry, I was informed that he was out. At that moment a lady entered and begged leave to ask whether I had any particular business with him. "No, Madam, it is merely a call of friendship. Mr. Leonard is a gentleman whom I had the

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pleasure of knowing in America, and I therefore felt desirous of seeing him here." "Sir," she replied, "there must be some mistake. Signore Leonardini is my husband, and belongs to Rome." This embarrassing adventure was occasioned by the singular coincidence of names differing slightly, only in the termination, which I supposed was merely a local transformation. That I should have mistaken this private dwelling for his hotel, and found a person there who bore a name so analogous to his own, was a singular stroke of chance. And the blunder to which it led, with the curious *eclaircissement*, though awkward at the time, was diverting enough on reflection.

VATICAN.

An Arabian Night's Entertainment with all its extravagance, is not more wonderful than what is here brought before our eyes. The vast magnitude of the building, divided into twenty-two courts, and containing twelve thousand chambers, is less surprising than the immense variety of the ornaments in the different parts, and the continued array of treasures which almost wearies the attention of the beholder.*

The paintings in the Borghese apartment have been already noticed.

From this we went into the Sistine Chapel. I had been there frequently before, when there was no opportunity of examining the celebrated piece of Michael Angelo, over the altar, representing the last

* The Vatican is 1080 feet in length and 720 in breadth

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judgment. It has suffered from the humidity of the place, and from the smoke of the torches, in the frequent illuminations of the chapel, but not so much as to disqualify connoisseurs for forming an opinion of its original merits. I hardly know what that is, and shall only mention how it struck me.

When I read the account of this solemn event, given by our Lord, or the sublime descriptions of Massillon, who fills up the rapid and impressive sketch, I am always affected, I feel like a spectator and a party, and alternately tremble and rejoice. Some touches of Bourdaloue thrill me with horror.

In looking at the work of Michael Angelo, there are none of these emotions. The crowd of figures in the piece raise no idea of an assembled universe. The just, caught up in the clouds of heaven, have not the light and joy of glorified spirits. The wicked, cast down into hell, do not present a scene of deep and unmingled horror. But it is broken by circumstances of a ludicrous and disgusting nature. The Son of man, even on the throne of his glory, might be expected to have some trace of the man of sorrows, something in the majesty of the Godhead like the tenderness of humanity; but here he appears with threatening attitude and furious looks, like an avenging judge delighting in the sentence which he inflicts. There is neither the serene and immoveable dignity of the King of kings, nor a sign of that commiseration which suffers for calamities that it cannot relieve. The Son of God is marked with all the violence of human passions; and the mind, which can scarcely be pleased with the mild-

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est and most engaging exhibition of a divine personage, is shocked by one that degrades him.

The history of the creation is traced out on the ceiling by the same master. The prophets and sibyls filling up the angles and corners, are bold and sublime.

The creation was the first attempt of Michael Angelo in fresco painting. He undertook it with great reluctance, but the importunate wishes of his patron, Julius II. were not to be resisted. Besides the distrust of his own powers, some unexpected obstacles in the prosecution of the work almost discouraged him. They were, however, at length removed by the anxious attention of the Pope, and by a success which surprised himself. Julius watched the progress of his labours with an eager curiosity, and not being satisfied with the partial and imperfect views he could get from the scaffolding, ordered it to be taken down before the work was half completed. The reputation of the artist did not suffer by this premature exhibition. The scaffolding was once more raised, but before he had given the finishing touches to the painting the Pope's impatience could hold out no longer, and it was a second time removed. "On All Saints' Day, in the year 1512, the chapel was opened, and the Pope officiated at high mass to a crowded and admiring audience. After this solemnity, and when the public curiosity was gratified, the Pope consented that the pictures should be retouched, but Michael Angelo contemplating the inconvenience of erecting the scaffolding, declined doing any thing more, and said, "That what was wanting, was not of

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material importance." The Pope observed, that the pictures ought to be ornamented with gold, to give a characteristic splendour to the chapel. To which Michael Angelo replied, "In those days of simplicity, gold was not worn, and the characters I have painted were neither rich nor desirous of wealth, but holy men, with whom gold was an object of contempt."*

On leaving the Sistine Chapel, we enter *into* a gallery several hundred feet long, the sides of which are covered with inscriptions nicely inserted into the walls. Those on the left were found in the catacombs in the neighbourhood of Rome. Those on the right are pagan, and many of them of a much more ancient date. They are classed according to the objects to which they relate. Beneath the inscriptions on each side of the corridor, there is a continued range of busts and statues, and other interesting *relicks* of antiquity. This rare and extensive collection furnishes the curious with an inexhaustible fund of occupation and amusement.

In the square vestibule is the famous Torso of Belvedere. This is part of a statue of Hercules at rest, the work of Apollonius, an Athenian sculptor. Here is also the stone sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus, grandfather of Scipio Africanus, plainly adorned with a dorick frieze. How much more would we feel had it contained the ashes of the latter!

There is nothing deserving of notice in the round vestibule, though from the balcony we enjoyed one of the finest views of Rome. It is from this circum-

* Life of Michael Angelo by Duppa, p. 78, 79.

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stance that the part of the Vatican through which we were passing has received the name of Belvedere.

From the chamber of Meleager, so called on account of a highly esteemed statue of that personage, which constitutes its distinguishing ornament, we entered into the portico of the court. It is supported by sixteen granite pillars, and the form of it is octagonal. Plain sarcophagi, and others beautifully sculptured, representing a variety of mythological and poetical subjects, are placed around the portico. Superb bathing tubs of black and green basalt, and common and red granite, columns of white marble covered with leaves and grotesque figures, basso relievos enchased in the walls, merely make up the outward ornaments of this court. The chambers behind contain the most precious remains of Grecian sculpture, and the finest specimens of modern art. The Perseus of Canova, who has just cut off the head of Medusa, rivals in a degree some of the most boasted works of antiquity. The attitude is so just, the form so graceful, and the soft beauty of every part so finished, that a common eye finds nothing to blame, and critics even lose their severity. The expression, however, has been thought inappropriate. Perseus looks upon the head which he holds in his hand with indignant complacency, instead of turning from it with horror. But the sculptor appears to me to be right, and the objector wrong.

It requires a pugilist to determine whether the wrestlers of Canova, in the same apartment, are proofs of his skill, and whether the retiring, but menacing position of one of them, with one fist on his

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head, and the other on his back, can be defended by any rule of the art.

The Mercury of Belvedere or Antinous, in the second cabinet, is a faultless representation of manly beauty.

The famous group of Laocoon fills the principal niche in the third. May I, without presumption, speak differently of this? The anguish of the father should have been expressed with some mixture of commiseration for his unhappy sons. For, can personal suffering ever extinguish parental feeling? The artists have followed the poet: but ought they not to have supplied the omission? There is scarcely a degree of agony, when a little protracted, where this instinctive impulse would not be shown by a father towards his children who were writhing with him.

The Apollo Belvedere is seen in the last cabinet. The arrow has just fled from his bow. The fine attitude, the union of strength and beauty, the free and noble air of the angry god, without any violent disturbance of his serenity, represent something more than mortal, and nature is surpassed, even in her most perfect forms, by the genius of man.

Then follows the hall of animals, which is divided into two parts by a vestibule, adorned with sixty-five pilasters and pillars of granite. There are representations of some on the pavement in ancient mosaic. Others, wrought out of white and gray marble, brescia, and variegated alabaster, are placed around the vast apartments on tables of stone. A few of the animals are grouped with human figures, to exhibit the fabu-

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lous exploits of Hercules, and other stories of the poets. The collection is large, and many things are admirable, but I was particularly pleased with the natural expression of agony in a horse attacked by a lion. The strong distortion of the face, the contraction of the muscles, the speaking attitude of the poor animal, together with the voracious fury of the lion, gave it a reality and life but seldom seen in marble.

In the Gallery of Statues, the light and airy figure of Diana, sending forth her arrow in the chace, with the easy folds of her garments floating behind her, is a most captivating object The beautiful Ariadne, in a reclining posture, lamenting her desertion by Theseus, is full of dignity and tenderness.

Amidst the multitude of faces in the Hall of Busts, comprising so many emperors and empresses, philosophers and heroes, it is impossible to retain a very distinct recollection of any. But it is highly interesting at the time to compare their countenances with their story, to look in the face of Julius Cæsar for the traits of his greatness, to see all conjecture baffled by the amiable expression of Nero in his boyhood, to be disappointed with the looks of the high-minded Trajan, and to search in vain for the voluptuousness and cruelty of Heliogabalus. The face of Tiberius is suited to the man, dissembling his character and his purposes. Marcus Aurelius is frank and noble. Caracalla a ruffian. To mark this correspondence or disagreement with what history leads us to expect, is so amusing, that I regret my negligence in not having noted down, at the time, the different impressions which were in any degree worth recording.

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The small cabinet adjoining the Hall of Busts inspires one with delight, even after curiosity is languid, and admiration almost exhausted. It is ornamented with sixteen columns and pilasters of alabaster. On the vaulted ceiling we see the celebration of the nuptials of Bacchus and Ariadne; and beneath, in a mosaic pavement found at the villa of Adrian, a pleasant landscape with a shepherd and his goats, bordered with a festoon of fruits interwoven with leaves. Nothing can be more delicate and beautiful. Several niches in the walls are filled with ancient statues. Above them we trace, in bass-relief, the labours of Hercules. A graceful finish is given to the whole, by a sculptured frieze that supplies the place of the cornice. A large and elegant bowl of *rouge antique*, and a chair cut out of the same material, are placed under the window, and four seats of porphyry, with bronze feet, below the niches. The *tout ensemble* is surprising. I never saw any thing so minute, so rich and imposing. Every one lingers here insensibly, however, he may be pressed. And it is a pleasure to revive the sensations of this place, even by a dull and faded recollection.

The Chamber of the Muses is on a larger scale. The sixteen pillars of snow white marble from Carrara, with ancient capitals, found in the villa of Adrian, are a suitable accompaniment to the valuable collection of statues with which this chamber is filled. Here are the tragic and comic, the epic and lyric, and all the other muses, discovered at Tivoli, in the country house of Cassius. Melpomene and Thalia, Calliope and Erato, Clio and Urania, are each dis-

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tinguished by some expressive emblem, and some appropriate grace. The busts of the Grecian sages, taken from the same villa, occupy the places between them, together with the Grecian lawgivers, orators, and poets. The ceiling is painted in allusion to the characters of the assemblage below, and the mosaic pavement keeps up the harmonious correspondence.

From this apartment we pass into a grand circular hall. The large marble pilasters, the colossal busts resting on blocks of porphyry, and the statues of the most illustrious and virtuous emperors, which encircle this rotundo, would be enough of themselves to dignify a princely abode. But the immense basin of porphyry, forty-five feet in circumference, formed of a single piece, and a superb mosaic pavement beneath, found at Otricoli, give us ideas of imperial luxury and pomp, that even the laboured descriptions of historians have never raised.

I shall pass over the endless variety of things which distract the attention in the next apartment, excepting two, which almost entirely absorb it. One of these is the sepulchral urn of St. Constantia. It is of great size and elegant form. The sides of it are covered with sculptured ornaments, showing the rustic occupation of children engaged in the vintage. This beautiful monument is of the finest porphyry.

The other, which is the tomb of St. Helena, though of the same material, and equally striking at first sight, shows, in the want of just perspective in the basso relievos with which it is adorned, the great decline of the arts in the age of Constantine.

The room adjoining is called the Chamber of the

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Chariot. There are eight fluted columns around this small rotundo, and as many intermediate niches filled with statues. An ancient chariot, drawn by two horses, in miniature, stands in the centre of the room. From the extreme delicacy and frailty of the work, it is a matter of surprise that it should have been so perfectly preserved.

The staircase of the museum, consisting of three flights, is of marble, and the balustrade of bronze. Two statues are placed on the first stage, emblematical of the Tigris and the Nile. The twenty pillars of granite through which we descend, form a most elegant and stately colonnade. Wonder increases at every step, and here it seems as if it must cease.

We then pass into a gallery, divided into six parts, where we see an astonishing display of candelabri of the most beautiful forms and decorations, vases of white and coloured marbles, Egyptian monuments, statues, and other curiosities.

The walls of the next communicating in a line with this, are covered with painted maps of the several parts of Italy. And in another range of apartments, they are completely lined with the tapestry made after the cartoons of Raphael. The leading events of the Gospel are here strikingly depicted, and notwithstanding the imperfection of the fabricks at the age when the copies were taken, the genius of the painter breaks out in every part.

The chambers of Raphael suffered formerly from the abuse of a barbarous and brutal soldiery in the victory of Charles V. who lodged and made fire in them, and at present they are injured by the humi-

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dity of the place. But though they are so faded and discoloured, we see enough to account, in some degree, for their reputation at the first glance. Every successive look brings forth some unnoticed grace, some hidden charm, some happy thought or striking design of the artist, which, when combined by a general review, produce the same effect on every mind. Who can look at the conflagration del Borgo, the school of Athens, the chasing of Heliodorus from the temple, and the deliverance of St. Peter from prison, without feeling an enthusiastic admiration! And who that has seen them, will not sigh that they are perishing, and soon can be seen no more!

The copies of the cartoons of Raphael by his pupils, and even some of the best works of the master, are exposed to the open air in the grand portico of the Vatican, and destined to a still more hasty destruction.

The vast and inestimable library presents little more to the eye of the spectator, than the succession of splendid apartments which contain it. The books are chiefly in close cases, and classed according to their respective languages.

The principal part of them are in the grand hall, which is about two hundred and forty feet long, fifty feet wide, and thirty feet high. The walls and ceiling are embellished with arabesque and other paintings. Etruscan vases, of the highest antiquity, and various forms, showing the first rude sketches of the pencil, are arranged upon the cases. Two immense granite tables, supported by griffins in bronze, seem scarcely worthy of notice in this gaudy and sumptu-

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ous hall. There is a wondering gaze in most persons who enter it, but it is amusing to see the wild and delighted looks of the peasantry who pour in on holidays.

The library is continued in another gallery, which is more than three hundred feet long. It is divided into six apartments, where we see the same costliness and prodigality that prevail throughout this palace. There are in this suite more than a hundred columns of alabaster, granite, corrylina africana, porphyry, jaune, and verd antique, and other rare and beautiful marbles. These are followed by cabinets of engravings, antiques, and coins. What temporal prince ever had such an abode! What Cæsar is not eclipsed by the pontiffs of Rome! But it is a public possession, and open to all the world. Servants are constantly in readiness to conduct strangers through every part, who demand nothing, and expect only a trifling compensation. On Sundays and Thursdays the Vatican can be visited by the poorest of mankind, because then even this gratuity is prohibited.

QUIRINAL PALACE.

It is some time since the Vatican has become an unhealthy residence in summer. The *malaria* which has made a desolate waste of the neighbouring country, has now got within the very walls of Rome; and during the warm months the Pope resides at another palace on the Quirinal hill. We were conducted through every part of this building, except the chamber where the Pope happened to be at the time we

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were visiting it. The palace is furnished with an unostentatious splendour, and elegant simplicity that delighted us. There was no glare nor profusion, but in all the ornaments a studied attention to the character of the sacred person who inhabited it. We were somewhat surprised, however, to see in one of the apartments chequer boards and a billiard table. The servant observed, that they were provided for the guests of the Pope. But these amusements are universally considered innocent on the continent.

GALLERY OF CARDINAL FESCH.

In visiting the different palaces of Rome, we usually drive into the court with the freedom of the master. But Cardinal Fesch requires a written request, which meets with a formal answer, appointing the time when his gallery may be seen. His study is in one part of it, and if he were not to set aside particular days for the exhibition, his privacy would be entirely destroyed. There are fifteen or sixteen chambers filled with paintings in the different schools. Among such a number there must be many of inferior merit, but still there is so large a proportion of the first order as to give it an extravagant and incalculable value. I was delighted with several at the time; but it would be useless to enumerate them, as there is scarcely a faded remembrance left behind, even of Titian's St. Jerome, or Da Vinci's Supper, or Carlo Dolce's Saviour. In passing through one of the chambers we saw the Cardinal, who entered into conversation with us, and obligingly made his remarks upon the pictures around us. There was the greatest elegance and

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courtliness in his carriage, and an easy stateliness, accompanied with a slight degree of modesty, that at once inspired confidence and respect. His stature was rather above the middle size, his complexion clear and florid, and his countenance grave and composed, though I should think, on occasion, that it might be lightened up by the brightest and most animated expression.

ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE.

The Aurora of Guido Reni is on the ceiling of a pavilion in the garden of this palace. It is a large fresco painting, representing Apollo, the emblem of the sun, drawn by four fiery steeds, and surrounded by seven nymphs, who denote the hours. They are holding each others hands, and, with the most graceful attitudes, their garments floating loosely in the wind, are pressing on with the golden chariot, and rejoicing like the sun to run their course. Hesper, bearing a torch, hovers over the horses, and Aurora, scattering flowers, flies before them. The colours are as fresh and bright as the morning upon the mountains, when the sun, peering above them, "fires the proud tops of the eastern pines, and darts his light" throughout the world. The easy grouping of the figures, together with their gay and joyous expression, are suited to the character and companions of the god of day. It is one of the happiest representations of mythological story, and is so admired by the severe and correct as well as the unpractised eye, that it doubtless deserves the place which has been assigned it—among the first productions of the art.

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But there is a slight particular in the piece for which there was very probably some reason in the mind of the painter, though I could not conceive it. The flames of Hesper's torch, which, meeting with the resistance of the air in their rapid flight, should have been carried backward, nevertheless fly towards the heads of the horses. The drapery of the nymphs, and the manes of the steeds, are influenced by the common law of nature. But why is this torch in contradiction to it?

PALACE OF CAMINO.

We wrote a note to Lucien Bonaparte, requesting permission to see his gallery. The pictures, in fact, are the ornaments of the chambers occupied by the family, and for that reason it is not always convenient to show them. A polite answer, stating the time when it would be opened to us, was immediately returned.

The collection is small but valuable. There are several fine Flemish pieces, and a few by Leonardo da Vinci, Allori, Guido, and Annibal Caracci. Our Saviour before Pontius Pilate, is merely a repetition of that wonderful talent of Gerardi del Notte, of managing torch light in the dusky groups, collected together in darkness A small statue of Apollo receives a borrowed charm from having been found in Cicero's villa at Tusculanum.

Lucien Bonaparte, who bears the title of the Prince of Camino, lives with a kind of simple state becoming the fallen fortunes of his family. His society is studiously shunned by all who enjoy or wish

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the favour of the Papal court. The nobility of England who side with the ministry maintain the same distance; but gentlemen in the opposition, and most Americans, still visit him. The marriage of his daughter with a prince of Bologna took place while we were here. From this it would appear, that the sentiment which prevails against him in Rome is by no means general in Italy.

FARNESINA PALACE.

The story of Cupid and Psyche is painted on the vault of the first chamber, after the designs of Raphael. Many parts were retouched, with great care, by himself. In one of the three graces this is very apparent.

The Galatea, in the adjoining room, is entirely his own work. She is sitting in a marine shell as her car, which is drawn by dolphins, and a sea nymph, supported by a Triton, is in her train. There is a pleasing sensation produced by the contemplation of such beauty, which continues even after the image of it has become faint and confused.

In one corner of the ceiling there is a bold and expressive head, hastily and roughly drawn with charcoal by Michael Angelo. It is said, that while Raphael was painting this chamber, he would not suffer Michael Angelo to see it; but that the latter, getting in by stealth, scratched this masterly sketch, to vex him by the power of a genius which could equal, in a moment, his most laboured efforts.

There are also many fine paintings in the Doria and Borghese palaces.

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Since the famous picture of the Transfiguration has been removed to the Vatican, the church of St. Pietro, in Montorio, has lost every attraction but its beautiful and elevated situation.

It appears as if doubts, with regard to the traditions of Popery in countries where Protestantism is unknown, are apt to take refuge in universal scepticism. An Italian gentleman, in company, observed to me, "that on this hill St. Peter was crucified." I replied, "that it was very much questioned whether St. Peter had ever been at Rome, though the scriptures established the point of St. Paul's residence here." The shaking of one opinion seemed to unsettle both. "Perhaps then," he added, "neither St. Peter nor St. Paul were ever here."

In returning, we stopped a few moments at the church of St. Onofrio, to see the monument of the unhappy Tasso. Broken down by persecution, and the constant agitation of an unsettled life, he came to the convent attached to this church, "to beg a little earth for charity, and lay down his weary bones in peace." The memorial is simple, but could emblazoning add any thing to such a name?

From Monte Mario, a commanding hill without the walls of Rome, the undulating city is seen in all its grandeur and extent. The palaces, towers, and domes, rising above the rest, are themselves overtopped by the tomb of Adrian, the aspiring height of the Coliseum, and the majestic pile of St. Peter's and the Vatican. We can also perceive the irregular lines of Aurelian's walls, now enclosing so much of vacant space, which was once filled with people. In

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looking towards the south, the eye finds nothing to rest upon, excepting the tomb of Cecilia Metella, till it has reached Albano and the bright and cheerful town of Frescati. Turning towards the east, we see Tivoli, with the long chain of hills behind it; and mounting up towards the north, with the windings of the Tiber, we meet with the pointed peak of Soracté. Rome itself, from the uneven surface of the ground on which it is built, the scattered ruins, the extensive gardens, and naked fields within its own enclosure, combines the most picturesque views, with the artificial appearance of a city.

The skulls of ten assassins, exposed in iron cages over the gate of St. Angelo, produce a moral pang, which overpowers the feelings that the contemplation above has just inspired. They remind us of atrocities which shock us in themselves, and which indicate a state of society among the poor, more debased and inhuman than is to be found in almost any other Christian country. There was a loud complaint among all liberal and well informed Italians against the mistaken clemency of the Pope towards these miscreants. The facility of obtaining pardon defeated the just severity of the laws, and encouraged the commission of crimes. While we were there, a large number of the robbers surrendered themselves to the Pope, on a promise of forgiveness and freedom after one year's imprisonment. Who can suppose that this was from an unfeigned repentance, and not rather from an apprehension of being taken and punished? Had they given themselves up for transportation, the stipulation might have been both wise and

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merciful, but, on the present condition, it was imbecility and madness.

We went two or three times to the cabinet and work-shop of Canova. The colossal statue of Napoleon is kept a little out of view. The three graces which were just completed for an English nobleman, have lessened the distance between ancient and modern skill. Several works of inexpressible beauty were likewise prepared for the Prince Regent. The selection was, perhaps, dictated by his taste and habits—Venus sleeping—Venus triumphant—Venus in every circumstance and attribute. We were informed that the Princess Borghese, a sister of Bonaparte, furnished the model of the upper part of these figures. What an ignoble vanity in so illustrious a personage! And if we can scarcely excuse this revolting practice, even where there is the plea of hard necessity, what must we think of this voluntary degradation?

But the object most interesting to an American, was the cast of Washington, just formed after the picture of Stuart. He is so metamorphosed, that the resemblance must only be sought in the face. I thought it plain and somewhat striking, but one of the company was of a different opinion. His civil dress is thrown aside, his hair is cut short, and the statesman gives place to the hero. He appears in the military costume of the Romans, and it requires some effort of the mind to recognize the founder of our republic under so strange and unusual an aspect. It excited great curiosity at Rome, and was visited with eagerness by all descriptions of people.

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PALACE OF THE SENATOR.

From the top of the tower we can clearly trace the limits of the ancient city. The Capitoline, the Aventine, and the Palatine mounts, have lost much of their elevation by an immense accumulation of soil and ruins in the intervening spaces, but still they may be plainly distinguished. The Cœlian is slightly marked, the Esquiline and Viminal are almost lost, the Quirinal is more discernible.

The ruins of the palace of the Cæsars cover the original site of the city. Immediately below the porticos, the scattered pillars, the fragments of temples, the triumphal arches, remind us of the splendour of the Roman Forum. A little farther to the right are the vast remains of Caracalla's baths, in the distant view the tomb of Caius Cestius, directly in front the amphitheatre of Titus, to the left the temple of Minerva, and the shattered arches of an aqueduct, stretching towards the church of Saint John Lateran.

In this part of Rome we behold a scanty population, or desertion and solitude, but the once open plain of the Campus Martius is now covered with inhabitants. The Pantheon, the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, and the tomb of Adrian, are the only remains of antiquity which we can see from this point in the modern city. What is before us, and what is visible in the neighbourhood around us, comprising the whole scene of early Roman story, cannot be viewed without singular emotions. From the height on which we stand, we seem to be looking

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back on past generations; and while we contemplate this famous region, we feel as if we were brought nearer to the events which made it so memorable.

MUSEUM CAPITOLINUM.

The fragments of the ancient plan of Rome, enchased into the walls of the staircase, are too imperfect and isolated to assist materially the researches of the antiquarian.

The Isis and Apis, the priests and priestesses, and all the other Egyptian figures found at the Canope, a building belonging to the villa of Adrian, are marked by the same stiffness, deformity, and unmeaning expression of face and attitude.

In the imperial hall, the statue of Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, is much admired for the beauty of the drapery. Her pensive posture and dignified air are at once expressive of her pride and misfortunes. The busts of the emperors and their wives presented faces so familiar, that we were often able to distinguish them without the help of a catalogue.

It is impossible, amidst such a crowd of things, to come away with a distinct remembrance of many. Life retiring, however, from the fixed countenance and sinking limbs of the dying warrior, who has half fallen upon his buckler; the beautiful but manly form of Antinous; and the Venus of the Capitol, cannot easily be forgotten.

PALACE OF THE CONSERVATORI.

Some basso relievos inserted into the walls above the first stage of the staircase, representing the sacri-

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fices and triumphs of Marcus Aurelius, are of a bold and masterly execution.

The fresco paintings of D'Arpino, Lauretti, and Daniel of Volterra, exhibiting the whole series of remarkable events in the first ages of Rome, are not so much admired for their intrinsic excellence, as their apt and appropriate character in such a place. In one of the halls we saw the she wolf, in bronze, which is supposed by some to be the same that was dedicated by the Curule Ædiles, three hundred years before the Christian æra. This interesting remain, which has the harshness and stiffness to be expected in a work of that remote epoch, is as curious in the history of the arts as venerable for its antiquity.

The small bronze statue of the shepherd plucking a thorn out of his foot, is one of the most natural things in the world. The bent and cramped position of the body, and the attentive and careful expression of the countenance, are wonderfully suited to the occasion.

Before leaving Rome, I paid a long deferred visit to the Marchioness of Massimo. She received me so courteously, and made the formality of a first call so much like the easy and unconstrained conversation of a longer acquaintance, that I felt, with mortification and regret, how much I had lost in not having delivered my letters sooner.

Baron Akkerblad was polite and attentive to us. This gentleman is said to be acquainted with twenty-six languages. From his reputation as an antiquary, he is employed by the Dutchess of Devonshire to superintend the excavations which are carried on at

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her expense. The last time I saw him, he was in a transport with a discovery which he had just made of a beautiful head of Venus, at the foot of the column of Phocas.

On the day of my departure from Rome I made a final visit to St. Peter's. I had not yet seen the subterraneous part or remains of the ancient Basilica on which the new church was built. I now went down, and, in this gloomy repository of the dead, walked among the monuments of pontiffs and princes. But how insignificant would these have appeared could I have listened to tradition as the voice of truth, and believed myself near the ashes of St. Peter!

Coming back again into the light and glory of the region above, it seemed to shine with a new splendour. I ranged through the aisles, gave an intent look at the dome, and from this point, which shows the collected majesty of the edifice, strove to make an impression which might last for ever. I returned by the grand nave with lingering steps, and a feeling of melancholy that I had not expected. The pride of the whole earth was to be seen no more. The last look was given, and yet I returned to give it another. At length I hurried away from it with that kind of moral sensation, that pain of parting, which no other work of man is so likely to inspire.

In one of our visits to St. Peter's, we went up on the dome. Setting out in a circular tower, we follow a path that winds around spirally on an inclined plane till it reaches the roof. Here, besides the several cupolas, are workshops, artificers, and a permanent establishment to keep the upper part of the building

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in repair. We continued to ascend by a staircase running around the inside of the dome, till we came to the ball. This is perhaps fifteen feet in diameter, and encompassed by a narrow gallery with a balustrade. A copper ladder on the outside, adapted to the shape of the ball, and placed a few inches from it, leads to the cross at the top. We were already more than four hundred feet above the ground, but having never experienced the slightest degree of giddiness, it did not seem hazardous to venture still higher. Trusting, therefore, to the strength of my hands and head, I mounted the ladder, with my body bent, as when a sailor climbs about a round-top. Finding that it soon drew so near to the ball as not to leave room enough for safe footing, and reflecting that the full view of my danger might intimidate me, I returned when I was almost within arms length of the cross. A gentleman belonging to the British navy, who was up at the same time, actually touched it.

An arrangement had been made for me with a *voiturin*, who, for an extraordinary price, was to take me alone in a cabriolet to Ancona. At the appointed hour he came. "Sir," said he, "there is a little lad who would be glad to have a seat with you as far as Terni." "No, I pay you well to go alone, and if you dislike the condition, the bargain is at an end." "Well," he replied, "I am perfectly willing." He stopped a moment to indulge in a little vociferation, and then pretended to be going. But the agreement was soon signed, and having taken leave of two or three of my acquaintances, and received the affectionate adieus of my Italian friend, I set out on my journey.

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The separation from Totti was attended with uncommon regret. From the first time we saw him at Florence, we were pleased with the frankness of his manners, his kindness, and good nature. He had been a captain in the French army, and spent twenty years in the service. In consideration of his services, he was made a knight of the iron crown. His adherence to Bonaparte, when the glory of the conqueror was departing, was now remembered against him; and in his application to the Papal court for some military appointment, he met with perpetual vexation and delay. Hence he had abundant leisure, and as he was straitened and friendless, he very naturally attached himself to us, who showed a regard for him, and took pleasure in his company. He was well acquainted with Rome, and acted as our guide wherever we went, made our daily arrangements, which were perplexing to him, and would have been intolerably troublesome to ourselves, and dispensed the presents at galleries and all other places. On a few occasions he entered into sharp disputes for us, and once even went to the magistrate. We can hardly estimate the value of his obliging offices, but the recollection of them will be connected with his pleasant qualities as a companion, with his honest warmth, his unaffected simplicity, his goodness of heart, and genuine worth; and, when we think of Rome, we shall always think of him with whom we entered as a stranger, and whom we left as a friend.

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JOURNEY TO LORETTO.

At the gate of the city we passed the little lad whom the *voiturin* had been so importunate to make my travelling companion, and who turned out to be a pursy and full grown man. But we had not proceeded far, when a person stepping up with a familiar air took his seat with the driver. The latter turning around to me, said, "Sir, this is my master, who is only going as far as Monterosi." The fellow's obstinacy and cupidity vexed me, for I was persuaded that it was a mere artifice. I hesitated a moment, and then took my resolution. "You agreed to carry me alone. You have broken the contract, and I will return to Rome to have you punished." No sooner had I left the carriage, than a violent altercation took place between the *master and man*. The storm raged furiously for a few minutes, when suddenly ceasing, I heard the driver crying after me to come back. I then returned to the cabriolet, but the intruder, at the same time, took his seat again. A still fiercer dispute ensued, for no one out of Italy can conceive how far the strife of tongues may be carried here without a blow. But the *servant* at length got the better of his *master*, and dislodged him. With a softened though angry manner still, the wayfaring man began to abuse me for my incivility. "My friend," I replied, "if there be any fault, it falls upon the driver. I hired the carriage for myself. I choose to travel alone, and pay extravagantly for the pleasure."

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This decision in the outset I knew would save me trouble in the sequel. It had been the means though of keeping us some time on the road, and in a part of the journey where delay was most to be dreaded. We were now in the open Campagna, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and nearly thirty miles from the place where we proposed to spend the night. I found also that the horse was lame, and completely jaded, by a long journey from Bologna. But, happily, the master was not a merciful man, and he pressed on with all possible speed.

The progress of vegetation had made a great change in the appearance of this part of the Campagna since we saw it in March. At present richer fields of grain, and a deeper verdure, gave it an air of cheerfulness amid the general desertion.

We met but few persons on the road, which was indeed comfortable, for in such a wide solitude, every group is eyed with suspicion, and relief is hardly to be looked for in danger. Night overtook us in this region of robbery and crime, where there are few without uneasiness even in the day time.

I left Monterosi at an early hour in the morning, and in a short time the sun rose gloriously, burnishing the distant mountains, and giving a beautiful effect to the towers, and ivy mantled walls of Nepi.

About an Italian post from Nepi, mount Soracté, with several pointed summits, one of which is capped by a monastery, rises solitarily out of the neighbouring plain.

By the natural situation of Civita Castellana, so

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capable of a strong defence, it is thought, by some, to have been the ancient Veii. In leaving the town we come to the deep ravine, through which the small river Ricano forces a passage in its way to the Tiber.

As we descended the hill near Borghetto, which is itself only noticed for its pleasant situation, on the brow of a small eminence, and for a lofty and ruinous tower, overlooking the rest of the town, there was a more extensive view of the plain and the meanderings of the Tiber. The hills on our left, and the Sabine mountains on the right, darkened with woods and forests, formed a fine contrast with the bright gleaming of the Appenines.

In leaving the Sabina, to enter into Umbria, we pass over a beautiful bridge, built by Augustus, but repaired by Sixtus V. called the Ponte *Felice*. It consists of four arches, the foundations of which are of stone, and the rest of brick. The road winds up the hill, on which Otricoli stands in an easy ascent. The mixture of wildness and cultivation in the country through which it runs, is not always agreeable, though in the depths of the valleys it sometimes presented points quite romantic.

Near Narni we rode through a defile in the mountains, walled on both sides with rocks of grotesque forms, the savage aspect of which was relieved by tufts of brushwood and a thick growth of evergreens springing out of the clefts and fissures. Presently we saw the Nera rolling through it, and escaping, by a bold gap, to the south-west. The road is on the very border of a precipice several hundred feet

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in height. A few cottages are seen in the recesses of the mountains, and a hamlet on the edge of the river.

I left the carriage at Narni, which was the birth-place of Nerva, to go to an ancient marble bridge, a quarter of a mile below the town. This stately ruin exhibits the taste, the solidity, and boldness which mark all the works of the Augustan age. There were originally four arches. The broken piers and partial curves of three are still to be seen, and the other is entire.

The Nera, flowing tumultuously over its rocky channel, passes by these ruins into the rude glen which we had just left. A convent, situated on a height, on the right bank of the river, appears through the remaining arch. And, in turning round towards the east, the modern bridge of Narni, a few paces above the ancient, the cottages on the banks of the river, and the country seats and villages scattered through the fertile vale extending to Terni, present a sweet and charming prospect of rural beauty.

On reaching Terni I went out to procure a conveyance to the falls, but was sorry to find that it was the Post-Master's exclusive privilege to let carriages for this purpose, as it was equivalent to an assurance that I should be defrauded. Accordingly I had to pay three Roman crowns for an excursion of about as many miles.

The road was at the foot of the hills, on one side of a narrow valley, watered by the Nera. This rich bottom, which is cultivated like a garden, has, at all times, been celebrated for its fertility. Pliny says

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"that the meadows were mowed here four times a year."

About a mile and a half below the falls I left the carriage, and proceeded to them on foot through an orange grove and a thick wood at the foot of the cliffs. At every turn we had glimpses of the Nera, which is here a continued rapid. The cascade is formed by the small river Velino, which precipitates itself, in one mass, into the deep gulf below. The height of the fall is three hundred feet, but the body of water is too inconsiderable to correspond with the grandeur of this mountain pass.

From the edge of a precipice a little further down, there is a united view of the fall and the several successive plunges which it afterwards makes from rock to rock, in conjunction with the Nera. The rapidity of their course at this point, the writhing and agitation of the waters below, and the noise, like distant thunder, the profound depth of the valley, the shagged face of the perpendicular rocks directly opposite, and the changing forms of the mountains through the rest of the passage, made the prospect here as sublime as it was beautiful. The sun, sinking behind us, threw a mild lustre over the harsh features of the spot, and gave it an air of peacefulness amidst all this tumult and confusion.

The next day we left Terni at a very early hour in the morning, and soon began to ascend the Appenines. While winding through the deep defiles, it was interesting to watch the first fleecy clouds of the dawning, till the sun rose above the mountains, and chased away the darkness of the valley. With the

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bracing air of the prime, and the lively singing of the birds, my spirits were as light and buoyant as nature was joyful. Presently we came to mount Somma, which is the most elevated point in this part of the Appenines. It is nearly four thousand feet above the sea. The sides of these hills are covered with the olive, the laurel, and a profusion of hardy trees and plants, which the blasts of winter never blight. Occasional marks of cultivation, and farm-houses, and villages, on the heights, are perceived amidst the general wildness of nature, and in emerging from this pass the view becomes enchanting.

The most conspicuous objects in Spoleto are an aqueduct, consisting of nine Gothic arches, which rise two hundred feet above the stream, and the castle, occupying a strong position on an eminence, at a small distance from it. A convent of the Capuchins, two or three churches, and a number of sprightly hermitages, are situated on the steeply shelving sides of the mountain at the mouth of the gorge. The combination of so many artificial objects, with the charms and glory of the natural scenery, render Spoleto the first in beauty, as it is the first in rank, among the cities of Umbria.

Spoleto is distinguished in history by the successful defence which it made against Hannibal, who besieged it after his victory over the Romans, at the lake of Thrasymene. It still retains some evidences of the consequence to which it was raised under Theodoric, though most of these were lost in the destruction of the city by Totila. In the church of the Crucifix we see the remains of the temple of Con-

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cord. Two arches of an ancient bridge, at the north-east entrance of the city, are only remarkable for their solidity.

In continuing our journey we passed through a pleasant and populous plain. Umbria is said, in general, to be fertile and well cultivated, but in this part the scarlet wild flowers, which were growing thickly among the wheat, were an indication of careless farming, and the soil appeared to be sandy and unproductive.

The common people here pull off their hats when they pass a church, or even the small oratories of the Virgin. This, however, is merely an extravagant expression of a very proper sentiment. If Roman Catholics have too much respect for the temple of God, have not Protestants too little?

Near Le Vene the small clear stream of the Clitumnus, which holds its course on one side of the road, presents a refreshing sight in a sultry day. The white oxen, which served as victims for sacrifice and for triumphal processions, were taken from the banks of this river.

> "Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus
> "Victima sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
> "Romanos ad templa Deum duxêre triumphos."

The little temple of Clitumnus, near the post-house of Le Vene, has a neat portico of the Corinthian order. It was originally dedicated to the sacred stream, but is now converted into a Christian church.

At Foligno my driver furnished me with a fresh horse and another cabriolet, and parted from me with

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great good nature and many kind wishes. I had thwarted the grasping designs of this man so effectually, by keeping out all wayfaring passengers, as in most other countries would have led to a sulky and disobliging behaviour through the rest of the journey. But it never occasioned a moment's petulance in him. He knew that he was in the wrong, and therefore yielded to this determination on my part with easy submission. This trifling circumstance is noticed because it illustrates the character of the common people in Italy. They are shrewd and calculating, and exercise a surprising control over their feelings whenever that control is necessary to their interests. It is customary to add some small gratuity to the price of carriage hire, whatever it may be, and as their avarice is keen and insatiable, they cultivate your good will with great assiduity, and make a most officious show of service in order to augment their recompence. But with all their faults they are not without kind feelings.

From Foligno we began to ascend the mountains again. In the steeper parts of the road it was necessary to relieve our horse by the help of oxen, and, in one place, a cow was put before the cabriolet. They are driven with bridles, and the bits are in their noses.

In the evening we stopped at the small hamlet of Colfiorito, on one of the highest points of the Appenines. The appearance of the inn was very unpromising, but the fare was good, the chamber neat, and in the unusual attention and kindness of the people of the house, I almost forgot that I was re-

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ceiving the civility of publicans. So much comfort, in a place so remote and lonely, is felt as a blessing. On shutting the door of my chamber I fell into ruminations upon home, the immense space which separated me from those who were dearest to me, and the mercies of God, who had brought me so far in safety. In this wild solitude I seemed more sensible of the Lord's protecting care, and felt more confidence in it. I laid me down in peace, and took my rest, knowing the hand that sustained me.

From Colfiorito we descended the mountains again by a bad road. Through all the windings we followed the rapid and noisy stream, which is the source of the Chienti. Supplied by many tributary rills the river grew wider and deeper every moment. The bank on which we rode was frequently high and steep, and the whole valley so contracted and barren that, for many miles, the labours of the husbandman were scarcely to be seen. We passed the ruins of a Gothic fortress, at Serravalle, and several wretched and dirty villages, in which there was an appearance of great poverty. My driver told me that this wild pass was a dangerous part of the journey. It is not surprising that crimes should be so common where distress is so abject and pressing. A little below Valcimara the valley expands, and the mountains on each side are covered with noble oaks. Presently we emerged into the open country, and soon crossed over the battle ground where the English and Austrians defeated Murat in 1814. The former occupied a fine position to the left, on a smooth and regular height. The latter was on the level below. He

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fought desperately, and even the pusillanimous Neapolitans did him good service; but the enemy turning his right wing, his army was thrown into confusion, and the route became universal. This movement took place near a small castle about two miles beyond Tolentino.

From this town to Macerata there is an extensive plain, diversified by undulating hills, and showing, in the luxuriant fields of wheat, corn, and flax, and beautiful vineyards, a rich soil, and a laborious cultivation. The fine country-seats, and the numerous farm-houses and out-houses, which are built of brick, are plain indications of the wealth of many, and the comfort of all. Orchards of different kinds, laid out with great regularity, and neat hedges enclosing the fields, distinguish the scenery of this part of Italy from every other. An improvement also in the character of the peasantry may be discovered in the slight civility of a passing salutation to strangers. I noticed a singular ornament in the dress of the country girls who seemed to have on their holiday attire. Two or three gilded balls, of the size of a pullet's egg, suspended from each other, supplied the place of ear-rings.

However little a person may be interested in agricultural pursuits and improvements, his attention can scarcely fail to be drawn by the fine breed of cattle here. Some of the cows are perfectly white, and of uncommon size and beauty.

Towards evening the walls, and domes, and steeples of Macerata, rose up before us with an imposing appearance. The interiour is not at variance with this outward show. The houses are well built, and ge-

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nerally of brick and stone. The churches are neat, and two or three of the palaces, though without stateliness and grandeur, increase in some degree the consequence of the city. An unusual air of cleanliness prevailed in every part. The increasing beauty of the women, and the change in their complexions, which is perceived immediately after crossing the Appenines, now became still more striking.

When my bill was handed to me in the morning, I found that kind of random charge so common in this country, which goes as high as it is supposed the prodigality or ignorance of strangers will possibly allow. There seems to be nothing fixed by usage, nor any security from conscience, but in most places a settled design to get all they can from those whom they may never have an opportunity of pillaging again. The settlement of almost every account is a dispute, unless there have been an explicit agreement beforehand.

This morning I came in sight of the Adriatic, and experienced that lively excitement which is perhaps common to most persons in beholding, for the first time, a new country or another sea.

The traveller is amused by a novel kind of importunity in the beggars of this quarter. They run over the names of all the saints in the calendar, in the hope that a regard for some canonized favourite will excite a compassion that distress might not awaken. There is something like it in one or two other places, though no where else such an overflowing volubility.

The neatness in the grounds and dwellings from

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Tolentino to Macerata, shows itself farther on with some addition of taste in the wicket fences, the sweet-briar hedges, the beautiful avenues and arbours that adorn the houses both of the farmers and gentry. The fig, the olive, and other fruit trees, are common on this road, but I did not remark in their orchards the apple, the peach, or any of the species to which we are accustomed. Indeed it is a rare thing in any part of Italy to meet with our fruit trees.

After having passed Recanati pilgrims began to appear, who were either going to the Holy House of Loretto, or returning from this shrine.

LORETTO.

We got to the city, so hallowed by the Santa Casa, in the estimation of all the votaries of the Virgin, on the festival of Whitsun-Tuesday. I went immediately to the cathedral. The chief attraction of this church is the wonderful casing of the Santa Casa. The paltry edifice of brick, which is venerated by the superstitious pilgrims as the house once inhabited by Mary and the Son of God, and rendered still more sacred by its miraculous transportation from Palestine to the Laurel Grove, in the neighbourhood of Recanati, has been the occasion of another structure, which is as much admired by the profane and doubting, as the former is by the credulous and devout. The Holy House stands within the church, at the

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intersection of the nave and transept. It is enclosed in a building of the marble of Carrara, designed by Bramante, and executed by Contucci de Montesansovino. The form is an oblong square, of about forty-five feet in length, thirty in breadth, and forty in height. The architectural and sculptured ornaments are among the most finished productions of human art. The basso relievos represent the true and fabulous history of the Virgin, in every leading and interesting circumstance. On the eastern part we see the different translations of the Holy House, by the ministry of angels, the Samian and Cumean sibyls, and the death of the Virgin. She is surrounded by the apostles, whose feelings are expressed with such truth and effect as to make marble moving. The northern side is chiefly remarkable for the birth of the Virgin. The busy eagerness of the women, one of whom is washing the infant, the congratulating countenances of some of the company, the father standing at the bed-side, and with uplifted hands pouring out his thanks to God, are ideas sufficiently obvious for such a picture, and yet it is in the successful execution of these simple subjects that the skill of the artist is principally seen. The death of Mary was the joint work of Lamia, Raphael, and Sangallo; the birth of Sansovino, Raphael, and Bandinelli. The annunciation on the western side, and the adoration of the magi, by Lombardi, on the southern, together with some of the sibyls and prophets, are more striking than other pieces, though all are masterly. The bronze gates, on which are traced the flagellation of our Saviour, his teaching in the temple, and agony

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in the garden, are of the same high order. I went round and round this superb and incomparable structure oftener than the most devout among the pilgrims, and gazed at it with an admiration not felt perhaps by those who worshipped the relick which it enshrined.

It was fortunate that the day I was at Loretto happened to be a festival, as it gave me an opportunity of hearing one of the best choirs in Italy. During the celebration of the mass, and at intervals in the service, the music was enraptering. The Halleluia especially, which was taken up in succession by the different voices, was sung with such astonishing variety, and so sweetly and divinely, that I could almost fancy I heard the angels of heaven responding to each other in praise of God. But at the elevation of the host, the bishop, the priests, and people, prostrated themselves in silence, and then such tender, and touching, and celestial strains stole upon the ear, that it seemed like a kind of impious violence to my feelings not to bow the knee when my heart was borne down by the overpowering sense of awe and devotion. There is nothing on earth so impressive.

In the afternoon I employed myself, before the commencement of the service, in scrutinizing still more critically the delicate and storied decorations of the Santa Casa, and in examining the various groups on the three bronze gates of the cathedral, exhibiting the most memorable events of scripture. Many of these are admirable, both in the design and execution, but particularly the banishment of our first parents from Paradise. Eve, with full and flow-

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ing hair, and a poetical beauty, has her hands crossed over her bosom, and a look of utter despair. Adam's are clasped in agony, and both are turning their eyes towards the garden, while the angel, with uplifted sword and outstretched arm, is urging on their lingering steps.

In one of the bronze doors of the Holy House, the figure of our Saviour, and the whole of the face, are actually worn and almost obliterated by the kisses and touches of the visitors; and in the circuit which they make around this miraculous dwelling, on their knees, the very marble is deeply furrowed. My attention was drawn to the circumstance by seeing several engaged in this awkward act of superstition.

The treasury, which was once enriched by the votive offerings of nobles and princes, has been despoiled of all that was most precious by *him* who had too little respect for true religion to shrink from sacrilege; and scarcely any thing remains that does not inspire less wonder than contempt.

The music this afternoon was, for the most part, of a cheerful and animated cast; but, at a particular time, when one of the priests took the censer, and threw up incense in the faces of the rest, a few sung in the softest and most melting tones, and the organ accompanied them with an inexpressible effect. I am too little acquainted with the science of music to explain very accurately, or, perhaps, even intelligibly, the reasons of its superiour and unrivalled charms in Italy. The most obvious cause is the kind of singers employed, and their exclusive and devoted attention to this object from their childhood. They

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have an amazing flexibility and compass of voice, so that they can pass from the lowest to the highest key without any effort, and fall again with such a dying sound, that the ear is almost in doubt whether it has caught the last. We remark no fetching of the breath, no harsh and inharmonious breaks, but all the notes melt into each other, and often, for many minutes, there is not the slightest perceptible pause for respiration. This address in the management of the voice and apparent length of breath, were, to me, entirely incomprehensible. Their tones also are altogether peculiar, without the shrillness of the woman's, or the roughness of the man's, but partaking of the properties of both; so penetrating, so full, and yet so smooth and melodious as to make them seem like something preternatural.

By means of this music, the magnificence of their churches, the multitude of ecclesiastics, the richness and variety of their dresses, the pomp of some of their ceremonies, and the significance and impressiveness of others, the frequent and almost constant performance of the public offices of religion, and the many artificial ties arising out of the genius of popery, which connect it with the common occupations and duties of life, the Roman Catholic religion must always exercise a power over the senses and feelings, which the simple and unostentatious system of Protestants can never exert.

In speaking afterwards of the pleasure I had received from my visit to the cathedral, a gentleman from Holland was highly offended at hearing me express a greater admiration of the precious casing

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of the Santa Casa, which only showed the skill of man, than of the Holy House itself, which was so signal a display of the power of God. This incredulity, which he had always remarked in the *English*, surprised him, for where Omnipotence was concerned he saw no difficulty in this miraculous transportation. I replied, "that as to the possibility of it, I saw none myself, but it seemed unreasonable to believe in such an useless exertion of Divine power."

One of the principal streets in Loretto is nearly composed of shops, whose chief trade is in crucifixes, beads, and other devotional trinkets. I bought some rosaries, accompanied by a certificate of their having been blessed by the curate!

Beyond Loretto, the country is more varied and beautiful than the level district through which we had just been travelling. The marquisate of Ancona abounds in the finest wheat. It is much celebrated for the exuberance of the soil, though the best crops would not be considered among us as proofs of extraordinary fertility. The usual product, even in favourable seasons, is not more than twenty bushels an acre.

ANCONA.

We entered Ancona by a high and massive gate built of large blocks of stone. This city was founded by the Syracusans four hundred years before the

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Christian æra. It soon became a Roman colony, and Trajan, by constructing a solid and extensive mole, increased its commercial importance. The triumphal arch raised here to his honour by the gratitude of the people is still standing. It would seem as if the dashing of the sea, to which it is exposed, had saved it from the soil and tarnish that mark most other ancient works. No part of it is materially injured or defaced, and the inscription is quite legible. One of the blocks of marble at the base is twelve feet long, five feet high, and three thick, and the greater part of the rest are, strictly speaking, of nearly the same size. But the magnitude of the work is not proportioned to the solidity of the materials, and it is rather elegant than majestic.

Ancona continued to flourish till the irruption of the barbarians into Italy. The trade of this city declined, and never revived again till Clement the Twelfth, making it a free port, and conferring upon it peculiar privileges, induced many foreign merchants to settle there. An arch was also raised upon the mole in commemoration of his important services. Additions were made to the harbour in the next pontificate, and other improvements contemplated and actually begun by the French, have since been suspended by the overthrow of their power. The trade of Ancona has greatly increased in later times, though, judging from the small number of vessels in port, I should have supposed it inconsiderable.

From the bay there is an agreeable and united view of the mole, the triumphal arch, the light-house,

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the substantial and spacious Lazaretto, the city, reclining on the side of a steep hill, with the fortress and cathedral above it, and the Cumerean promontory running out beyond it. But the lofty brick buildings which at a distance appear so advantageously as they rise above each other, are less striking when we wander through the narrow and irregular streets. The exchange is a large and convenient hall. There is an elegant simplicity in the design and embellishments of the church of St. Dominica. In examining the pictures, I was much struck with the resemblance of an ascension here to one of the first pieces in our own country.*

While I was making some inquiries of a clergyman about certain pictures in the cathedral, he invited me to accompany him to his house, to see some curious work of his own, and a painting of Guido. There were a number of fanciful representations of different objects in shells, on a large scale, and arranged with great beauty and taste, which had cost him the patient labour of many years. The most extraordinary was a very exact imitation of the triumphal arch of Trajan.

Several of the pictures in this private cabinet were valuable, but that of Guido was a master-piece. It was simply a half figure of the Virgin Mary, but with such grace in the attitude, such modesty in the downcast eyes, such gentleness and sweetness in the countenance, such a soft, and meek, and winning air, as

* The Descent of the Holy Ghost, a beautiful work of some unknown Italian artist, which has been long in the possession of the late Col. Schuyler, of Belleville, New-Jersey.

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the imagination looks for in the most *highly favoured among women*. The simplicity in the dress entirely suited the character of the face, and a wonderful delicacy in the tints, and a charming gradation of light and shade, seemed to produce an universal harmony. The slight tinge, or cloud of glory, around her head, gave to so much human loveliness a kind of divine perfection. I am not an enthusiast in paintings, but rather disposed to censure than admire. On this occasion it was the art of the master, exerting its power over the untutored feelings of nature. The name of the polite and worthy ecclesiastic to whom I was indebted for so much pleasure, is Cyriaco Capoleoni, patricio Anconitano.

My passport had only been demanded once since I left Rome. From Ancona to Sinigaglia, I was stopped five times to have my trunk examined.

There is always more vigilance on the sea-coast and frontiers than in the heart of the country; but in most cases where strangers are detained, it is not so much to secure the revenue of the state as to satisfy the cupidity of the officers and guards. Sometimes I submitted to the imposition, at others I lost all patience. A trifle satisfies them, but when demanded so often it becomes a considerable item. And, besides, it is these very trifles which defeat all calculation, and swell the expence of a journey to an unaccountable amount. A trifle to every retainer of the custom-house; a trifle to every magistrate who signs your passport, and to every gendarme who returns it; a trifle to every driver of a carriage, whether master or hireling; a trifle to the waiter, the chamber-maid, the shoe-black,

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and porter at every inn; a trifle to the *cicerone*, and a thousand occasional guides; a trifle to the wretched mendicants who are perpetually besieging you; a trifle to every porter who opens the gate of a palace, and to every one who conducts you through it; a trifle at every private garden, at every cabinet of curiosities, at every gallery of paintings and statues; a trifle to every sexton who conducts you to the hidden recesses of the sanctuary, or mounts with you to the pinnacle, to show you the glory of the world around it; these are the things which wear away the gold of a traveller, as a stone is worn by the continual dropping of water. While I was in company, and there was a division of this minute kind of expense, it seemed of little moment, but when alone, it frequently amounted to almost as much as the living itself.

The last place where I was stopped this evening was just at the entrance of Sinigaglia. Some of the bystanders seemed to feel for the perplexities of a stranger, and one of them, with an officious air of sympathy and service, followed me to the inn. For this touch, or rather show, of kindness, he was emboldened to ask for some reward. "And what have you done," said I, "my friend?" "O, Sir—Sir, nothing." But these fellows understand human nature, and always profit by their cunning.

Sinigaglia, like most of the towns on this part of the Adriatic, is built of brick. The streets are wide and straight, and neatness prevails throughout the city. Some of the houses are almost new, presenting an appearance of prosperity and improvement, which

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is very unusual in Italy. In the cathedral there is a beautiful annunciation of the Virgin. It is the work of a young and native artist still living at Sinigaglia, by the name of Baviera. Strolling on the quay, towards evening, I stopped a gentleman to make some inquiry, who courteously entered into conversation with me, and invited me to extend my walk. We continued our promenade together, talking on various subjects, and when I was about to leave him, he parted from an ecclesiastic who was with him, and accompanied me to my lodgings. On the way I happened to mention how much I had been gratified by a picture in the cathedral, which they had told me was the production of a youthful genius belonging to Sinigaglia. It was a singular accident that the person whom I was addressing was the painter himself. He mentioned it with great modesty, disclaiming all praise. The kindness of a powerful patron, who had procured for him a military appointment that he could not refuse, had for some time withdrawn him from a profession for which his studies at Rome, and the bent of his inclination, had peculiarly fitted him. He had so long neglected the cultivation of this talent as to make him very moderate in his pretensions; but he spoke highly of a brother, who far surpassed him. A stranger is often delighted with these incidental acquaintances in his rambles in this country, which, from the good nature and urbanity of the Italians, are more common than in any other.

On the way to Fano we crossed the Metaurus, a river insignificant in itself, but which will ever be re-

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garded with interest from the defeat of Asdrubal, that took place on its borders.

The ruins of a triumphal arch in this city, raised to the honour of Augustus; the bronze statue of Fortune, at one of the fountains; and the cathedral, were viewed with the indifference which one often feels in the smaller towns of Italy, after having seen all the curiosities and monuments of Rome.

Pesaro contains very little for the gratification of the traveller, however diligent he may be in his inquiries. The barber of the town, who acted as my *cicerone*, took me around on many a fruitless errand, though he succeeded perfectly well in amusing me by his communicative temper and perpetual volubility. He had served in the French army, and showed the quickness and intelligence which I have always remarked in those who have been brought up in that school.

The environs of Pesaro are well wooded in some parts, and finely cultivated in others. It is a land of hills and valleys, of oil and wine. Figs grow here in great abundance, and are as much esteemed as the olives. The vines, hanging from tree to tree in festoons, or disposed in fantastical forms, delight the eye, though, from this circumstance, the fruit does not gather the strength and richness of the soil. In France, wherever the wine has any reputation, the stock is kept close to the ground, so as to give the chief nourishment to the grape. Here, for the first time, I saw the tall and slender Lombardy poplar like our own.

Before reaching Cattolica we passed a fine castle,

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romantically situated on a woody eminence. The great tower and turretted walls are well preserved, and the place has the appearance of being inhabited.

We were now riding in a fertile and pleasant valley, and, as it opened upon us, we caught, through the bright mist of an approaching sun-shower, a view of the sea and distant mountains. After the rain, two dazzling rainbows came out, which, like the angel of the Apocalypse, setting one foot on the land and the other on the sea, produced a singular and sublime effect.

Cattolica is a small and neat village, supposed to have taken its name from the orthodox bishops having withdrawn there, when they separated from the Arians in the great council of Rimini.

A bank is frequently seen along the Adriatic about a quarter of a mile from the shore. May it not have been the former border of this sea? At Ravenna we know that the waters have receded three or four miles.

While the prospects continued so charming on land, the sea was enlivened by a multitude of fishing-boats. The sun set in a blaze of glory, empurpling the tops of the mountains, and shedding a mild light over the plains below. At an early hour in the evening we entered Rimini.

The whole of the luxuriant country through which we had been travelling for two or three days, very recently suffered so much by famine that many died in it of hunger.

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SAN MARINO.

The next morning I took a horse, with a guide, and set out on a visit to the republic of St. Marino. This little state has preserved its freedom and independence amidst all the revolutions of Europe. The rough and miry road which leads to it was still more disagreeable at this time, as they were just engaged in repairing it, but the country which it traversed was pleasant for several miles. After having ascended to a considerable elevation above the sea, we came to the foot of the rock upon which San Marino stands. This rises almost perpendicularly several hundred feet higher. It is defended by a wall, an old castle, and two or three towers, though the sides are so steep as to make it altogether inaccessible on this quarter. They are half covered with brambles, and ivy overruns the neglected castle. The road conducting to the city winds gradually around the precipice to the north and west, presenting a dreary view of barren mountains in endless succession. The whole of the territory of this little state, comprized in a narrow skirt around the base of the rock, is almost as wild and naked as the gray hills at a distance. It is not surprising that freedom should retain its boldness and energy where nature herself appears so stern. After we got into the city my guide spoke to a gentleman passing us, who immediately accosted me in a very polite and friendly manner. We conversed a few moments together, when, observing that he addressed

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me as an Englishman, I undeceived him. Upon discovering my country he expressed the most lively satisfaction, and his civility grew into kindness. He rejoiced to meet an American, and seemed gratified to reciprocate the kindred feeling which had led me to St. Marino, by making the most flattering encomiums on the United States. He said that we were the happiest people in the world; that he esteemed us highly from the analogy between their political institutions and ours; that he considered us already powerful, and likely to become so much more powerful that he even looked to America for the emancipation of Europe. He obligingly offered to return and show me the city. There was not much in it that was curious, and if there had been more, the interesting conversation of this affable republican would have disposed me to slight it. As we were leaving one of the churches, in which there were some good pictures, he begged me to go to his house and take a dish of coffee with him. A certain cordiality in his manner, very easily distinguished from unmeaning compliment, would not permit me to refuse. An hour or two passed away in discourse on various subjects. He made a great many inquiries about the United States, and gave me some interesting details of their political economy; but they were so hasty and general, and communicated through a language which he spoke so imperfectly, that they are hardly worth repeating.

Every head of a family has the privilege of voting for members of the legislative body. This body is called the council, and consists of sixty persons, who

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retain their offices only for six months. The executive power rests in two supreme magistrates, whose authority is in all respects the same, and in case of any difference between them, the council is the umpire. The people meet occasionally in a body to consider the state of public affairs, and to see that their constitution and laws are not violated. I remember nothing more that he said on this subject, except that President Adams's account of their government was very inaccurate; but in comparing it with his brief statements, there does not seem to be any material disagreement.

He spoke of Bonaparte with partiality, who, in the overthrow of so many governments, professed to respect the liberties of this republic, and whose clemency they considered as a benefaction which ought to be acknowledged with gratitude.

Two or three of his friends came in while I was sitting with him, to whom he respectfully presented me. They shared in his curiosity and feelings, and listened with equal attention to every thing relating to America. At length an English nobleman was ushered in with two ladies. Taking me by the hand, he introduced me to him as a gentleman from the United States; but what my host considered so strong a claim to cordiality and esteem, made no impression on his lordship. The cold and distant civility of an Englishman to a stranger, is not always laid aside when it is found that this stranger is an American. Before I took my leave of the former, he begged me to give him my name, and handed me his own in return. It was simply and modestly written Antoine

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Honofrio, citizen of the republic of St. Marino. But I afterwards learned that he was one of the first officers, and indeed the principal man in the republic. The knowledge of this circumstance enhanced my sense of his extraordinary courtesy; but the incident was particularly gratifying, as it furnished an additional proof of the high estimation in which our nation is held abroad.

These accidental attentions were frequently received in the course of my travels, and no one can have an idea of the pleasure they give, who has never met with unexpected kindness in a strange land.

Mr. Honofrio was very anxious to hear something of Mr. Huger, a member of Congress from South-Carolina, whom he, in common with several others, remembered with great repect.

RIMINI.

This city has become remarkable from two important circumstances. Here Julius Cæsar having passed the Rubicon, addressed his army before he destroyed the liberties of his country, (they even pretend to show the pedestal from which he made his harangue,) and here a famous council was held in the year 360, surpassing in numbers the council of Nice. Four hundred bishops were assembled from the east and the west. Only a small proportion were heretical, but by their address and intrigue they pre-

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vailed on the orthodox majority to sign an equivocal creed, more conformable to their views, which lead St. Jerome to remark, that on this occasion the world was surprised to find itself Arian. A little reflection, however, pointed out the subtilty, and it was scarcely embraced before it was rejected.

A small bridge of white marble, built under Augustus and Tiberius, at the point where the Flaminian and Æmilian roads united, is not less admired for its solidity than taste. A gate or triumphal arch of the same epoch, at the southern extremity of the city, but since deformed by Gothic additions, does not seem to have had originally an equal degree of merit.

In the first post from Rimini there was an appearance of good farming and a productive soil, but after Cesenatico we passed over a sandy and deserted plain, covered only with a scanty herbage and scattered pines. Cervia is one of the neatest towns in Italy, with regular and well built houses, and wide and airy streets.

The shores of the Adriatic, from Ancona to Ravenna, are flat and uninteresting when compared with the rugged and romantic coast of the Mediterranean. Here are no high and jutting promontories, no wild and broken recesses, no graceful bays or bolder gulfs, and this sea, with the tranquillity of a lake, does not look as if it could ever be raised into the stormy agitation of the *great deep*.

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RAVENNA.

In the dangers to which the later emperors were constantly exposed by the irruptions of the Goths, it was thought necessary to provide a retreat which might be inaccessible to their attacks. Ravenna was selected by Honorius, in the year 404, for this purpose. This city, founded by the Thessalians, was greatly enlarged in the time of Augustus. He constructed a capacious harbour at three miles distance from the old town, and established a grand maritime arsenal there. Multitudes were thus drawn to the place, and the city soon extended itself to the sea. Ravenna was surrounded by a deep morass, and connected with the land by a causeway, which, in time of danger, could easily be destroyed. The houses were built on piles. They were intersected by canals instead of streets, and the only communication was by boats and bridges. The city was therefore impenetrable to the loose and predatory hordes of the barbarians, who were without the means of regular warfare which might enable them to approach it by land, and without ships to invade it by sea. From the great security of the place, it became the seat of the empire under the Gothic kings and exarchs, until the middle of the eighth century.

The neighbourhood of Ravenna has undergone a great change. The Adriatic has receded four miles, the ancient port is obliterated, and the marshes have long since been reduced by cultivation, or overgrown

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with pines.* The modern city is rather neat and handsome, but exhibits no remains of its former greatness except in the pillars, mosaics, and basso relievos of the churches, and the tomb of Theodoric, the Ostrogoth.

This mausoleum is of a circular form, and covered with a dome. Instead of a sepulchral chamber there is a chapel of thirty feet in diameter, and the ashes of the king were deposited in a vase of porphyry, which was placed without on the summit of the dome. It now stands at the corner of a house in one of the principal streets. Notwithstanding some appearances of a barbarous taste, the monument is simple and beautiful. The solitary situation of it towards the ancient port, and the virtuous and glorious life of the person to whom it was raised, unhappily stained at the close by the murder of Boethius and Symmachus, give it a melancholy interest, which works of greater magnificence and purer style do not always inspire.

The cathedral is a large and handsome edifice. Twenty-four pillars of cippoline and other marbles separate the nave from the side aisles; and many of alabaster, black basalt, verd antique, and granite, decorate the altar, doors, and portico. The dome of the chapel Aldobrandini is contemplated both with admiration and regret, for there time and humidity are injuring and distaining a fine fresco of Guido Reni. A superb picture, by the same, of Moses,

* For a fuller description of this curious city, see Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, from which this account is substantially taken.

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causing manna to be rained down from heaven, has not suffered in any degree. The churches of St. Francis, St. John the Baptist, and Mary of the port, owe their chief beauty to the ancient and modern columns with which they are richly adorned.

But the lovers of poetry will visit one monument in Ravenna with peculiar emotion. It is the tomb of the great and unfortunate Dante, persecuted and exiled while living by those who would have gloried in his ashes when dead. Bernard Bembo, the father of the celebrated cardinal, erected this simple memorial to his genius, with an inscription expressive of the character of his works and the nature of his misfortunes.

The tomb is a small square edifice, covered with stucco, and surmounted by a dome. The remains of the poet are deposited in a recess exposed to the street, though secured by an iron railing; and immediately behind there is a small chapel, which is entered from an inner court.

JOURNEY TO BOLOGNA.

May 17th. I left Ravenna, and, in the afternoon, came to Faenza. Towards evening, hearing the noise of instruments and voices, I went out on the balcony to discover whence it came, for in this country the airs of an itinerant singer are sometimes

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equal to those of celebrated performers in others. A crowd was collected, at a small distance from the hotel, around the musical group, which consisted of two men with violins, and two young women with guitars. The pieces they performed, like most of the Italian songs, were grave and pensive. The instruments were in perfect unison with the voices, and the women sung the different parts with such versatility and effect as to produce a very strange illusion. For a long time I could not account for some fine tones, which seemed to come from an invisible person, but by drawing nearer, and listening with closer attention, I discovered the artifice. One of them, whose ordinary key was almost masculine, would pass into another with so easy a transition that it was difficult to perceive it. The piece suffered no interruption, and though it was sung by two, there appeared to be a trio. The airs were occasionally intermingled with a kind of dialogue or pastoral song. This was of a more gay and sprightly character, and was highly diverting to the dullest of the crowd.

A black veil thrown over the heads of persons, who in other respects have not a fashionable mien, is a peculiarity in the costume of the women of this part of Italy, though a muslin handkerchief, used in the same way, is common in many places along the Adriatic.

At Imola I saw, in the midst of a painted device on a waggon, those sacred initials I. H. S. denoting the character and office of our Lord, which are only seen among us in the temples where his salvation is proclaimed.

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St. Pietro is one of the most crowded, active, and bustling places that I have seen since I left Naples. It appears to be a great grain market. From the quantity exposed for sale, the cattle collected in the public squares, and the multitude of country people in the city, I conjectured and found that they were holding a fair here.

Seeing a number of peasants around a man who was standing up on a calèche, and addressing them with great earnestness, I stopped a moment to learn the subject of his harangue. The vehemence of his manner led me to suppose that he was a mountebank. But I discovered that it was a quack vending his medicines, and descanting on their excellencies.

My attention was drawn in another part of the city by a hymn posted up on one of the houses. It was written by Giovanni Borzatti, in proof of his singular devotion and gratitude to the Virgin Mary, for having delivered the town of Castel Bolognese from the malignant infection named typhus. There was an advertisement affixed to it, stating that a solemn festival would be held in the church of St. Francis, on the 7th and 8th of September, 1817, in honour of their great protectress.

In the little oratories or niches dedicated to the Virgin, which contain her picture or image, there is generally a bouquet of flowers placed beneath. A passing genuflection and a hasty Ave Maria are constantly kept up by the never ending train of her votaries.

Almost all the rivers on this side of the Appenines were nearly dried up. Few of them, at this time,

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were more than fifty or a hundred feet in breadth, and the beds of the largest not above a furlong. They were generally shallow and turbid, and the banks were without boldness or shade.

BOLOGNA.

This city is situated in a beautiful plain, at the foot of the Appenines, on the small river Rheno. It carries back its origin to a period anterior even to the foundation of Rome. Small and insignificant in the time of the republic, and first noticed for its refinement about the commencement of the Christian æra, it only attained the meridian of its glory at the revival of letters. Here jurisprudence was regenerated. Here painting kept pace with the rapid progress of the art in other cities of Italy. And in every department of literature and science Bologna has eminently contributed to the improvement of the human mind. But the chief source of her present distinction is an active and flourishing commerce.

Some of the principal streets are lined with porticos, forming sheltered and pleasant walks throughout their whole extent. The fronts of the houses are supported by round and hexagonal pillars of every order, which are occasionally of stone, but more generally of brick, covered with stucco. The convenience of these arcades, in the heats of summer or

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seasons of inclemency, must be perceived by every one, and they did not appear to me, to be a deformity.

The outward appearance of the public palace, which stands in the grand market place, is heavy and gloomy, but within there is a long succession of magnificent apartments. A colossal statue of Gregory XIII. is placed over the entrance. An inscription in front of the palace records the celebrated interview of Charles V. and Clement VII. which took place here in 1530, and put an end to the tedious and bloody wars that had so long desolated this unhappy country.

In the middle of a large fountain in the centre of the square, Neptune, raised on high, and holding his trident, is surrounded by dolphins and sea nymphs. This work of John of Bologna, is admired for the anatomical correctness, the easy and commanding attitude, and the noble air and expression of the god of the ocean.

The church of St. Petronius, in the same square where Charles V. was crowned king of Lombardy, and Cassini drew his meridian line, is more remarkable for magnitude than beauty.

The churches of St. Salvatore, St. Paul, St. Bartholomew, and St. Catharine, are all enriched with the productions of eminent painters.

In the church of the Dominicans our attention is almost entirely drawn to the chapel, which contains the ashes of the founder of their order. The altar is covered with beautiful basso relievos, by Savollini and Lombardi. Two small statues standing on it, one of St. Petronius, and the other an angel, holding

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a candle, are among the earliest efforts of Michael Angelo. The latter is all beauty, innocence, and grace. On the vault of this chapel there is a most captivating picture, with which Guido Reni was more or less occupied for several years. It is the exhibition of Paradise. Our Saviour is sitting on one side, the Virgin Mary on the other, and St. Dominick, in an humbler station, between them. They are surrounded with brightness and glory, while the Holy Ghost, in a subdued and purer light, is seen in the height of heaven above. The circuit beneath is filled with angels and blessed spirits, playing on various instruments of music, and harping with their harps *that new song before the throne of God and the Lamb.* The execution is as happy as the subject is difficult; and the contemplation of it awakens a lively and rapturous feeling, which adds greatly to the melancholy interest experienced a moment after in beholding, on the opposite side, the tomb of the man to whom we are indebted for so much pleasure.

The two square brick towers of Asinelli and Garisenda, are conspicuous objects in Bologna; one on account of its extraordinary height, giving place only to the dome of St. Peter's; and the other on account of an obliquity from the perpendicular line of more than eight feet.

But we view these watch-towers, the monuments of domestic contention and jealousy, with less pleasure than the house of the three Carracci in the strada Majora, the peaceful abode of genius, and the scene of a generous emulation and strife to adorn and bless mankind.

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At the Academy of Fine Arts, amidst a large collection of paintings, I was particularly pleased with the Virgin beatified, by Guercino; the Transfiguration, by Louis Carracci; the Crucifixion, and the Massacre of the Innocents, by Guido Reni; and the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, by Domenichino.

In another piece of the latter, showing the persecution of the Catholics by the Albigenses, we see the catastrophe of a battle, to which religious zeal has given a deeper shade of horror, the fierceness of furious pursuers, the weakness, timidity, and anguish of the flying, some stabbed and expiring, others trampled under foot, and a few praying earnestly to heaven to put a stop to the vengeance of their enemies, or to give them courage to meet it.

Every one must be shocked by an impious attempt of Guercino, to make a likeness of HIM whom we are forbidden to represent by the image of any thing in heaven or earth.

In the picture of St. Cecilia, with her female train, playing on a harp and looking up with a kind of serene and celestial ecstacy, Raphael is seen in the animating glow of his colouring, and in all the felicity of his grouping and expression.

I made only a single visit to the university, which, on account of the impatience of the person in attendance, as I had called at an hour when it is not usually exhibited, was very hasty and unsatisfactory. I passed through the library, which contains two hundred thousand volumes, the cabinet of natural history, the galleries of paintings, antiques, and statues, the anatomical hall, the chambers filled with mecha-

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nical and astronomical apparatus, and the apartment in which the Institute hold their sittings. A kind of perpetual motion was shown to me here, which will last for many years; but my examination was so hurried, that I had no time for making accurate observations on this or any thing else. In the day of its greatest reputation there were ten thousand students in this University. There are now only a thousand.

Many of the private palaces abound with paintings.

The gallery of Mariskalki is the most celebrated. Here, a copy by Daberri, of Leonardo da Vinci's la Bella Feronia, the mistress of Francis I. surpasses almost any thing that is seen among mortals, and perhaps is only a copy of that beauty which exists no where but in the imagination. In the same chamber there is a most noble and spirited portrait of a senator of Venice by Titian. The repentance of St. Peter, by Guido, is ranked among the best of his performances. It is a fine, bold, and expressive countenance, stamped with deep feeling, though not exactly with bitter and agonizing grief.

In a large piece of Tilborch, the interiour of a farm house is laid open, in which a great number of figures are seen, some eating at a table, here a knot drinking, others smoking, these employed in the work of a kitchen; but the whole making one easy and animated scene of rustic festivity, where there is a crowd without confusion, and the broadest merriment without extravagance and caricature. A philosopher wrapt in meditation, by Rembrandt, with a pen in

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one hand, and his head resting on the other, is marked with the strongest lines of thought.

Two pictures of Legozzi exhibit the humiliating progress, in the bodies of a man and woman, of dust returning to dust. The latter is surrounded with her jewels, her perfumes, and all the trinkets of her vanity; while her face is suffering corruption, her nose is eaten off, her eyes are falling out in a state of liquid putrefaction, and the devourers of the grave are crawling out of her mouth, and creeping over her face.

The man is also amidst the emblems of his vices, and presenting a similar appearance. The degradation of our poor nature, thus lying in dishonour, is shown with such inexpressible loathsomeness and deformity that we turn from it with a sickening horror. And as if for the purpose of relieving us by more grateful and flattering views of our species, a beautiful Venus, of Titian, is placed immediately above. These odious objects are not left exposed to view, but are concealed by folding doors.

The most splendid painting in this cabinet, and one of the noblest triumphs of the art itself, is the Saviour of Correggio. He is seated on a cloud upheld by angels. There is a serenity, a majesty, and all sufficiency, suited to his state of exaltation at the right hand of God. He is covered with light as with a garment, and the brightness of his glory is shed widely around him. The angels who minister unto him are of a celestial beauty. When this dazzling picture is shown, the windows are partially closed, and the room considerably darkened, to give a softer

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lustre to the tints, and even then its radiance is strong. Though the figure is too short and thick, yet the air, the expression, the colouring, the general effect, produce but one sensation of wonder and transport in every beholder.

There are several fine paintings also in the palace of Zambeccari, and in the gallery of the prince of Arcolani, who recently married a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte.

The country from Bologna is somewhat pleasant the first ten or twelve miles; but afterwards it is marshy, and, though naturally fertile, is in many places unimproved. The barns on this route are very singular. The roof, projecting on all sides beyond the walls of the building, forms a portico around it, designed probably for sheltering and foddering cattle. The roof being of tile, and the pillars white, they have at once a neat and substantial appearance.

From Malalbergo we passed through a rich district, abounding in fine vineyards and fields of heavy grain. The better sort of farm-houses are generally white, and extremely pretty; and even those which are covered with mud, and thatched with straw or flags, look snug and comfortable.

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FERRARA.

On arriving here I went with letters to Mrs. Totti, from her husband, and met with such a cordial welcome as to show with what kindness and pains he had prepared her to receive me. There was a double pleasure in this reflection of my friend's regard. The house was small, sparingly but neatly furnished, and the few relicks of better days, together with the manners of the entertainer, made me feel more sensibly their poverty and decay. The front door, when I knocked, opened as it were of its own accord. This was done by some contrivance communicating with the parlour above. In the evening an elegant collation of coffee, fruits, ices, and other refreshments were brought in, of which I partook with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret. It was an expression of kindness and respect, that must have been very inconvenient to them, though, for this reason, it was infinitely more gratifying than the most sumptuous entertainments of the wealthy.

The free turn which a gentleman in company gave to the conversation, would have been a matter of surprise to any one who was unacquainted with the principles and manners of the Italians. I observed, that our domestic habits were peculiar in America, that happiness was there sought in the bosom of our families, that instances of the contrary were scarcely known among us, and that the mere suspicion of unfaithfulness, on the part of the lady, would

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exclude her from society. "*O questa gran bella cosa!*" exclaimed Mrs. Totti. "O what a lovely thing this is!" but with a manner which showed that it was a thing as strange as fair; a state of purity of which, in the licensed corruption of this country, they had no conception.

In the afternoon of this day I attended service at the church del Giesu. A sermon was preached by a clergyman with a stentorian voice. There was a corresponding violence in his gesticulation, which, though carried beyond our taste, was not, however, unnatural. An apostrophe to our Saviour should be excepted, addressed to his image, at the side of the pulpit, in which there was a vehemence and action not suitable to the gravity and reverence of prayer, nor simple enough for real and deep emotion.

A celebrated writer, Madame de Stael, who has given one of the best descriptions of Italy, and whose reflections, though coloured with a slight hue of romance, appear to be the result of a nice and acute observation, as well as of a refined and feeling mind, was very unfavourably impressed by the pulpit eloquence of this country. She considered the earnestness of the preachers as a kind of artificial emotion, from the regular and uniform recurrence of the same tones and gestures; a systematic fury, such as is often seen in Italy, where the vivacity of their outward movements frequently indicates only a very superficial feeling. The opinion of such a person makes me distrustful of mine. But this is a record of the impressions made on my own mind, which are presented without presumption and without disguise.

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The pulpit in their churches is generally large and commodious, and more like the desk in our own. The preacher's feet are not immoveable, but he shifts his position, passing from one end to the other, sometimes too precipitately, but in general easily and gracefully. His square black cap is taken off in invocation, but never to enforce his argument, as at Saintes. The tones appeared to me to have all the variety of animated conversation among the Italians, and the gestures, though sometimes too measured or too extravagant, were more commonly bold and impressive. In the most rapid and elevated flights the delivery was so distinct that nothing could be lost; and when the preacher appeared to be exhausted by his exertions, he would sit down in the pulpit, and, leaning over the front of it, would address the people in a lowered tone, with the simplicity of a father talking to his children. Then gradually growing warm, and his voice rising again, he would start up and break out into his former violence. This appears theatrical in description, but it often seemed to me exceedingly natural and striking, and was, no doubt, suited to the genius and habits of the people. At any rate, they always succeeded in securing a respectful and earnest attention.

The streets of Ferrara are in general straight, frequently intersecting each other at right angles. They are occasionally wide, always neat and pleasant, without elegance. Instead of the activity of commerce, and the gaiety and splendour of a court with which it was formerly enlivened, we now find nothing in our walks to jostle or dazzle us, but are only

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sensible of the stillness and desertion of a declining and impoverished city. The house of Ariosto, in the street of the Benedictines, is designated by an inscription on the front, written by himself.

"*Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus.*"

Here, after being fatigued with the servile attendance and capricious favour of a court, he passed his latter days in the sweet quiet of private life, and the enjoyment of literary leisure. The chamber in which he wrote the principal part of his works is pointed out by an inscription in marble on the wall.

His remains were interred in the church of St. Benedict; but they have since been removed to the public library, and a monument has been raised to his memory. They show the chair here in which Ariosto sat, a manuscript written with his own hand, a second by Tasso, the Pastor Fido of Guarini, and several others, beautifully illuminated by Cosme, at the time when the duke d'Este of Modena was lord of Ferrara.

But there is nothing so interesting in this place as the cell in the hospital of St. Anna, where Tasso was confined. Stung with rage by the unkindness of Alphonso, his patron, he reviled the court with such an unbridled tongue, that he was treated as a madman. While surveying this dank and dusky dungeon, the thoughts involuntarily run upon his frantic ravings, his longings after freedom, his flattering hopes, his cutting disappointments, and all the anguish of a soul impatient for enlargement and ingenious in aggravating its torments. Our sympathy is quickened

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by secretly associating with the recollection of his misfortunes the pleasure we have received from the beautiful illusions of his genius, and the prison of Tasso seems like the prison of a friend.

On leaving Ferrara, we crossed the river Po at the ponte di Lagoscuro, by a flying bridge. This is the only river in Italy which approaches the majestic streams of our own country. It appeared to me, at this point, to be about a quarter or a third of a mile in breadth. The waters were nearly on a level with the adjacent lands, which are secured from inundations by an embankment of ten or twelve feet high.

In rambling through Rovigo, I observed several pieces of black cotton, painted with a death's head and thigh bones, hanging up in front of one of the churches. Beneath these emblems of mortality there was a request to those who passed by, to offer up their prayers for the souls of several persons just departed.

The young women of the lower class in this part of Italy dress with great taste, and put up their hair with so much grace, adorning it sometimes with a rose or other flowers, that they make even an ordinary degree of beauty attractive and striking. But they have, in fact, more than is to be found in the same walk of life in any other country, and it is generally accompanied with a retiring and modest air.

From Rovigo we rode along the Adige. It is apparently six or eight feet above the country through which it flows. A high artificial bank on each side

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is the only security against a general inundation. The river is lined with small mills placed on scows. The wheels are undershot, and the axle rests partly upon the scow and partly upon a boat lying at the side. The current is so rapid as to turn them with considerable velocity.

In a short time we crossed the Adige. It is here about three hundred feet wide, the waters are muddy, and the borders more naked than the banks of the Po. The thick and heavy grain showed greater fertility, and the noble barns abundance and wealth. One of these, which was of brick or stone, and covered with tile, was faced with an extensive portico, supported by twenty large Dorick pillars.

In the last stage of this day's journey it was pleasant to catch a glimpse of the distant mountains, after the fatiguing uniformity of the plains of Lombardy. The trees were scattered so thickly over the fields, that it was difficult to conceive how the grain and grapes could ripen under their wide spreading shade.

About half an hour before sunset we arrived at Monteselice. This town is beautifully situated at the foot of a mountain, on the top of which are the ruins of an old castle, and near the base five or six neat white oratories on the edge of a road leading to a convent.

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ARQUA.

As soon as arrangements were made for the night, I hired a calèche and set off for Petrarch's villa, at Arqua. The vehicle being hard and uneasy, and the driver pressing on account of the lateness of the hour, I was quite as sensible to the roughness of the road as its beauty. It kept winding agreeably along the sides of the hills, leaving the valley to our left considerably below us. Arqua is near the extremity of this recess, and the house of Petrarch is in the outskirts of the town. It is almost embosomed in hills, and wrapt in a solitude well suited to the feelings and imagination of a poet. A convent is perched on the pinnacle of a neighbouring mountain, and the view through the opening vale is pleasant and extensive. This classical retreat, now occupied as a farm-house, is in such a state of coarse rusticity and neglect, that we find some difficulty in associating it with the taste and elegance of its former inhabitant.

His tomb is in the church-yard of the village, with four laurels at the corners. It is a sarcophagus of granite, resting on square pillars, which are supported by a pedestal of the same material, and it is surmounted by a head of Petrarch in bronze.

I remember to have been struck with my want of sensibility while standing so near the ashes of this illustrious man. On these occasions a slight shade of melancholy may cross the mind, a certain tender-

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ness steal upon the feelings, but curiosity in its cravings, or curiosity satisfied, is, in my own case, the prevailing sentiment. We fancy, in visiting the tombs of the great, that whatever has roused us in the hero's story, or delighted us in the visions of the poet, or touched us in the example of the saint, will now rush upon our thoughts, to give an interest to their remains which common dust could not inspire, and to affect the heart with new and unknown sensations. But these recollections, imperfect and faded, are often without enthusiasm. Perhaps we are too much pressed for time to indulge in reflection. We are never alone upon the first visit, when our impressions would be most vivid. The company may not have a congenial taste, or the very circumstance of being with others is sufficient to divert the natural current of thought and feeling. A beggar is importuning us for alms; our *cicerone* is troubling us with impertinent information; a crowd is gazing at us with surprise for appearing to be so much interested in things which, to them, are so familiar. For these and other reasons we often find ourselves vacant and stupid, where we would have expected a thrilling emotion, or, if we feel, we are astonished that it is not with a deeper tone.

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PADUA.

I passed through this city in haste, and merely glanced at the town hall, the pretended tomb of Antenor, the botanical garden, and a few of the churches. At one of the altars in St. Anthony's there are some masterly works in basso relievo, by Campagna and Sansovino, and in the college, near it, several fresco paintings, by Titian, intended to commemorate the miracles of the saint.

The church of St. Justina is, outwardly, in an unfinished state. From the unpromising appearance of the exterior I was not prepared for the powerful effect it produced on entering it. The striking plan, perfect symmetry, and apparent magnitude of this church, renewed, in some measure, the astonishment and delight that I felt at the first sight of St. Peter's. There is no gaudiness nor profusion in the ornaments, but it is so free and disencumbered, that it has an appearance of vastness not to be accounted for by its actual dimensions, but only from the noble conceptions of the architect. The numerous domes, the bold and swelling roofs of the nave and aisles, the wide spreading arches, resting on massive pilasters, the deep recesses for the altars behind them, and the commanding elevation of the grand altar at the east end, all contribute, by their just proportions and individual greatness, to give this temple a surprising majesty.

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It is needless to enter into a detailed description of the precious ornaments of the twenty side altars, the carved work of the choir, and the tesselated pavement. These it had in common with inferior churches, but in none have I remarked such an unostentatious elegance, such a beautiful simplicity, and such a studied adjustment of the minor embellishments to the general character of the edifice.

The martyrdom of St. Justina, behind the principal altar, is an admired work of Paul Veronese. A doubtful distinction was claimed for this church which needs no borrowed honour, for the sexton assured me that here were the ashes of St. Luke.

The road from Padua is hard, wide, and smooth, and raised eight or ten feet above the adjacent country. In a short time we crossed the Brenta, a turbid stream of about two hundred feet in breadth, with low and naked banks. A vast number of villas are scattered along the river, some of which are a little fantastical, but many unite with great beauty an air of stateliness and grandeur.

The Palazzo Pisani is about half way between Padua and Fusina. In general the ornaments of the palaces are confined to the inner court, while outwardly they are heavy and deformed. But the exterior of this is most graceful and elegant. The central part of the building, which is raised above the rest, is surmounted by a pediment that rests on eight Corinthian pillars, one third sunk in the wall. The pediments of the wings, which stand out in slight relief from the body of the edifice, are supported by

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four pilasters; and each part of the front, between the centre and the wings, is adorned by a double number. The just elevation, harmonious design, and architectural beauty of this building, came nearer to my ideas of a palace, before I had ever seen one, than any thing else in France or Italy. The grounds about this villa are very extensive, and laid out with taste. At some distance behind it there is another edifice, of inferior size, with a fine, bold portico, that forms a part of the same splendid establishment.

Passing the airy and pleasant village of Dolo, which is also on the Brenta, we came, after a short interval, to the delightful town of Porta della Mira. This consists principally of a succession of country-seats on each side of the river, which it follows for two miles in all its meanderings. The buildings are generally covered with white stucco, and surprisingly varied in their style and form. The courts, which are set off with plants, and flowers, and statues, are intermingled with fields and vineyards. These rustic and artificial beauties, together with the broken and disjointed views of the village in its irregular course, make it incomparably handsomer than any I ever saw. Canandaigua, to which, in certain respects, it bears some resemblance, wants, however, the flowing stream, the shifting outline, the architectural graces to which Palladio himself lent his aid, that give such variety and effect to the prospect of Porta della Mira.

Here I hired a gondola to take me and my driver to Venice, a distance of twelve miles, for a franc and a half.

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On leaving the village the scenery became more quiet and rural. Trees festooned with vines occasionally bordered the river, and some peasant's cottage or citizen's retreat appeared at every turn. The sun was near setting, and feeling the influence of the beauties of nature under a form so engaging, I was lifted up with that buoyancy of spirits which imparts a brighter hue to the sky, a sweeter odour to the freshness of the fields, and a reflected charm to every object around us.

As soon as we left the Brenta we saw the Venetian palaces, domes, and towers, rising majestically out of the sea. From some islands on the right, and the main on the left, the apparent situation of Venice is not altogether unlike that of New-York. By an easy stretch of the imagination, these two openings might be compared to the two rivers, the lake of Fusina to the bay, and the aspect of the city to our own. In the last respect the resemblance is actually strong, but the flatness of the islands and the main are a little in the way of this agreeable illusion.

One meets in this country with mementos to devotion where they would scarcely be expected. In the midst of the lake there is a picture of the Virgin and infant Saviour fixed on poles, for the veneration of those who may chance to pass it.

While moving smoothly over these peaceful waters, in sight of this curious and far-famed city, I was surprised at my own tranquillity. The eager impatience of curiosity soon abates, and wonder is soon exhausted. And I passed through the canals of

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Venice, and stepped from my gondola into the court of the hotel as if these acts were common and familiar.

VENICE.

May 23d. I arrived here in the evening, and on the following day took a general view of the city. The square of St. Mark is very striking at first sight, notwithstanding the blemishes which may offend the eye of the critic. Three sides of it are formed by three immense edifices, each of which, though differing from the others, preserves an individual uniformity. They are three stories high, with as many galleries extending along the whole front, and opening upon the court by arches and windows, surmounted by circular and triangular pediments. They are faced with pillars and pilasters of the several Greek orders. The fourth side of the square is made up by the rich and fantastical church of St. Mark, its uncouth and lofty belfry, and a section of the Ducal palace. All these buildings are of fine marble, and if there were less of correctness in the ornaments, or boldness in the design, there would still be a degree of magnificence in them from their greatness and extent.

In turning towards the quay to the left we pass

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through a short but wide street, which is lined on one side by the Ducal palace, and on the other by the library and mint. The latter presents a beautiful front of corresponding architecture. The lower story is Dorick, and the upper Ionic. The library was built after the plan of Sansovino. The Ducal palace is in the fanciful arabesque style. In the lower portico pointed arches rest on half columns, the stunted height of which is in no proportion to their great diameter. In the second gallery the arches are less spreading, the shafts more slender, and the whole so ornamented as to give it an air of delicacy and frailty, altogether unsuitable to the lofty and massive wall which rises above. Still, though it violates all rule, the Ducal palace is an interesting and picturesque object in the general group. Two lofty columns stand at the end of this piazzetta towards the sea.

Here a new and beautiful sight breaks in upon us. On the left of the great canal Giudecca the eye, running along the broad and well paved quay, in a slight curve, meets with several stately edifices, and a general face of elegance. On the opposite side there is a narrow strip of land, which with the islands of St. George and Giudecca form an irregular line, almost corresponding in extent with the quay. Amidst the long ranges of store houses and dwellings on the two last, we distinguish the fine fronts, the cupolas, and towers of the celebrated churches of St. George and the Redeemer, and catch partial views of others. The breadth of the canal, the glimpses of the sea through the breaks in the islands, and the mixed

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style of architecture in the buildings so beautiful and pure, and yet so grotesque and fantastical, render this part of Venice more imposing even than the Rialto, and more singular than any thing in the world.

On my return to the square of St. Mark, a great multitude were promenading in the arcades, or sitting under them, and taking ices, coffee, and other refreshments. The gay and sprightly Venetians were mixed with Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Americans, Greeks, and Turks. The last were distinguished from the rest by their oriental costume. They were collected in little knots apart, and standing idly, or sitting cross-legged under the arches, seemed to prefer the indolent ease of their own habits to the activity and animation of the crowd. The vivacity of the Italians, who appeared to be entirely taken up with each other; the curious and inquisitive looks of strangers; the varying physiognomy and dress of so many different people; the flutter of the passing groups; the easy air and unconstrained mirth of those who were ranged before the coffee-rooms, together with the vastness and splendour of all the surrounding objects, produced a more lively and cheering effect than can well be imagined by those who have not been accustomed to such motley assemblies, and to the throng and display of a continental festival.

When there was no settled plan for passing my time I was always wandering about, in the expectation of either seeing or hearing something deserving of attention, and it seldom happened that I was disappointed. In the afternoon, stopping at the cathe-

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dral a moment, and finding no service of any kind there, I directed my steps towards St. Pietro di Castello, where they informed me there was to be an interesting ceremony. After a vast deal of preparation, with torches carried in massy candlesticks, and gaudy lamps covered with canopies of damask, boys bearing bouquets of flowers, soldiers mixing military parade with a religious solemnity, it turned out to be nothing more than a procession of the host. The people seemed to regard it with the same kind of eagerness and interest as would be seen at any other spectacle. When the priests left the church the drums beat, the guns were fired, the bells rung, and it might rather have been thought a day of worldly rejoicing than the *Fête de Dieu.* But considering it as a mere pageant, I was amused by the noise, the crowd, the colours of all nations,* suspended over the streets through which the procession passed, the damasks, new and old, hanging from the houses, and the earnest curiosity of the women, who, in their gayest attire, filled the balconies and windows.

On the way I passed a merry company, collected around two itinerant musicians. A little farther on two men were offering songs for sale, and delivering, as it would seem, rhymes impromptu, in order to attract the attention of those who were going by, and they succeeded at least in drawing smiles, if not money, from high and low.

Observing some people entering the church della

* Among them I remarked our own star spangled banner.

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Pièta, I went in with them, and was fortunate enough to be entertained with a charming concert. About twenty female orphans were in the choir. They were partially concealed by a screen of net or wickerwork. Several of them played on different instruments, and six or eight filled up the harmony with their voices. Though less sweet and plaintive than the music of Rome or Loretto, some parts were very delightful, and others showed an incredible compass of voice and wonderful execution and skill.

The fine walk on the quay, this evening, was still more gay and cheerful from the crowds assembled to enjoy it. Never, in the course of one day's rambles, did I see such a rare show of beauty. It was a gift lavished upon the multitude, but in a few it was matchless. The Venetian women, in general, have clear and fair complexions; light blue eyes, together with a profusion of dark hair hanging partly in ringlets on the neck; sparkling and animated countenances, and, at the same time, a feminine softness; a degree of the flush and fullness of health, without its ruddiness and coarseness; a stature somewhat lower than the English, and forms more airy and graceful. But, as an observing traveller* has remarked, "It is neither the person, the complexion, nor the features, which constitute the characters of Venetian beauty, but the expression. We see here the greatest gentleness without that insipidity with which it is

* Arthur Young.

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so often accompanied, charms which have a magical attraction, but which are rather calculated to move the heart than to excite conversation." The power of these attractions is increased by the greatest elegance and taste in dress, for here it is made to assist nature and not to cramp and deform it. Close and neat, yet easy and flowing; simple, modest, and unobtrusive, without any degree of glare or extravagance; it appeared as perfect and unrivalled as their beauty.

May 25th. In taking a more minute survey of the city afterwards, it was necessary to make use of a gondola.

The Rialto, a fine stone bridge, is associated with a familiar and domestic image, the keen and unrelenting Shylock, and the admirers of Shakspeare seem to have a greater property in it than the Venetians themselves.

The signs in this city cannot escape the observation of a stranger. I saw the following on a coffee-house, *la Divina Providenza*, the Divine Providence; and another still more curious, *speziera della Madonna*, the grocery of My Lady. These singular indications of piety are still more common at Naples.

Gliding along in the gondola from one street to another, we at length found ourselves before the church of St. George. Four lofty pillars, of the composite order, support a pediment in the centre. The wings are considerably lower, and decorated with pilasters; above which, on each side, there is a small section of a pediment. The entablature runs across the whole

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front, except where it is broken by the pillars. This double design, where the centre is confused by the subordinate plan of the wings, and where the wings would have completed the front had not the pediment been interrupted by the centre, appeared to me defective, in spite of the great name of Palladio.

The interiour, however, is exceedingly beautiful. The nave, the aisles, and arm of the cross, are ornamented with stone pillars, and a neat and elegant entablature runs around the whole church. There are some good pictures here by Bassano and Tintoretto.

The church of the Redeemer, by Palladio, is in the same style as the former, and liable to the same objections. Within it is faultless. There is but one aisle, with a transept and dome. Ten Corinthian pillars are half sunk in the walls, on each side, and four stand out from the semicircular recess behind the grand altar. In proportion, simplicity, and grace, it surpasses St. George's, and though inferior to many churches in majesty and splendour, yet, in these respects, it scarcely has a parallel.

The church del Giosuati, on the opposite side of the canal, appeared to me of a more chaste and pleasing design without than either of the others. The front, merely adorned with four noble columns and a single pediment, is certainly more conformable to the severer taste of the ancients.

The palaces along the grand canal rest on a high and massy basement. The superstructure is generally light and elegant, but without boldness or gran-

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deur. In some there is an excess of ornament, in others a mixture of the grotesque style of the middle ages, and in the greater part of them some architectural defect. The most beautiful and correct are the Grimani and Tiepolo, by Palladio; the Rezzonico and Pesaro, by Longhena; and the Cornaro, by Sanmicheli. They are all either of stone or marble.

The front of the Scalzi church is crowded with composite columns. The interiour is rich and splendid, but there is a garish display in it that is utterly at variance with purity and taste. Three windows of blue crystal throw a beautiful reflection on the pillars over one of the altars, and a window of yellow crystal imparts a most brilliant light to the rays of a glory over another.

Notwithstanding, however, the particular faults of the costly edifices just noticed, and the various style and decorations of the humbler dwellings with which they are mixed, the grand canal is a superb and stately spectacle.

In this novel excursion our gondola passed through almost every quarter of Venice, and enabled me to form a general idea of the city. The quay, the square of St. Mark, and the grand canal, comprehend all that is great and striking. Narrow streets; houses originally covered with stucco, but which having fallen off in many places, now shows the bricks beneath in patches; a dull and sullen appearance, and a strange silence, interrupted only by a few voices, the oars of the gondoliers, and their cries to each other when about to turn a corner to take care;

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the canals beginning to be offensive before the end of May, and probably very noisome by midsummer; these peculiarities render a large part of Venice as ugly and unpleasant as the other is gay and magnificent. You neither hear the hum of business, nor the clatter of wheels, nor trampling of horses, nor see any living thing but man. There is not only a barrier between opposite neighbours, but very often those who live next door to each other would be kept asunder without the friendly aid of a gondola. Within the large squares formed by the intersecting canals, there is some communication by means of dark and narrow allies, where four men can scarcely walk abreast, but the communication between the squares by bridges is extremely rare. Venice is therefore an object of wonder and curiosity to strangers, though in most parts a very inconvenient and disagreeable place of residence.

May 26th. This morning I went to see the gallery of the Marquis Manfrini. The collection fills nine rooms, and many of the pictures are very valuable. But there is one that cannot be described with truth without an air of extravagance. It is a half figure of Mary Magdalen, by that captivating painter who knew how to give the most benign and lovely expression to the countenance of the Son of God, though his genius was not sufficiently bold and soaring to reach its dignity. This woman is not here represented in her appropriate character of a penitent, but as one of the most beautiful and interesting of her sex. The features are strongly marked, high forehead,

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large dark eyes, prominent nose, the upper lip deeply indented, and the lower full and swelling, the corners of the mouth somewhat sunk and shaded, and the chin in perfect unison with the other striking outlines. And yet with all this character and expression there is no harshness nor severity, but, on the contrary, such a winning openness, such feminine grace, such exquisite sweetness, such a union of softness and strength, that in gazing at it you are absolutely entranced. So much loveliness before it received the chaste impression which heaven gives to the face when it purifies the heart, might have easily seduced others and betrayed herself, but now there is an air of delicacy and elevation, and a slight contraction in the brow, which marks the determined resolution to sin no more. The transport of the beholder is accompanied with the respect which innocence always inspires. This beautiful Magdalen is the work of Carlo Dolce. I was glad to find my own enthusiastic admiration supported, by an involuntary burst of delight and surprise from a company that followed me the moment they saw it.

The Lucretia of Guido Reni, in the act of killing herself, would rivet attention by the elegance of form, the beauty of feature, the purity, the dignity, did not anguish at the recollection of violated honour, madness, despair, the stern resolve to die, make the passions rush into the face and reveal her very soul.

In Carlo Dolce's St. Cecilia, the patroness of music, there is something so mild, so tender and heavenly, that she seems to be moulded by the influence of

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those tender strains with which she melts and ravishes others.

On the vault of one of the chambers there is a beautiful fresco painting of Paul Veronese, representing the feast of Hebe surrounded by all the gods and goddesses.

The deposition of our Saviour from the cross, by Titian, appeared to me superior to any of his works. The Virgin stands off a little inclining towards the corpse, yet dreading to approach it; her hands are clasped in agony; her mouth is slightly opened; and her whole countenance is marked with a grief ready to break out with phrenzy were it not too deep for utterance. She is supported by a female who, though affected by the sight before her, is still more concerned for the mother. What an earnest and expressive gaze on the pallid and blood-stained body of our Lord from the person who holds his feet! What feeling is seen even in the air and attitude of the one at the head, whose face is hidden! What ease and felicity in the grouping of the figures! It is a solemn and touching scene passing before our eyes. The Viceroy of Naples offered a hundred and twenty thousand francs for this picture.

At the Ducal palace several large historical pieces, setting forth the circumstances of the Republic's glory, by Bassano, Aliense, Vecellio, and Contarino, are interesting in themselves, and still more so from their appropriate character, in that very building where the deliberations were held that gave birth to the events they commemorate.

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The whole ceiling of a spacious hall, together with parts of two others, is entirely covered with the paintings of Paul Veronese.

In the rear of this palace there is a terrible and affecting memento of the cruel and inquisitorial government which once prevailed in Venice. The state prison was separated from it only by a canal. High above is *the bridge of sighs*, a narrow passage connecting the judgment-hall with the dungeons of fear and death. The examination of the prisoners was conducted with the most jealous precautions, and if the unhappy wretch who crossed this bridge with trembling, returned in despair, nothing further was known of him. He was taken from the prison by night, carried through the canal to a distant part of the lake, and drowned with such secrecy that his fate was a mystery to all but the arbiters of it. His friends were left in the cruel agitations of hope and fear, till lingering anguish settled into the dreadful certainty that he was no more.

From the Ducal palace I went to the belfry of St. Mark's, and mounted up to the top, which is three hundred feet high. The prospect was varied and extensive—the main land, the distant mountains, the Adriatic, the city beneath, so curiously cut up by the course of the waters, the thick cluster of domes, and towers, and spires, rising above it, and the sixty-six islands with which it is girt, as if to adorn it by their beauty and defend it from the flood.

The four bronze horses, from Corinth, so long the decoration of triumphal arches in Rome and Con-

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stantinople, the trophy of the Venetian Republic's victory over the Turk, and lately the glory of the Thuilleries, are now restored, and once more stand proudly over the portal of St. Mark's.

In a visit to my banker, Mr. Heinzelman, I found him impressed with a very common sentiment among well informed people on the continent, in regard to our country. He said that we were the freest people on earth, and marching with a rapid pace to consequence and power. He condemned, in strong terms, the conduct of the British in burning Washington, and admired the prudence and spirit with which our President had rejected the mediation of England between Spain and the United States. And, in short, manifested that partiality and respect for our institutions and character which are almost uniformly shown here by all who speak of them.

May 27th. To-day I again went to the gallery of the Marquis of Manfrini. The conversation of the servant, who was my conductor through it, amused me. "They say that Bonaparte is in America, and that he is made first consul. The people of this country are every where dissatisfied with the present state of things, and long for his return." There is never a suspicion that an American would not cordially unite with them in this wish.

After having visited some other objects of little interest, and taken a view of the two large lions of granite, in front of the arsenal, that were formerly at the Piræus of Athens, I made arrangements for my departure. It is a fact so extraordinary as to be

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worthy of notice, that at the close of my short stay in Venice I had not seen a single beggar, and quite as much so, that I received my passport signed for Milan, without having any thing to pay.

In taking leave of my gondola it would not, perhaps, be uninteresting to give some description of this curiosity. It is a long but small, flat bottomed skiff, pointed at each end, with an iron beak at the prow. Being extremely light and easily managed, it glides on with great velocity. It is painted black, a carpet is spread under foot, and a neat cabin rises up near the centre of the boat, which will hold four persons very commodiously. It may be made perfectly tight without destroying the prospect, for there are sliding sashes both at the sides and in front. It is lined, inside and out, with black cloth, the cushions on the seats are covered with black leather, and the exterior, being ornamented at the top with knots or bunches of black silk, it looks more like a mournful bier than a pleasure boat. Notwithstanding this funereal air, it is so graceful in form, and moves along with so much ease and celerity, that it is quite an agreeable vehicle.

I passed on rapidly from Fusina to Padua. Here taking another turn through the church of St. Justina, which, like all great things, grew upon my admiration, I set off the next morning for Vicenza.

May 28th. The district between this city and Padua was exceedingly fertile, well watered with small streams, and abounding in vineyards, rice fields, wheat, rye, and corn. Though it was so early in the

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season the hay was already mown, and the air perfumed with its fragrance. Among the farmers there was a great appearance of comfort, and the handsome country-seats all along this route furnished a proof of ease and prosperity in the larger proprietors. A broad, smooth, and firm road completed the satisfaction which is felt in seeing a people flourishing and happy. This was the principal charm of the prospect, though it put on greater beauty as we drew towards Vicenza.

VICENZA.

The birth-place of Palladio would have but little to distinguish it, were it not embellished by his genius. There is a simple elegance in the house of this artist, which is somewhat marred by being incorporated with a common dwelling.

The theatre built by him on the supposed plan of the ancient theatres, must have always been admired for its transcendent beauty, but since the discoveries of Herculaneum and Pompeii, it has received a higher interest from the singular correspondence of his imperfect lights and conjectures, with what is there found to have been their actual state. The general form of the edifice, the semicircular seats rising above each other, the space between the lower range and the stage, the stage itself, and the doors

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at the sides where the actors entered, are all surprisingly verified by the remains of these ancient edifices, though there are no traces here of the colonnade above the seats, nor of the standing scenery. The excavations, however, were not continued behind the stage at Herculaneum, and parts so fragile and perishable may have been destroyed at Pompeii. The correctness of the rest will induce us to believe in the uniformity of the whole.

The colonnade here, formed of twenty-eight Corinthian pillars, with a rich entablature, above which there are many statues, is a light and elegant decoration. Behind the stage arises a partition or wall, highly ornamented with columns, basso relievos, and niches filled with statues, in the centre of which is a lofty arched gate, and on each side a large door-way. These open upon three streets; the one in the middle running in a right line, and the others diverging from it. The perspective is fine, and very much like the entrance into Rome from the Piazza del Popolo. This is the scenery which, in the ancient theatres, never shifted. If the materials were as precious and durable as the plan of the building is correct and happy, our pleasure would be perfect. But wood and stucco are frail memorials of what should last for ever.

The palaces of this artist, faced with double rows of Doric and Ionic columns, or of the lighter orders, with some minor embellishments of his own, are ranked among the best of his works. They are thought unrivalled in purity, design, elevation, and

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general effect. Still there appeared to me a want of stateliness and magnificence, which can only consist with greater severity and simplicity. This may, in part, be owing to the poverty of the materials of which they are built, and an air of neglect and decay. The stucco (for none are of marble or stone) has in some places fallen off, and two or three are much soiled and defaced. The Barberini and Tiene palaces are perhaps the most beautiful.

The villa of Capra, which is also one of his works, is charmingly situated on a slight eminence, commanding on every side the most delightful views. It is a rotundo, with a low dome, and four porticos of corresponding style. It wants elevation, but it is simple in form, chaste in the ornaments, light, airy, and graceful as the scene which surrounds it.

An immense stone portico, of three quarters of a mile in length, leads to the church of the *Madonna del Monte*, on a neighbouring hill. But the preparation is too costly for the final object. In the refectory there is a large picture of our Saviour sitting with St. Gregory at a crowded and splendid banquet, by Paul Veronese. Apart from this strange anachronism it is an interesting piece, easy, natural, and full of spirit and truth.

From the top of the belfry we see the bold sweep of the Tyrolese mountains; the rich plains of Lombardy extending as far as the eye can reach, and strewed with towns, hamlets, and villas; the city of Padua, dimmed by distance; and Vicenza at our feet, amidst a profusion of rural beauties.

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On leaving this city the road winds through the Euganean hills, which are occasionally pointed with a church, fortress, or tower. It was pleasant to see, in the fields, productions that were familiar, and a cultivation more like our own. The church of the *Madonna della Campagna*, a large rotundo, with a fine dome surrounded by about thirty columns, standing solitarily in the plain, would be a matter of astonishment in any other country, but here it is too common to excite surprise.

VERONA.

This city is celebrated as the birth-place of Vitruvius and Pliny the elder, of Maffei, and one of the Scaligers. It contains the sepulchres of the last, which are three light Gothic structures, curiously ornamented with spires, fret-work, and statues. The bodies rest in sarcophagi in the second story. I went down into the gloomy vault of king Pepin, where there are some rude attempts at state to honour the royal ashes. But it is not without interest, though it may be without faith, that we survey, in a private garden, the empty sarcophagous of Juliet. Any connexion, even though by traditionary fables, with the wild fancies and sweet illusions of Shakspeare, produces a kind of indefinable pleasure. The romantic

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passion and tragical fate of Romeo and Juliet, communicate a secret charm to Veronetta, where the scene of their loves is laid, which will be felt by every one who has lent his imagination to the story itself, and the mad pranks of Petruchio and the humours of the two gentlemen of Verona, will, without doubt, increase it.

In the Lycèe des Filles young ladies are not only taught the softer and more common accomplishments of their sex, but German, Latin, riding, and fencing.

The porta del Pallio, constructed by Sanmicheli, with Doric columns on the outer side, and girdled pillars within, rivals, in solidity and gigantic strength, the massive gates of antiquity. The palace of government, by the same architect, is handsome, but unfinished.

The museum of Maffei contains a large collection of antiques, but after the more splendid cabinets of Rome and Naples, we are apt to run through others with too much negligence and haste.

The gate of the emperor Gallienus, in the poverty of design and superabundance of ornament, shows a wonderful decline in the arts, even at a period so little removed from the æra of their perfection.

The churches of Verona are generally built in bad taste. In that of Saint Anastasia nothing struck me but a picture of Rottari, where a child is raised from the dead, by Vicenza Ferrara. The progress of resuscitation, in the opening of the glazed and vacant eyes, and other movements and appearances of the

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body, seemed wonderfully natural, as well as the grateful look of the mother, the astonishment of the beholders, and the calm dignity of the saint.

In the cathedral the assumption of the Virgin into heaven, by Titian, places before our eyes the aerial form of a blessed spirit just merged in the glorious light that beams from the throne towards which she is ascending. The apostles about her broken and deserted tomb are variously affected, either doubting their senses in the vision before them, and examining whether the body is gone, or lifting up their eyes with wonder, and clasping their hands in ecstacy, or bowed down to the earth and overwhelmed with amazement. The palpable excellencies in this piece of Titian might convince almost any one that his admiration was not misplaced, though his judgment were not assured by the approbation of critics.

The Adige, dividing Verona and Veronetta, flows rapidly through the city. On the front of the church of St. George, in the latter, and on an adjoining house, the marks of hundreds of bullets, from the musketry of the French, in their attack on the Austrians in 1805, are still visible.

I have seldom met with a painting so impressive and affecting as the martyrdom of St. George in this church, by Paul Veronese. His body is partly stripped, which, with his fine, manly countenance, is somewhat blanched by the instinctive fears of nature, rather than by the fainting of the soul; for you can see that those bended knees support him firmly, that

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those outstretched arms have no convulsive motion of despair, that those eyes, fixed on heaven, expect succour from God. His confessor, at his side, encourages him; but it is Paradise laid open, and angels waiting to crown him, which brings that flush in his cheek, and counteracts the revulsion of nature. We are agitated by this struggle, and our commiseration is increased by the dignity and fortitude of the martyr.

The amphitheatre of Verona is in a more perfect state than any other in Italy. Only a small portion of the outer wall is standing, but within it is almost entire. From this fragment we discover that it was three stories high, that it was simply adorned with Doric pilasters, and that the elevation, as well as the extent, was somewhat greater than the amphitheatre of Nismes. On entering it we see the gates at the extremities of the arena, the galleries above them for the consuls, the different vomitories, the seats rising in a complete circuit nearly to the summit, and the flights of steps intersecting them on every side. It has been restored in modern times upon the original plan, and scarcely any thing is wanting except the slope of smaller seats from the outer wall.

But though curiosity is gratified by this perfect exhibition of the internal structure of such an edifice, yet the imagination is disappointed. In clambering over the mouldering arches and scattered seats of the amphitheatre of Nismes, or ranging through the corridors of the Coliseum, or walking amongst the vast masses of ruin at ancient Capua, there is a solemn

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and sublime feeling of which I was not sensible here. Fancy fills up the picture with a free and daring hand, and the reality, compared with the grand conception, is diminutive and tame.

Verona appears to great advantage from the top of the amphitheatre. The city rises gradually to the north till it is lost on the heights in the farm-houses, the villas, gardens, orchards, and fields of a sweet and rural suburb. Beyond these hills, which swell and fall with a charming effect, is the irregular line of battlemented walls, strengthened at intervals by lofty towers. From the south-west to the north-east a chain of mountains stretches around at a distance, and the rest of the circle is completed by a rich and boundless plain.

The constant sight of these mountains afforded some relief to the dull prospect of the sandy region through which the road first passes that leads to Mantua. But soon after the rice plantations, the extensive meadows, and the increasing fertility of the soil, materially changed the aspect of the country.

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MANTUA.

This city is situated in the midst of a lake formed by the waters of the Mincio. Besides this natural defence it is very strongly fortified. Within it is neat, regular, and rather beautiful. The cathedral resembles, in some respects, St. Maria Maggiore at Rome. The roof of the middle nave is flat, and covered with gilded stucco. Two rows of Corinthian columns on each side divide the church into five aisles. The vault of the dome is painted by Corta, and the transept and semicircular recess behind the grand altar by Castiglione. Giulio Romano, who was the architect, has been too lavish of his ornaments, and too complicated in his plan, to give it the majesty at which he aimed, though it combines a degree of stateliness with great beauty and splendour. There is a picture here of Guercino, designed to celebrate the miraculous power of St. Egidio in healing the leg of a wounded horse.

The church of St. Andrew is built in a style of simple grandeur, with one vast nave and a fine dome. Some of the fresco paintings on the walls, by Agostino Campi, are very interesting, particularly the confession of St. Thomas, the ascension of our Saviour, and his interview with the disciples at Emmaus.

In a crucifixion here by Giulio Romano, there is a circumstance at which both our taste and our feelings

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revolt. Angels are receiving in cups the blood that drops from the pierced hands of our Lord.

I was much struck in passing through the Jews' quarter, with the universal resemblance of this strongly marked race wherever they are to be found.

It rained a great part of the time while I was here, which not only made my survey of the city very hasty, but also deprived me of an opportunity of visiting the birth-place of Virgil in the neighbourhood.

Soon after leaving Mantua we crossed a branch of the Po, and then the Po itself. It began to rain again, and to be so cold and uncomfortable, as to make the shelter of a miserable cabin, where there was a little fire, very acceptable while we were detained at one of the ferries. Indeed there was very often, even at this season, a sharpness in the morning and evening air of the northern part of Italy, against which a great coat was not always a sufficient protection. Through the rest of the day the weather was delightful. The great excellence of this climate is its mild uniformity in winter, and almost imperceptible progress to the warmth of spring. Judging merely from my feelings, the change was very inconsiderable, but I had no opportunity of ascertaining the absolute difference by making a comparison with the thermometer. The eye, as it looks abroad upon nature, does not help one to a more accurate opinion, for here verdure, and flowers, and fruits animate a scene, which in our frozen region is dead and cheerless, and April is but little more gay and smiling than February. When we got to Naples vegeta-

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tion was almost as backward as at Nice in midwinter, and to enjoy the glorious beauty of this luxuriant country, it is common for strangers to defer their visit till late in May. Another charm of this delicious climate is a sky but seldom clouded, and an atmosphere without fog or vapour. During the five months I spent in Italy there were scarcely as many rainy days. The damp and chilly winds, which among us are both the harbingers and companions of storms, are here unknown. There is a kind of balsamic softness in the air when it rains at Nice, which used to be felt at once by Mr. Hands, whose lungs were more sensitive than mine, and which gave him immediate relief. And though the dry winds coming through the passes of the mountains were occasionally somewhat keen and uncomfortable, yet I rode out there almost daily on horseback without ever using a surtout.

After crossing the Po we kept along upon the embankment, which serves at once for a road and a security against inundations. This mound is raised about ten or twelve feet above the river. The waters appeared at several points to be a little higher than the adjoining lands. The country through which we were now passing was pleasant and productive. The villages were more neat and regular than common, and among the farmers there was generally a look of comfort, and frequently of ease and wealth.

This morning, in a ride of about twenty miles, I was stopped eight times for the examination of my baggage and passport. It is a serious vexation, for

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which, however, there is no remedy but patience or the most wasteful prodigality. Sometimes, to avoid detention, I gave them a trifle, and sometimes I submitted to it, to disappoint their insatiable cupidity.

PARMA.

June 1st. My hurried visit to this city has left behind a vivid impression of beauty and delight, which it owes, in a great degree, to the genius of Corregio, who adorned it. It is here that our admiration of this distinguished man kindles into enthusiasm. We are astonished that so much excellence could be reconciled with so much labour. Any one of his works would have placed him among the highest in the art, and yet we meet with his master-pieces wherever we go

In the cathedral, along the cornice of the nave, there are some fine heads of this painter, in fresco. The assumption of the Virgin, on the vault of the cupola, which is the wonder of all men of taste, has suffered so much from the smoke of the torches for ever burning on the altars, and, perhaps, also from humidity, as to confound it almost with meaner works. She is surrounded with a multitude of the heavenly host, and the expression of the figures is thought to be angelic. But whether from the height

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of the dome, the dimness of the light, and the tarnish which has been gathering over it for nearly three hundred years, I was led to survey it carelessly, or whether, from my ignorance of the art, I was unable to catch those hidden graces and obscured beauties which would not, perhaps, escape the eye of a connoisseur, my pleasure in beholding this famous painting was not proportioned to its reputation.

A simple slab of marble, with a brief inscription, inserted in the wall, is the only memorial of Agostino Carracci, whose remains lie in the cathedral. The chapter, consisting of sixty or seventy clergymen, were celebrating mass while I was examining the pictures, and my attention was frequently diverted by their solemn chant, and the fine, deep swell of the organ.

The cupola of the church of St. John contains another admired work of Corregio. Our Saviour is raised on high, and the apostles are sitting on clouds beneath him. Some of the figures appeared to be of an unnatural size, but they were studied as models by the three Carracci. The St. John, over the door of the vestry, is considerably discoloured by smoke. This beautiful and interesting piece is thought to bear a strong resemblance to the style of Raphael. The transfiguration of Parmigiano is natural and striking. A bright light is spread about our Saviour, like a thin fleecy cloud touched by the first rays of the dawning. The other personages are well executed, and none are introduced but such as the narration warrants.

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At the palace of Maria Louisa, wife of Bonaparte, but now Dutchess of Parma, there are some splendid relicks of her toilet. The cradle of the king of Rome; a table, supporting a mirror, with urns, and many other ornaments; and the frame of a large dressing-glass, are all of massy and solid silver. The value of these royal vanities is supposed to be four millions of francs.

Here also an immense piece of the finest cashmere was unfolded for exhibition, twenty feet in breadth, and thirty in length, that formed a part of the tapestry with which her dressing-room was hung. The whole cost a million of francs.

What bitter mementos of imperial pomp and fallen power! And an empress, sharing in the dignity of one who set up kings and dethroned them, reduced to a petty duchy, with a nominal authority, but, in reality a slave! For I was told that the watchful jealousy of her father never left her a moment without the attendance of an Austrian general, who acted as a spy. Her chamber was the only refuge from this persecution.

In an apartment of the palace of the garden we have partial views of some scenes from Orlando Furioso, by Parmigiano. A greater respect for delicacy and purity than for the genius which sought to display itself in violating them, lead the last Duke Ferdinand de Bourbon, to have the walls whitewashed, and to put an end to an exhibition so corrupting. Persons were now employed by the ex-empress to remove the veil which concealed such beauty, and

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they had succeeded in raising curiosity to the highest pitch by what was already revealed.

Considerable progress has been made in restoring a second, painted by Annibal Carracci. The stories are taken from Tasso, and it is therefore called the hall of Armida. The meeting of Rinaldo with the enchantress, and the triumphs of her sorcery, are here subjected to the eye instead of the imagination, and so freely and wantonly as to give them a more pernicious effect. The first feeling on beholding this whitewashing is indignation or contempt for the barbarous taste of the destroyer. The second is very different. For is there not something reasonable and heroical in such a sacrifice to purity?

Even those, however, who think differently, might almost pardon this injury, for his forbearance towards the chamber of Augustin Carracci. What divine charms in these groups, if the subjects were less profane! Ariadne and Bacchus, Mars and Venus, Galatea and her sea nymphs, the flying Daphne, can furnish nothing for our moral improvement; but the circumstances of their story have given scope to the imagination, and drawn forth all the skill of the painter. It was comparatively, however, a clear and wholesome region, where the varied beauties of the objects around might be gazed at without dreading any danger from our enjoyment.

In an apartment of the church of St. Paul there is an admirable fresco painting of Corregio. It is the chase of Diana. In the lower part of the small dome the whole circuit is filled with little boys, each

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of whom has some emblem of the sylvan sport. One is holding the horns, a second the arrows, a third the dogs, and a fourth the head of the stag. Some of them stand out from the ceiling in such full relief, and are so inimitably executed, that they seem like real and animated beings. They were thought too valuable by the French to adorn the refectory of a convent, and several of them were cut out and transported to the Louvre; but since the restoration of the spoils of Italy, they have been carefully replaced. Over the mantle-piece Diana is seen sitting in her car, with her quiver behind her. The horses are at full speed; her countenance expresses the eagerness of the chase; her garments are loose and flowing; and the graceful goddess herself appears as light as the air on which they are floating.

Among the paintings in the academy there are several of pre-eminent beauty by Corregio, the Madonna della Scala, so touchingly noticed by Madame de Stael in her Corinna; the repose of the holy family in Egypt, a soft picture of contentment and quiet, which delights the lover of peace and innocence; and the deposition from the cross.

But the Virgin of St. Jerome is his master-piece. She is holding the infant Saviour in her arms, against whom Mary Magdalen, in a kneeling posture, is gently resting her head whilst his little hand is lying upon it. On the left side St. Jerome is presenting a scroll to an angel. His figure is well drawn and finely proportioned, and his countenance is strong, manly, and beaming with intelligence. But the

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most striking part of the picture is the Magdalen. There is a tender and delicious sensation even in recalling her fading image. What a confiding hope does she manifest in that Being on whom she leans! You see in her, as it were, the faith of Simeon, when he took up the child, and the anticipation of that mercy of which he is to be the author and she the most illustrious example. How pensive, and sweet, and engaging is that face which borrows much of its loveliness from the expression, but which, in itself, is perhaps the most ravishing conception of beauty that was ever portrayed! The forehead open but not high, dark hazel eyes, thin but well turned eyebrows, the nose regular without prominence, the face somewhat round, and all the features rather small, but elegantly proportioned and combined; these circumstances may serve to keep up my own recollections of this angelic vision, but can make no adequate impression on another. Her hair, which is almost flaxen, is turned off carelessly from her forehead and temple, and hangs loosely over her neck and bosom. The complexion is light and fair, but suffused with the most delicate flush. The body, resting on one bended knee, and one foot just touching the ground, is gracefully swayed towards our Lord, with a humility in which there is nothing abject or timid. The feet, which are bare, as well as the ankle and arm, are of the most exquisite form, and finished with the last degree of elegance. In the light yellow mantle which partly conceals her faint crimson dress, it seems as if the painter had dipped

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his pencil in the hues of heaven, and given a soft celestial brightness to the garment of an earthly creature. A verdant landscape and a mild sky appear in the back ground. Here we see the characteristic excellencies of Corregio's colouring; that easy gradation of light and shade; that blending of the tints where the figures are left so distinct, and yet the outline can scarcely be traced; that delicacy in his touches which expresses the gentlest emotions with all the truth of nature, giving to modesty its own mysterious charm, to purity its elevation, to love its tenderness; that harmony, in fine, which makes the illusion perfect, and, like the sweet notes of a well trained choir, that melt into each other, produce one general, unbroken feeling of rapture and delight.

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PLACENTIA.

This city is neat, regular, and well built. The exchange, which takes up one side of the principal square, is a curious structure, in the Gothic style. In the front of it are two equestrian statues of Alexander and Rannuccio Farnese. The movement and animation of the horses have been much admired, but the form of the animals appeared to me clumsy and inelegant. Here I saw a snuff-box with the likeness of Thomas Jefferson on the lid, exposed at the windows of one of the shops.

The church of St. Augustin, by Vignola, is a beautiful piece of architecture. The front resembles that of St. George, at Venice, having the same faults, but juster proportions, and a greater degree of grandeur. The last circumstance is partly owing to the immense blocks of granite with which it is built. While the elegance of the exterior had provoked my curiosity to examine it within, (for the church belonging to an order of monks that had been suppressed, was now converted to some secular use and shut up) two gentlemen were passing, of whom I inquired in what way it might be seen. They knew the person who kept the key, and politely offered to go with me to his house. He lived in a remote part of the town, and unluckily happened to be out when we called. The gentlemen who acted as my guides, when they learned that I was an American, indulged in the usual

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strain of compliment and congratulation on the freedom and happiness of our country, and made the same inquiries after Bonaparte. Their civility became more warm and friendly, and they took so much interest in these topics that they did not leave me till they had accompanied me to my hotel.

Since my departure from Rome, I had travelled nearly six hundred miles alone without the slightest accident or alarm. My time was so completely occupied either in examining what was interesting in the cities, or in observing things on the road, that scarcely a vacant moment was left to remind me of my solitude. I rode either in a cabriolet with four wheels, or a light *calèche* with two; and though it was drawn only by one horse, yet, from the frequent rests and changes, it was an expeditious mode of travelling. In order likewise not to be retarded, I always made a special agreement, in hiring my carriage, to be taken alone. I had done so to-day, but just before setting out the *voiturin* came to request a seat of me for a little child who was going to Pavia. The proposal was declined, and the money returned, which is usually given as a seal of the bargain. He was, however, very importunate, and I was very anxious to get on. The day was already so far advanced that there was no time for making a new arrangement, without running a risk of being overtaken by night. At length, therefore, I gave a reluctant assent to the plan, and satisfied the fellow's cupidity, who, after having bargained with me for the whole carriage, got the fare of another passen-

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ger. The driver passed through the city without stopping; but about a mile beyond the suburbs this little child appeared ahead of us, who, upon our nearer approach, turned out to be a full grown person.

Being provoked at the deception, I resolved to get rid of my vehicle and companion at San Giovanni, which is one post from Placentia. On reaching this town I paid the driver, with a suppressed vexation, for the whole way, as there was no remedy to be got except by returning to the master, and taking post horses set out once more alone.

The evening was fast approaching when we came to the Po. A great many were collected at the ferry, waiting the dilatory movement of the boats. One of the guards entered into conversation with me, who, after a little while, asked me, in the name of a gentleman about to cross, whether he might be allowed to ride in my carriage, and send his own back. The accommodation of course would be mutual, as it would save him expense and lighten mine. I intimated this to the soldier, and gave my consent. The advocate and judge, for such was the respectable personage who was now to be my fellow traveller, came up to me with salutations, and thanks for my kindness. As the ferry-master in his prices was bound by no law of the land, nor restrained by any principle of conscience, he demanded a sequin, or eleven francs for the passage. But the judge took upon himself the management of this business, and we paid but five.

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My companion proved to be a pleasant and intelligent man, though with something smooth and fawning in his politeness. The shades of night were falling upon us before we got to Pavia, and I observed that he frequently looked around with a searching and timid glance, not calculated to quiet the apprehensions of a stranger. But we arrived safely, and the comfort of a good meal and cheering fire would have driven from my mind some of the disagreeable incidents of the day, had not the postillion come in and demanded half as much again as was due to him. I had examined the tariff at the post-house in San Giovanni, that there might be no room for mistake nor altercation. But no ingenuity can avoid the imputation of the former, nor the occurrence of the latter. The postillion insisted upon it, that instead of three common posts, we had come three posts royal. The judge favoured me with his legal opinion, and decided against me. It was a cheap award for him, for it appeared that he had not dreamed of bearing any part of the expense. I felt too much contempt for him to ask it, and proud that we had no such judges in America. This day's journey, which did not exceed thirty miles, cost me fifty francs.

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PAVIA.

On the following morning the advocate, not feeling easy perhaps, without making some kind of acquittal, called at my lodgings, and offered to accompany me through the town.

We visited the cathedral, a grotesque and heavy building, but which claims some distinction from the remains of St. Augustin and Boethius, which are said to lie here. Such was the information we received from the sexton and one of the priests. As to St. Augustin, he died in the city of Hippo, from the fatigue and severities he endured in its long siege by the Vandals. May we not reasonably distrust the tradition, that his ashes were removed to Pavia? They showed us the sarcophagus covered with the image of the saint, in his appropriate dress and mitre, but his body was afterwards taken out and deposited under the grand altar. The whole is probably a fable.

Boethius, the poet, philosopher, and sage, the purest writer, the finest scholar, and most virtuous and illustrious man of the age in which he lived, having incurred the resentment of Theodoric, was long confined in the tower of Pavia, and finally beaten with clubs till he expired. His interment, therefore, in the cathedral, is not improbable.

The university is an extensive range of buildings, with three large and handsome courts, and a double

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gallery running around them. The collection of metals and minerals fills several rooms, and is admirably arranged. The cabinet of natural history is not as full and complete as I have seen elsewhere. Among the birds there was one with a sharp-pointed bone projecting from the joint of each wing, and another rising perpendicularly from the top of the head. The anatomical museum is exceedingly rare and interesting. In one room the several parts of the human frame are exhibited in their sound state; another is devoted to morbid anatomy, where they are seen under all the modifications of disease; a third to comparative anatomy, for displaying the various organization of the brute creation.

But it is with a stronger excitement than any thing in the city can produce, that we walk over the ground immediately without it, where the army of Francis I. was defeated by the imperialists with so much slaughter, and he himself was taken prisoner. The battle commenced at the walls, south of the small river Ticino, on which Pavia is situated, and the king was captured near a church west of the road, while his right wing was attempting to cross the stream, and secure their safety by flight. In digging up the banks of the Ticino lately, to form a communication by means of a canal between this river and Milan, a great quantity of human bones were found. But will the lapse of time admit the supposition that they were the remains of those who fell in this battle? There is no monument of the event, and while rambling over the peaceful and

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verdant plain which once resounded so harshly with "the grating shock of wrathful, iron arms," it is difficult to figure to the mind this scene of tumult and blood, the furious onset of the French, the steady and desperate valour of their enemies, the confusion, cries, and carnage of the rout, the maddening feelings of the gallant king, and "all the currents of a heady fight."

In the course of the day I rode out about thirteen miles from Pavia, to see the famous church della Certosa, and the monastery of the Carthusians, to which it is attached. This was formerly the richest monastic establishment in Europe. The front of the church, though of fine marble, is neither handsome nor correct. The ceiling is groined, and the columns are Gothic, though this order is not preserved throughout the building. The decorations of the chapels opening upon the side aisles, and of every part, are most laboured and elegant; but with all their beauty and exuberance, the general appearance is solemn and venerable.

On the left of the church there is a large cloister, with a fountain in the middle. This communicates with another square, each side of which is five hundred feet long. Three parts of this vast court are faced with the neat and commodious dwellings formerly occupied by the monks. Each house was appropriated to a single person. The internal arrangement for a company would have been merely comfortable, but a spacious room covering the whole lower floor, a sitting room and chamber on the

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second, a cabinet for the library and study, a small spot set off with fruit trees and shrubbery, to employ and amuse such as had a taste for gardening; all these accommodations for each individual of the establishment, impress us with an extraordinary idea of its wealth and splendour, notwithstanding the desertion and neglect of every part since it was suppressed. The public garden behind is of immense extent. And the beautiful grounds which encompass the monastery take in a circuit of several miles. The lover of rural retirement might have found here ease, and elegance, and the highest enjoyment, but never was there a place more unsuitable for the severities and self-denial of an ascetic.

Soon after leaving Pavia we rode by several rice plantations, where women were working nearly up to their knees in water. From the pernicious effects of this mode of cultivation, they are not allowed within a certain distance of any town or village. The country through which we were travelling abounded in the means of life and comfort, and yet about two years before, one of the company in the coach remarked, that many had actually perished in this fertile region by famine.

Passing through the porta Marengo, a monument erected by Bonaparte for the embellishment of the modern capital of Italy, we entered the city of Milan.

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MILAN.

June 4th. The most conspicuous object in this city is the cathedral, which is built of the purest white marble. The slender buttresses, surmounted by Gothic pinnacles, and connected by flying arches with corresponding pinnacles on the roof of the nave; the high windows between them with light and airy mullions; the tracery, the niches, the carved imagery and statues on pedestals projecting from the walls; the small triangular pediments descending in rows from the point of the roof in front to the sides; the octagonal steeple rising in a vast mass above the church, and then suddenly breaking off in a tall spire that almost rivals in height the dome of St. Peter's, and yet so complicated, so open, so delicate in its structure, and fragile in its appearance, as to make you doubt in ascending it, the solidity of your footing, and the firmness of the supports around you; all these circumstances render the cathedral of Milan one of the most curious and extraordinary works of human art. The decorations are lavish not only beyond description but conception, and the endless details are finished with such nicety, that we are as much astonished by the patient labour of those who built it, as by the wild fancy of those who planned it. But though this church is so ornamented, it is not a model of Gothic beauty, and though immense, it is not majestic. These observations are confined to the exterior.

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How differently are we impressed on entering it! With what feelings of veneration do we walk through the lengthened aisles, surveying the clustered pillars rising sublimely to the vaults; the groined ceiling harmonizing so finely with the pointed arches; the cupola soaring above, embellished with a fret-work as light and subtle to the eye as the spider's web, and yet in no degree interfering with the solemn effect of the rest; the stained windows shedding through the building, "the dim religious light" which suits the temper of the thoughtful, and inspires the ungodly even with a transient sentiment of seriousness and devotion!

I mounted the cupola by five hundred and twelve steps, but the wide plains around Milan, and the snow-capped Alps, could have been as well seen from the roof as the summit of the spire. Happening to be in the belfry immediately aside of the great bell which weighs twenty-five thousand pounds, when the clock struck twelve, I expected to have been stunned by the sound, but it was by no means as loud and painful as might have been apprehended.

The small chapel, beneath the floor of the middle aisle, where the body of St. Charles Borromeo is deposited, is about twelve feet square. The walls are inlaid with solid silver, and partially covered with tapestry of gold. The sarcophagus of the saint is of pure crystal. And as these things are seen by torches, they appear with a rich and dazzling brightness.

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The most interesting things at the Ambrosian library are a manuscript of Virgil, beautifully written by Petrarch, with some remarks on Laura; a second of Josephus, made of the papyrus, and copied, in the fifth century, by Rufinus, the antagonist of St. Jerome; another of Cornelius Frontinus, of the third or fourth century; and fragments of Cicero and Plautus, which are said to be still more ancient.

Some of them had been written over again crosswise by the monks, so that it is difficult to make out the original, and, in certain parts, even to discern the faint traces of it. Enough, however, has been recovered to form a large octavo volume, which has been published, and is offered for sale to visitors.

Towards evening I returned to the cathedral. The brightness of noonday does not find its way through the deep stained windows, except in a mild lustre which does not entirely dissipate the gloom of the place. When the sun has sunk it is twilight here. It is curious to watch the broken and partial illumination of the building by the last rays of light, to contrast the rich hues of the painted glass with the aspiring columns sometimes brought faintly into view, and then almost concealed and lost; to observe the individuals, or groups, entering reverently for an act of secret homage to the Being whose eye can alone distinguish them in the darkness, and then returning with such light and cautious steps as scarcely to break in upon the general silence. While walking through it at this time the aisles seemed to be prolonged, their arched vaults to tower still higher, the

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actual dimensions of this vast and empty space to be enlarged, and the pile to be what the help of the imagination alone can make it, so majestic as to amaze us, and so solemn as to displace every other feeling, to bow down the soul with religious awe, and constrain us to think of things unseen.

June 5th. In the palace of the Viceroy, brother of the Emperor of Austria, there is nothing remarkable. A long succession of apartments, sumptuously but simply and sparingly furnished, and a retinue of a hundred officers and domestics, are the only distinctions of this princely establishment. The porter at the gate, with powdered hair, cocked hat, an epaulet on his shoulder, and a portly and gentlemanly air, looked more like an aged general than a menial servant.

The villa of Belgiojoso, in the environs, is an elegant building. The wings, which stand out considerably from the front, are each adorned with four Corinthian pillars, a handsome entablature, and a graceful pediment with a *bas relief* in the middle. The columns of the centre, where there is a slight projection, are of the composite order, as well as the pilasters on each side. A handsome balustrade, surmounted with statues, runs over the whole front till it meets with the wings, where it starts off at right angles, and continues along their inner side. The purity, the correctness, and fine proportions of this edifice would be more pleasing were the materials more excellent and durable. But perishable stucco degrades the beautiful design. The grounds about

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the palace, though not extensive, are laid out with rural taste in shady and winding walks, intersected by a running stream, and adorned with a circular temple, a coffee-house, and an artificial grotto.

The observatory belonging to the royal palace of arts and sciences is well supplied with all kinds of astronomical instruments for observations on the heavens. The view from it, of this lower world, is also sublime; for here Alps piled on Alps rise up in tremendous majesty, and the radiant summit of Monte Rosa is almost lost in the clouds which it resembles. The botanical garden chiefly consists of exotic plants.

In the collection of pictures there are several fine pieces of the Flemish and Italian schools. The last supper of Rubens is full of life and expression. The delineation of the more prominent personages is very successful. John is the mild and engaging disciple, worthy of the love and confidence which his Master showed for him in leaning on his bosom. Peter, eager and forward, appears in all the vehemence of his character. The countenance of Judas is as dark as his purpose; the fierceness of his eye suits the deed he is meditating; and the involuntary act of biting his finger betrays the gloomy fury of his soul. The faces are all Flemish, a cast of countenance which has little affinity with the peculiarities of the Jewish.

The dispute of St. Peter and St. Paul, by Guido Reni, is, perhaps, the best picture in the gallery. St. Peter is sitting and leaning on one hand, but

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with eyes uplifted and an air of the deepest attention mingled with dissatisfaction. St. Paul is standing with a book in one hand and the other slightly raised and opened, and leaning towards him in the very attitude of one who is confident of his cause, but who, at the same time, wishes to persuade and convince. The execution is as masterly as the design. In the heads there are the strong lines of character and thought which we look for, in the most impetuous and most learned of the apostles.

The four principal chambers are grand and spacious. The light being admitted from above, not only shows the paintings to greater advantage, but increases the splendour and elegance of the gallery.

The great staircase of the palace, planned by Richini, and the one hundred and twelve granite columns of the portico, correspond with the liberality and magnificence of the whole establishment.

While passing through the mint and examining the process of making money, I found out the way of losing it, for it was necessary to put my hand in my pocket at every step. They showed me the manner, both by experiment and explanation, of extracting the different metals from the ore, of purifying them from dross, of separating the quicksilver from the silver, of getting the particles from the dust, of moulding the metal into bars, of rounding, flattening, and extending them, of forming the coin, stamping the edge, and impressing the face. The process, for the most part, was simple and intelligible. I had to see eight different persons in this single visit.

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In the course of the day I inquired at a store where they sold pictures and antiques, for a small specimen of basso relievo, observing, that it would be a curiosity in America. The remark diverted the shopkeeper from the sale of his goods. He broke out into an animated eulogium of our country, and listened with an inquisitive eagerness to every thing that was said of it. Then comparing our prosperity and freedom with their poverty and humiliation, his countenance fell, his voice changed, and he seemed to be oppressed by feelings which he could not refrain from betraying to a stranger. "Commerce," said he, "is perishing—Italy now hangs down her head—if a boy sings too loud in the streets he is imprisoned—and a domination which we abhor we are still obliged to respect and obey. America," he added, "is the common subject of conversation at the coffee-houses."

My banker, with whom I was conversing about the condition of the people in the United States, told me that all classes paid taxes here to the amount of one third of their income.

A merchant, deploring the languor and extinction of trade, and the exclusion of British goods by the Austrians, showed me the picture of a man that it was not permitted to sell, and observed, that almost all Italy, as well as France, wished for his return.

In the evening I made another visit to the cathedral, at a later hour. The only light was from some unstained windows towards the western end of the church. The effect of this across the aisles, and

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upon the pillars and ribs of the vaulted arches, contrasted well with the increasing darkness of the eastern end, and the deep and solemn gloom around the principal altar, which was made more palpable by the faint glimmering of a few lights at two or three side altars, and the solitary lamp over the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo. The deep and death-like silence that reigns throughout, interrupted occasionally only by a few persons who are coming in to their evening devotions, goes to the very soul. This double influence of the senses and imagination, assisted by the grandeur of the edifice, which is so surprisingly magnified by obscurity, render the cathedral of Milan, at such times, more sublime and impressive than St. Peter's itself.

Bonaparte, having intended to make this city the capital of Italy, had begun to embellish it with great care and expense. The porta Marengo is a kind of open portico, divided into three passages by four noble columns and pilasters of the Ionic order, with a simple entablature and pediment. The ceiling is vaulted in a transversal direction. The porta Nova is more highly decorated, and is rather to be admired for grace than grandeur.

The new amphitheatre, built for horse, foot, and chariot races, and for sea fights, might be considered a great and striking work, were it not surpassed so much by the majestic ruins of antiquity.

The triumphal arch of Bonaparte, which was intended to rival the elegance of the most boasted arches of former times, and to perpetuate the recol-

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lection of his achievements and glory, is just so far raised as to justify, in a degree, the loftiness of its pretensions, and to give us some idea of its promised magnificence. The beautiful materials, the basso relievos, representing the triumphal entry of Napoleon into Milan, the governor delivering him the key, and his incoronation, and the multitude of sculptured ornaments necessary to complete the arch, were all prepared, and are now lying in the adjoining shops. The work stopped with his victorious career, and must rest and perish with the author.

These, with many other useful and ornamental improvements, are owing to the pride and liberality of the conqueror, whose inroads were marked with devastation, but whose very ambition and selfishness lead him to adorn and enrich what he had rapaciously acquired.

My visit to the gallery of Count Lechi, lately a general in the army of Bonaparte, was preceded by an unusual formality. It was necessary to announce my name and country. The collection is more select than extensive. Some of the paintings appeared to be masterly, particularly the rustic banquet by Teniers, the Magdalen of Titian, the portrait of Francesco, by the same, two likenesses by Lotto, and an inimitable piece of John the Baptist, by Morone.

A picture on the ceiling, by Paul Veronese, from which the bashful modesty of a delicate female among us would have turned aside, attracted the

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particular and passionate admiration of a Milanese lady present. I happened to be looking at it at the same time, when suddenly taking her eyes from it, she said to me with a kind of transport, "I am never wearied, Sir, in gazing on that picture." Two English ladies who were in her company, had not yet attained enough of foreign feelings, to give it any thing more than a passing glance.

I had been but a few minutes in the gallery, when a person of elegant appearance and manners entered, and the servant who had at first accompanied me, immediately left the room. The exchange occasioned no surprise, and it was my impression that this new attendant was the principal domestic. But he made some excuse for not having come up sooner, apologized every time he left me to wait on a party of ladies in the adjoining rooms, conversed with them with an easy familiarity, and occasionally made observations to me on the United States. At length I began to suspect that the person who was my guide, instead of being one of the household, must be the count himself. He had made so many explanations, and been so assiduous and polite in his attention for two hours together, that this suspicion greatly embarrassed me. If he were only the chief servant, it would be proper to make him an extraordinary present, but if he were the master, what a proof of stupidity in me, and what an insult to him to offer it! When we went down stairs, whilst he attended the ladies to the door, I seized that opportunity to make some inquiry of the servant. Having

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ascertained that it was the count, I mustered up the courtliest terms in our republican vocabulary, to express my sense of the honour he had done me. He received my acknowledgments with as much modesty as urbanity. This unusual instance of courtesy was probably shown to me, not merely on account of my being a stranger, but an American.

June 7th. This morning we went to hear some music at the church of St. Mary. The voices of the singers were accompanied with two bass-viols and two organs. The concert continued with animation and spirit for nearly two hours. There was a great deal of grace and execution, but much less than common of that soft melancholy and melting sweetness which distinguish the best performances in Italy.

We remained also to hear the sermon. The Italian preachers in general are too uniformly loud, and though impassioned, are seldom tender and pathetic. Accordingly we never observed in their hearers much sensibility or emotion. This may sometimes be ascribed to the injudicious choice of their topics. I do not recollect a more ludicrous instance of it than in the subject of this morning's discourse. The object of the preacher was to celebrate the power and compassion of the Virgin, in the signal deliverance of a devout person from the most alarming danger. Two young men who had been smitten with the charms of a lovely and spotless creature, had spread snares for her innocence. Weak and defenceless, the trembling victim cried to the Queen of Heaven for suc-

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cour. At that very moment the Virgin immediately appeared in a vision to the young men, frightened them from their purpose, and achieved the triumph of virtue.

Over the altar of the Virgin, there was a picture of the young woman kneeling to her in prayer, and as this was the day for commemorating the marvellous event, many worshippers around it were offering up to the protectress of innocence, their special and grateful homage.

They were celebrating mass here in two different parts of the church at the same time, and as soon as they had concluded, it was begun again at two other altars. This produces confusion, and destroys, in some measure, the solemnity of the service. But neither the noise occasioned by this constant fluctuation of worshippers; nor the curiosity of strangers who are passing and repassing continually, to examine the building or paintings; nor the handing of chairs to those who are about to seat themselves for the sermon; nor the voice of the priests or people who are around some neighbouring altar, appears to disturb those who are at their devotions. Each individual and each group exercises a power of abstraction, that implies either a very extraordinary control over their deportment, or a complete occupation of the mind in the work before them. I have sometimes observed lightness and wandering, but not so often as to affect materially these general remarks.

It is difficult to determine how far mere ritual observances, to which great importance is attached from

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notions of merit, may influence their behaviour in prayer; but this fixed and exclusive attention looks as if it might come from the heart. And though their adoration is sometimes directed to improper objects, though it is grounded on false notions and attended with superstitious circumstances which lessen its value, admitting its sincerity, yet the appearance of so much reverence, fervour, and elevation, has always seemed to me imposing, and worthy of our imitation. With juster and more enlightened views of God, the great object of adoration, and Jesus Christ, the only mediator; with a pure and incorrupt system, and a liturgy so calculated to assist us in the expression of our pious feelings, and to lift the soul to Heaven; we ought in a special manner to worship God in spirit and in truth, and to carry the marks of it in our whole outward deportment. We ought to appear withdrawn from the world, penetrated with the affecting solemnities of the place, wrapt in a devotion which nothing could disturb, because nothing is so important as the objects with which it is occupied. In the externals of religion at least, we might very often profit by the example of those whom we believe in the grossest error. These appearances, indeed. are worth nothing unless they are the actual indications of the religious temper of the heart, yet they are undoubtedly decent and becoming, and are the natural accompaniments of sincere and deep devotion.

With all the absurdity and pageantry of the Roman Catholics, there are some other things also among

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them which appear to me interesting and impressive. The churches in general are open throughout the year, from the dawn till the close of day. In every cathedral there are at least two services, and very often likewise in the parish churches. Indeed a third is by no means uncommon. And on these occasions it is not merely the Chapter who assemble to perform a prescribed duty, or a parochial priest with his assistants, but a considerable number of worshippers, and frequently a large congregation. In the smaller towns and villages it is usual for the husbandman before he *goeth forth to his labour*, to attend the sacrifice of the mass. And after the toils of the day are over, you will sometimes find them pressing in crowds to the *Benedizione*, or to an evening service, so called perhaps because they are dismissed with the final benediction. In the intervals of the stated offices, individuals, as they are prompted by a gratitude that longs to unburden itself, or by a sorrow that seeks for comfort, or a troubled conscience that wants appeasing, or a superstitious scrupulousness that places duty in multiplying religious observances, are constantly entering the churches to offer up their private devotions. Each one comes in and goes out with silence, and as if he were the only worshipper in the temple. No man seems to notice his neighbour, and whatever merit they may think their secret oblations will give them in the sight of God, they are not presented in such a way as to manifest any desire for the praise of men. There are certainly as many who come for this purpose at twilight, and a little later, when

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the obscurity of the building confounds the features of the friend and stranger, as at any other hour. I have never been so much impressed by this devout practice as at such times, when the glimmering from some altar has partially shown these solitary worshippers, or scattered groups prostrate and in silence; or when through the gloom I have discerned their dim and shadowy forms flitting before me; or when I would have scarcely known that I was not alone, but for the sound of some reverent step now and then interrupting the profound stillness.

The dresses of the three officiating priests at the principal altar to-day were rich and splendid. A loose mantle, open at the sides, called a cope, which was of white silk or satin embroidered with gold, was thrown over a long white surplice. At Loretto the copes of the priests appeared to be one tissue of gold. The former were neat and elegant, and the latter sumptuous rather than gaudy.

The ecclesiastics of rank, when not officiating at the altar, are dressed in a black cassock, over which there is a kind of white demi-surplice, and over that again a scarlet or purple mantle with a hood hanging on the back, and a train gathered up in a fold which nearly touches the ground. The hair is generally powdered and curled, and the top of the head covered with a circular piece of scarlet cloth. The priests of inferior rank are without the mantle and without powder. Their crown is also shorn, but covered with a round piece of black cloth. Some of the clergy wear square black or purple caps, which

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are taken off in certain parts of the service. The young men intended for the ministry are simply habited in a purple cassock. Many slight particulars and minute variations, from not having been noted down, are now forgotten. The Chapter, which usually consists of from thirty to a hundred priests, sit in stalls around the recess behind the grand altar, and a great number of candidates in the intermediate space.

The service, when they are neither chanting nor playing on the organ, is performed in a kind of recitative. One part is frequently begun before the other is ended. Sometimes it is in regular response, and sometimes with united voices. As the chant, however, is generally mingled with this service, and occasionally the melody of the choir, the effect is almost always solemn and striking.

The priests appear abroad in a long black cassock, buttoned before, or in the full dress of a clergyman, with the addition of a cocked hat, and a black silk scarf hanging from the collar of the coat and reaching down behind to their feet. The latter is becoming and graceful.

The Dominicans dress in a white gown and cassock. The fraternity of the Camaldolese are clothed in a gray mantle covering the whole body and head, excepting small holes for the eyes. Their appearance is frightful, and it was my impression, on first seeing this habit, that it was a piece of frolicksome masquerade. The mendicant friars have a brown cassock, fastened with a girdle. The dignitaries of the church wear purple stockings. The scarlet hat,

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with a rounded crown and broad brim, is the distinguishing badge of the cardinals. When they ride out their equipage is gay and pompous, and when they walk they are followed by a servant. I have seen them in getting out of their carriages, affecting the most ridiculous effeminacy, and leaning on the arms of their attendants as if they had not strength enough to support themselves. The coach of the Archbishop of Naples is preceded and surrounded by domestics, who move on with it in a slow and stately walk.

The clergy are innumerable, and in every part of Italy they must form a very considerable portion of the population. We hear such accounts of the morals of many among them as would, perhaps, be given of the sacred order, by the same kind of informants, in countries where their manners are comparatively pure and unblameable. That there are irregularities, especially among some of the higher rank, cannot well be doubted; but there is reason to believe that they are greatly exaggerated. The Romish priests are certainly much devoted to the public functions of their office. They visit their parishioners in sickness and sorrow, but seldom in health and joy. I was acquainted with some of them, and learned a little incidentally of many. They are, in general, easy and courteous in their manners; and if at any time a stranger is in want of information, he should not hesitate to stop an ecclesiastic in the streets, nor to ask him in the churches, for this is always the readiest way to get it; and though he fail

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in the object of his inquiry, he may be sure, at least, of a kind and gentle answer.

In the church of St. Anthony the principal objects that arrested my attention, were two marble tables filled with a catalogue of the sacred relicks deposited here. Some of them are as follows:—

" de ligno S. Crucis,
" de veste Christi,
" . . . . . S. Joannis Baptistæ,
" . . . . . S. Pauli Apostoli,
" de sang: mirac: D. N. I. C.
" de velo B. Mariæ Virg."

The church del Salvatore, at Bologna, furnishes a still more extraordinary and copious account of the relicks with which that sanctuary is honoured. In St. Peter's, at Rome, the foot of a bronze statue of the apostle is actually polished, and considerably worn, by the touches and kisses of the multitudes who thus express their respect for the person whom it represents. This was the ancient statue of Jupiter, which was decapitated and converted into an apostle, by the addition of a new and consecrated head.

At Tivoli, under a picture and image of the Virgin, an indulgence is held out for every act of devotion to her; and remission from the pains of purgatory for two hundred days, is promised to all who will kiss the cross which stands in the centre of the Coliseum.

From St. Anthony's I went to the ancient and venerable church of St. Ambrose. His ashes lie under one of the altars. How interesting are such associ-

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ations! But this is not all. It was probably at the porch of this very temple that St. Ambrose, invested only with spiritual power, had the courage to repel Theodosius, after the massacre of Thessalonica. Here, having undergone a severe penance for eight months, the emperor appeared in the humble attitude of a suppliant, and, stripped of the purple, he begged of a subject reconciliation to the Church and to God.

Three or four hundred young persons were now assembled with a number of the priests and people, who were giving them religious instruction. It was the first time that I had seen laymen and women assisting in this work. The children were afterwards addressed by one of the clergy from the pulpit. Curtains were drawn around certain parts, as if to guard against the obtrusive curiosity of visitors. In another church, to-day, where they were also catechising the young, a priest mentioned to me that it was not usual for strangers to remain during these exercises. A similar intimation was given in St. Charles's, at Rome.

They seem to lay great stress upon this foundation of Christian knowledge, and they prosecute the important labour with a zeal which is inflamed by success. I have never seen, among Protestants, such earnestness and animation in the teachers and learners. The numbers of both too are extraordinarily large, and many of the catechumens are fifteen or sixteen years old.

In the refectory of the Dominican convent of Santa Maria delle gratie, I saw the famous picture of the

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Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci. It has suffered, at all times, from the dampness of the place, and, recently, from the abuse of the Austrian prisoners, who were confined in this apartment, so that the figures of some of the apostles are almost entirely lost, and all are faint and imperfect. In the few that remain the colours are pealing off, and no efforts of human art can much longer keep them from perishing. It was painted in oil, and this misfortune is in a great measure owing to the walls not having been properly prepared. A fresco painting of an anterior date, at the other extremity of the room, is but little injured.

The face of our Saviour is tolerably well preserved. There is a great deal of mildness and sweetness in it, with a certain degree of dignity, and a shade of melancholy. Leonardo proceeded very slowly in this work, as well from the dignity and importance of the subject in general, as from the difficulty he found in representing the glorious person of our Lord, and the vile and flagitious character of his betrayer. He spent two years in searching, among the most profligate of mankind, for the face of Judas, without success. The Prior of the convent being displeased with this delay, went and complained to the Duke of Milan. His patron, however, was satisfied with the manner in which he accounted for it. But upon a repetition of the Prior's complaints, the Duke, thinking that there was now some ground for them, reprimanded Leonardo with more severity. He replied, "that nothing was wanting to complete

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the picture but the heads of our Saviour and Judas, and that, with respect to the latter, the difficulty was now at length removed, since he had nothing to do but to introduce the head of the Prior, whose base return for all his trouble had rendered him a fit archetype of the perfidy and ingratitude he wished to express. And some have said that the head of Judas in the picture was actually copied from that of the Prior."* He certainly has made it as malignant, fierce, and gloomy, as skill or revenge could desire.

We should regret more deeply the hasty and final destruction which awaits this relick, were it not in some measure restored by the happy imitations of other artists. Several copies of it were taken by the pupils of Leonardo, and persons immediately succeeding them, before it had suffered any material injury. Some of these were remarkably correct and beautiful. The one in the Certosa di Pavia, painted on the wall by Marco d'Oggiono, a scholar of Leonardo, was removed before my visit to that monastery. A second, on a smaller scale, in the Ambrosian Library, escaped my notice. Ten or eleven others are scattered throughout France and Italy.

I saw none but the splendid copy in mosaic, just completed, by Giacomo Raffaeli. It is wrought on twelve large blocks of stone laid together, and corresponding in dimensions with the original, which is fourteen and a half feet in height, and twenty-nine in breadth. This magnificent work cost the artist

* See Hankins's Life of Leonardo da Vinci.

eight years labour. But the faded remains whose beauties it was intended to revive and perpetuate, though tarnished, frail, and fleeting, surpass in interest the freshness and glow of the copy, and, apart from the associations which heighten it, are actually more beautiful and engaging.

The people of Milan, however, were glorying in this imperfect memorial of what they had so much prized, when the emperor of Austria signified his intention of speedily removing it to adorn his capital of Vienna.

The engraving of Morghen, though much admired, falls very far short of the original.

This master-piece of Leonardo da Vinci was finished about the year 1500, and nearly two centuries after, the fraternity to whom it belonged gave proofs of a grossness and ignorance that would have hardly been looked for in a darker age. They cut a door through the wall on which the Supper is painted, and took away the lower part of the figure of our Saviour, and the feet of some of the apostles.

June 8th. The few days passed in this interesting city were among the most delightful in my whole journey, and perhaps they were enjoyed the more from the necessity I felt of hurrying away from it. My passport had been signed in season for my departure, as neglect may, sometimes, occasion a very inconvenient delay. It is generally a tedious business, but here it was more troublesome than common. I had first to go to the police, then to the health-office, then to the consul of Sardinia, and, finally, to the consul of Switzerland.

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My lodgings in Milan were at Reichman's Swiss and German hotel. The civility and attention of the landlord and the whole household were so peculiar, that it seemed as if I were in the family of an old acquaintance, who, on this score, was lavish of his kindness, rather than with a stranger and a publican.

ITALIAN CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

In the course of my narrative but few general remarks have been made on the Italian character, because, from my short residence in the country, I did not think myself qualified for so nice and difficult a task. Individual traits have been noticed as they appeared, and all the incidents which might illustrate it as they occurred. But they have not been sufficiently numerous to authorize, in many cases, any very positive inferences. We must have been long among a people, admitted cordially into their society, acquainted intimately with their language, and prepared by habits of accurate observation, before we can give a just view of their character. Few strangers can pronounce decisively upon it without presumption. This applies, in an especial manner, to Italy. The country is too much impoverished to permit the richest to be very hospitable. From the peculiarity of some of their customs—from their rooted attach-

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ment to the Romish religion—the proud recollections of past glory—and the exasperation produced by recent injury and oppression, visitors from several nations are apt to meet with coldness and reserve. The Austrians are abhorred for their tyrannical exactions, and for the sordid parsimony which hoards up the fruits of their rapacity. The French are disliked by many for their rivalry and vanity, and for manifold evils too fresh to be forgotten. The English, by their religion, their gravity, the severity of their opinions upon certain points, and the difference in the whole cast of their habits and manners, have still less affinity with the Italians. Any of these, who are properly introduced, may be well received, though, perhaps, with less cordiality than in any other nation in Europe. The American, except in the Neapolitan kingdom, finds predilection instead of prejudice, but yet he is peculiarly circumstanced. We have scarcely any connexions with this people. Those that exist have arisen almost entirely out of a very inconsiderable trade, and are confined to a few commercial ports. We have no privileged orders among us who can procure us admission into the best society here; and though, from accidental intimacies, or from letters obtained abroad, individuals may sometimes be enabled to associate with the nobility and gentry, yet I never heard of many of our countrymen who had enjoyed this advantage. As to myself, I had fewer letters for Italy than any where else, and these were chiefly to Americans and Englishmen residing in the country. Some, received here and in France,

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were the principal means of giving me a nearer view of the domestic life of the Italians. I was fortunate enough also, from the casual acquaintances of my journey, to be furnished with opportunities of enlarging my observations, and of making up my opinions with greater accuracy; but they are still very limited and imperfect.

The Italians, with the exception of some in the lowest walks of society, are a kind-hearted and affectionate people. We discover this in their general air and manner, in the little courtesies of life, in the endearing nature of their salutations to each other, and in the warm attachment arising, very often, out of incidental and transient intimacies. A friend, in meeting another, addresses him with "*Caro, caro,*" a term, appropriated, among us, to those alone who stand in the tenderest relations to us. If he is visiting a villa, and finds at the gate the porter's wife, or asks a question of any woman in the streets, he always prefaces it with "*Sposa, sposa,*" an appellative which is not peculiarly significant in itself, but which impresses a stranger pleasantly by the softness of the sound and the familiar regard with which it is spoken. If he introduces you to his family or friends, it is with such extravagant expressions of kindness as would make you uneasy were you not soon put at ease by as kind a reception. If he parts with you for a time, he kisses you on both cheeks, with many an *addio*; or if he receives you after any absence, there is the same token of regard, with the most hearty greetings. Even at a coffee-house where

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you are well known, on your return from a journey, the servants will accost you with a smile, and "*ben arrivato.*"

How much of all this is felt it is difficult to say, but it is accompanied with such an appearance of openness and sincerity as induced me to give them credit for a good degree of it, and to believe them a kind and amiable people.

This is likewise shown in their general urbanity towards strangers, and in the many obliging offices which they are disposed to render to them. They do not, as was before remarked, indulge in an expensive hospitality. They are sparing of their money, but not of their time and trouble.

The state of morals, from all that I could learn, is deplorable. The licensed gallantry in the married state among the upper classes, furnishes a fearful conjecture of their corruption in other points; for how can the social or domestic virtues be cherished where the practice of the highest brings no honour, nor the violation of it any reproach? Home has not our ties. It is not so much respected and endeared, and accordingly there never was perhaps any people who lived so much away from it. The promenades, the coffee-houses, the *restaurats*, and all public places are filled with them.

The people of the lower classes appeared to me almost uniformly deceitful and dishonest. An exception is a prodigy. The persons with whom a traveller has most to deal, are not indeed a fair specimen of the morals of any country. But we were

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occasionally brought into contact with others not comprehended under this description, and there seemed to be a settled design among all to impose on the ignorant, and to circumvent the cunning and informed. Perpetual vigilance, and the nicest precautions, are the only security against perpetual plunder. And sometimes in resisting the fraudulent exactions of the more vulgar, our firmness is nearly subdued by their fierceness, brutality, and clamour. I have trembled at the malignant grin and scowl on these occasions, and almost feared a deadly purpose.

Much of this inconvenience, which is the greatest drawback on our pleasure in this delightful country, may be avoided by settling the price of every thing, however trifling, beforehand, and by acting in all cases when you are satisfied that you are right, with determination, and, at the same time, with moderation and prudence.

The Italians have less gaiety and vivacity than the French, but more good nature, more uniform cheerfulness, and greater equanimity of temper. They will become earnest and warm in conversation, and so rapid, vociferous, and varied in the intonations of their voice, that those who are unacquainted with them would imagine that a storm was gathering, when perhaps no other emotion is felt than a lively interest in the subject under discussion. But they do not, like the latter, under real provocation, kindle in a moment, and burst out into such uncontrollable transports of passion.

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They have been generally accused of indolence, but it is not so much from their love of inactivity, as from their having so little to do The poor universally, and even the lazzaroni at Naples, are all anxious for employment, and the eager competition and scrambling for it, is one of the constant vexations of the traveller.

This hasty sketch is faint and unfinished, but as correct as my brief observations would enable me to make it.

JOURNEY TO ARONA.

June 9th. When I arose this morning about four o'clock the landlord had risen also, who told me that it was his established custom to be up at the departure of any of his guests, at whatever hour it might chance to be. There had been a regular charge in the bill, which was paid the night before, for the attendance of the servants, so that not one of this pestilent swarm appeared. Since my landing in Europe I had scarcely left an inn with so much quiet and satisfaction.

I set out with a Swiss in a private carriage of so singular a form as to draw upon us universal notice, and the laughter and shouts of all the boys in the towns and villages through which we passed. It is

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called a *car-a-banc.* The body is like that of a gig, but much wider, and the part which is usually front, instead of being towards the horses, is at the sides between the wheels. It hangs very low, and when going slowly we could get out and in without stopping the horses. As uncouth therefore as the *car-a-banc* appears, it is the most convenient of all vehicles for the picturesque passage of the Alps, where we are not satisfied very often with a passing glance of the objects around us, but wish to stop every few minutes for a fuller view, and then to relieve ourselves from fatigue by taking our places again.

The country through which we were travelling, till we came to Buon Giesu, was well watered with small streams, and abounded in rich fields of wheat, and vineyards waving in festoons, or formed into bowers. Before a burying-ground that we passed, there was this inscription over the entrance, *Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.* At another on the way to Pavia, I recollect a passage from the Proverbs, *The rich and the poor meet together.* These mementos are hardly necessary to remind us, at the gate of death, of the vanity of all worldly distinctions, or that those only who sleep in Jesus will rise with him in glory. But under the impression of some recent stroke, or in some more thoughtful mood, when we are disposed to profit by the slightest hints, these familiar admonitions may catch attention, and lead the mind to humbling and salutary reflections.

As we proceeded towards Sesto we found the same exuberant soil, and the same industrious cultivation;

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and the mountains becoming more striking from their vicinity, were at this moment particularly so, from the bright clouds attracted to them, and resting on their whitened summits. Just before we came to this town, there was a great change in the face of the country. Vegetation was much less advanced, and the prospect more wild and varied. The pure waters of the Ticino rolled along at our feet with a refreshing beauty. The banks were higher than common, and bordered in some parts with shrubs, and in others darkened with the broad spreading shade of lofty trees.

At Sesto we left the Austrian dominions, and, crossing the Ticino, entered into Piedmont. Here, for the first time in Italy, the officer of the customs refused to accept a gratification, which it had become almost a matter of course to make, wherever my baggage was to be examined. He appeared to be a very conscientious man, and in the scrupulous discharge of his duty he detained us some time. During this delay I entered into conversation with him, and found him inquisitive about America, and communicative with respect to his own country. He mentioned, among other things, a circumstance which would seem almost incredible in a region so abundant. In 1816 or 1817 he said that one tenth of the people had died of famine here, and that they had even eaten the leaves of the fig trees, and the grass of the fields.

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ARONA.

We reached the sweet and peaceful borders of the Lago Maggiore, and put up towards evening at the small city of Arona, which was the birth-place of St. Charles Borromeo. The ruins of his castle are at a short distance from the town. They consist of several large bastions overrun with weeds and grass, falling walls, and shapeless masses of stone which cover the top of a lofty rock. Between the face of this precipice and the lake, there is just room for the road and a narrow shelving shore. From the ruins above there is one of the most enrapturing sights I ever beheld. At the extremity, towards the south and east, the lake is bounded by a luxuriant plain, which is beautifully diversified by vineyards, wheat-fields, and meadow lands, interspersed with orchards and forest trees; and this plain is gradually lost in the easy swell of the hills beyond it. Villas, towns, and churches, are scattered over the low grounds, and on the heights, through the whole of the wide country encircling the lake. Just before me there was a castle defended by walls and towers, standing on a point projecting into the basin, and beneath it a small town. To the north, the Alps, sweeping around in a bold outline, rise, range above range, till they are capped by the towering heads of Monte Rosa and Mont-Blanc. The borders of the Lago Maggiore have all the variety of slope and precipice, of pleasing re-

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gularity, and sudden and romantic breaks. At this moment the bosom of the waters was smooth and placid; and while the upper part of the lake was darkened by the shadows of the highlands, the lower was tinged with the reflection of the western sky. The tops of the more lofty mountains were still bright, but the light, as it descended on the successive circles, grew dimmer and dimmer till it left the last masses in sullen and gloomy grandeur. I remained here to enjoy the glorious and incomparable spectacle, till the towers of the castle wall below began to appear indistinctly, and twilight had covered the valley.

June 10th. The road from Arona runs along the lake, which widens as we proceed, and presents deeper bays and bolder and steeper banks. Beautiful country seats on the neighbouring hills are surrounded with fig, apricot, and cherry trees, and arbours overspread with grape vines. Pure streams descending rapidly from them crossed our path every moment. To prevent any injury their beds are sometimes lined with cut stone. The hard, smooth road on the side towards the water is defended with high walls, and solid bridges are thrown over all the streams.

The pleasant town of Bellgirate stands on a neck of land running into the lake. The houses, with green Venetian blinds at the windows, and balconies filled with plants and flowers, have an unusual air of sprightliness. From this spot ten or twelve villages can be seen at once. In continuing our journey

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nothing broke in upon the quietness of the scene, but the dashing of a distant oar, the chiming of the bells in the town we had just left, or the song of the labourer in the vineyards.

We soon came in sight of the Borromean isles, on one of which there is a village, and on another a palace flanked with towers. The grounds of the latter, called the Isle Belle, rise in terraces, which are covered with orange and lemon trees, laurels and ornamental shrubbery. Notwithstanding the formal appearance of this retreat, the appellation of the beautiful island is not misplaced.

From Baveno we took a boat and sailed to this verdant pyramid. The object which was so pleasant and graceful to the eye at a distance, appeared too stiff and regular on a close inspection. The walks, the terraces, the grottos incrusted with stones and pebbles, the artificial arrangement of the trees and plants, were all in the bad and perverted taste of the old style of gardening, where nature, instead of being imitated, was utterly destroyed. But the view from this eminence was almost as striking as from the ruinous castle at Arona.

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PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

Soon after we began to ascend the Alps. Their rough sides were softened by cultivation, and spotted with the shepherd's cabin, or farmer's cot. The pass grew narrower continually, and the huge masses of cragged rocks, partially covered with a thin herbage and scattered trees, rose up on each side almost perpendicularly with indescribable grandeur. The breadth of this gorge was in many places not more than three or four hundred feet, where the height was probably from one to two thousand. The sides of the mountains were furrowed with deep ravines, and cascades falling from an immense height with innumerable streams, hastened to join and swell the river Tosa, which plunges, and foams, and roars in its headlong course through this dark and gloomy valley.

On entering Domo Dossola we passed a triumphal arch, which had just been raised in honour of the Bishop, who was expected on the following day to administer the rite of confirmation. Decorated with branches and vines, it was quite an interesting exhibition of rustic pomp.

The mountains which surround Domo Dossola appeared finely by moonlight. The next morning when the sun broke over their tops it was an hour after its rising. The river Veriola appeared before us, between steep and lofty rocks, rolling on with

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writhing and uproar. The upper region of the neighbouring Alps was white and glistering. Neat cottages, farm-houses, and churches, occupied the heights, and the town itself the arena of this vast and stately amphitheatre.

At a short distance from this place we passed one of the marble columns, lying in the road, which had been prepared for the triumphal arch of Bonaparte at Milan.

To describe the impressions which were made by the wild majesty of the objects around us, as we ascended higher in this pass, would seem like rhapsody, though I were even to fall short of my actual feelings. The road frequently shifted from one side to the other, and in crossing the bridges we overlooked the torrent at a frightful depth below. The mountains, between which we were now enclosed, drew nearer together, forming, on each side, a wall of tremendous height. The river was also more interrupted, and the descent became so steep and irregular as to render it one succession of furious rapids, or beautiful waterfalls. In the Val di Védro, a little beyond Crévola, we entered the first of those wonderful galleries, which were pierced through the solid rock, at points where the road could not be carried around them. This is two hundred and forty feet in length, and fourteen in breadth. Besides the general aspect of these rude valleys, a hermitage, a convent, or chapel, placed on some height which appeared almost inaccessible; the rills oozing from the mountains; the cascades tumbling from the pre-

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cipices, or rushing down the ravines; the ever varying appearance of the principal stream, now flowing more calmly, and then pent up and impatient of confinement, bounding from rock to rock in sheets of foam; the fine bridges at every turn, and the beautiful windings of the road; gave to every portion of the scene some characteristic feature and some peculiar source of interest.

After mounting up the narrower and sublimer gorge of Yéselles, and passing Isella, we came to the confines of Switzerland. It was with a sincere and deep emotion that I left a country where the eye, the ear, the taste, the imagination, and every faculty of soul and body are filled with enjoyment; a climate so salubrious; a region adorned with all that nature in her prodigality could bestow, and enriched with all the refinements of art; a land peopled with recollections, even where it is forsaken and solitary, and brightened, where it is fair and flourishing, with the reflection of past glory. I could not forbear the wish, though it was beyond the dream of hope, that this fond view of Italy might not be the last.

A few wretched stone cottages, scattered through this dreary valley, in which there seems to be scarcely any thing for the support of either man or beast, might have been looked for, but it was a singular thing to see, in such a place, spacious and substantial storehouses, at certain intervals, to receive the merchandise of travellers. These are among the many conveniences which mark every part of this magnificent route.

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Here we noticed the remains of an avalanche which fell about three months before. It diverted the course of the river for a time, and carried it over the road.

As soon as we entered Switzerland the mountains looked more stern and daring. Notwithstanding, however, the grandeur of all that I had seen, scarcely any part of it had equalled the boldness and extravagance of my preconceptions. Now, at some points, that stretch of the eye was necessary to reach the summit of the Alps, which came near to the flights of fancy. But, at the second gallery, my imagination yielded to the power of nature. I was transported and overwhelmed. To the right, a broad sheet of water precipitates itself from a high rock, and rushes into the torrent beneath. A beautiful stone bridge, which crosses it, leads to the dark mouth of the subterraneous passage, cut through the mountain. In a deep and narrow gulf, to the left, the superb and impetuous cascade of Alpirnbach comes down into the river with a noise that stuns and confounds us. The pass is here so contracted that the sides are not more than a hundred feet apart. In looking at these falls, the course of the foaming river, this deep and awful defile, these gray and shagged rocks, rising steeply at first, and then slightly retreating and soaring till their snowy ridges almost appeared to have reached the zenith of heaven; I was amazed by the sublimity of the spectacle, and confessed that the works of God surpassed all the thoughts of man.

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My companion, to whom the route was familiar, could not share in my excitement and transports, and frequently left me lingering behind. Having done so now, I walked through the second gallery, which is six hundred feet long, thirty high, and twenty-four wide. It is lighted by three large holes broken through the side of the mountain.

This grand military road of Bonaparte is one of the most extraordinary works which was ever projected by human power, or executed by human art. Where nothing had ever been seen but the zigzag track of mules, whose riders' heads must have often swum with giddiness, there is now a broad and smooth highway, and two carriages may pass each other with perfect security. There were obstacles of every kind, from precipices, torrents, avalanches; and, at certain points, the engineers pronounced it impossible to proceed any farther. Bonaparte declared they should, and all obstacles were overcome.

The road is built upon the most solid foundations, and the lower side is supported by a wall from five to thirty feet in height, which is usually surmounted by a low parapet. The bridges are frequently of stone. Where waters ooze from the mountains, wells are dug, on the inner side, to let them pass beneath the road; and where they collect in torrents, they are carried off through subterraneous aqueducts. Where the sides of the mountains appeared loose and crumbling, walls were raised against them to guard against accidents; and where rocks were ready to fall, they

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have been propped up with stones and mason-work. Where avalanches are accustomed to roll, they have set up triangular stones along the outer side of the road, with the sharp edge within, to cut them in their course. Where mountains seemed to have defied their advances, they have perforated or removed them. In addition to all this, magazines were established at certain distances, as was before remarked, for the storing of merchandize, and seven charitable houses of entertainment for the reception of the cold and hungry, the lost and way-worn. He who has travelled over the Simplon can alone know all the greatness of Bonaparte, and however he may detest his character, he will at least admire this daring conception of his genius, and successful attempt of his power.

In emerging from the second gallery there is another charming view of the fall of Alpirnbach. The passage, soon after this, was so contracted that the dark and frowning rocks seemed almost to meet above, and threaten the destruction of the traveller.

A little before the village of Simplon we came to the third gallery, which is two hundred and forty feet in length. Near this point, where the mountains have a fearful declivity, a battle took place, in 1802, between the French and Austrians, in which the former were victorious; and, in 1814, another, in which they were vanquished.

Though it was midsummer, we were at so great a height that snow-banks were lying along the road. The village of Simplon is nearly five thousand feet

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above the sea. When we had attained this elevation, the altitude of other mountains, which came more fully in sight, seemed to be in no degree diminished. Here we saw the bright cerulean tops of the glaciers.

At a short distance from this village a large hospital, calculated to contain three thousand persons, was begun by Napoleon, but has never been finished.

In descending the Simplon, towards the Vallais, we passed through the fourth gallery, and rode on the very edge of an awful precipice. It appeared to me a thousand feet in the first plunge to the valley, which afterwards continues to descend for several miles. My Swiss companion, with, perhaps, as much truth as exaggeration, remarked, that I ought not to count here by feet, but by toises. The profound gulf before us, so abrupt in the outset, and steep in its lengthened course, and the lofty mountains, rising above it on each side, with another distant chain crossing it at the foot, affected me more than any thing in the whole route. The view was sublime and appalling in the highest degree, and, till I was a little familiarized to it, my admiration was suspended by terror.

Two or three times, in this part of the road, we perceived, in the wrecks of the fir and cedar trees strewed on the sides of the mountains, the devastating course of the avalanches, which sweep every thing before them.

Leaving the glacier of Kaltwasser, from which

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there are several cascades of an amazing height, we entered the fifth gallery, and winding along a giddy precipice, overlooked the same wild and terrific valley, its noisy stream, which is one of the sources of the Rhone, and the villages at an immense distance below us. We crossed the bridge of Kanter a little beyond Persal, and made the last subterranean excursion through the sixth gallery, which is the shortest of all. The road on this side of the Simplon was much more neglected than on the other, but notwithstanding this circumstance, and the frequency and suddenness of the turns in it, we came down in the evening at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. About ten o'clock we arrived at Brieg, at the foot of the mountain. The distance from this place to the base of the Simplon, on the Italian side, is about forty-five miles.

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CONCLUSION.

The remainder of my journey was still more hurried, but, nevertheless, full of interest. Passing through the canton of the Vallais, and skirting the northern shores of lake Leman, I spent a short time at Vevey, Lausanne, and Geneva, and enjoyed the varied beauties of that enchanting region. I then crossed the country, and, just stopping for a single day at Neuchâtel, kept on to the lake of Bienne. The little island of St. Pierre, in the centre, so celebrated by the residence and eulogiums of Rousseau, is a perfect paradise. My visit to the family of the Chaillets, at the lake of Morat, was a feast for the heart, and is treasured up among the most delightful of my recollections. From Morat I went to Berne, and thence to Thun. Here, dismissing my carriage, and hiring a guide, I made an excursion, on foot, along the placid and deeply embosomed lake, and entered, by Unterseen, into the savage valley of Lauterbrun. The steep and frightful path of the Wengern Alp, which is about five thousand feet above the sea, is ascended on horseback with some trepidation. The hoary head of the Jungfrau rose up before us, with awful majesty, nearly seven thousand feet higher. Descending again, on foot, we walked along the base of the Eigher, the Schrekhorn, the Mettenberg, and Wetterhorn, which are a part of the same grand chain. In going to Luzerne, by the

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route of Meyringen, Sarnen, and Schwyz, how many secluded valleys, how many sweet and romantic lakes, how many sublime and rugged mountains did we traverse! Two days we waited on the Rigi for that most expansive and magnificent of all views, which takes in the greater part of the Alps and fourteen of the lakes; but, from the haziness of the weather, we were tantalized only with glimpses. At Zurich, finishing the pedestrian tour, and taking a carriage, we rode to the falls of the Rhine, at Schaffhausen. Then following the course of the river, sometimes in Germany and sometimes in Switzerland, and touching the territories of France, we proceeded to Spire and Worms, so conspicuous in the glorious events of the Reformation. Here, turning aside, we entered, by Manheim, into the state of the Grand Duke of Baden, visited Heidelberg, and passed through the rich level district of the Bergstrasse, at the foot of those mountains, which are the scene of many a wild and superstitious legend, and which still show many a mouldering tower and picturesque ruin connected with these fables. From Darmstadt we went to Frankfort, and then came back upon the Rhine, at Mayence. The sail down this noble river to Cologne is a continued picture, the blending of all beauties, the union of every thing that can ravish the eye and excite the imagination. As we arrived at Aix la Chapelle they were just making preparations for the approaching congress of the confederated sovereigns. Liege and Louvain did not detain us long, but Antwerp and Brussels were too pleasant to

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be left so hastily. The battle-ground of Waterloo was a solemn and melancholy stage in my journey. Leaving Flanders I came into France the third time, and, stopping at Valenciennes and Cambrai, then filled with the troops of the allied armies, bent my course towards Paris. A few weeks could only be spared for that vast and splendid city, where the public buildings, the rich and curious collections of art, the scientific and literary establishments, the spots so lately marked with the deep-stained traces of many a bloody and tragical event, the gay and sprightly manners of the inhabitants who have long since forgotten them, and the peculiar and infinite modifications of society in this little world, might have furnished new subjects for observation, and kept alive my attention for many months. Embarking at Calais and landing at Dover, I went to the heart of the country, and thence to the extremities, visiting Plymouth, in Devon, and Berwick-upon-Tweed, and almost making the entire circuit of England. I just set my foot in Scotland, and took a rapid glance of Edinburgh and its charming environs. I was almost in sight of Loch Lomond, and yet was compelled to deny myself the actual gratification of beholding it, and had only time enough in Glasgow to hear a single sermon from Dr. Chalmers, and to make arrangements for my departure. The rest of the way to Liverpool was full of new and strange adventure, and there the vessel was ready to sail in which I had taken passage for America.

This naked outline of the latter part of my journey,

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if filled up, would have formed another volume. The hasty manner in which it was accomplished, necessarily lead to very cursory observations, but in such an extensive tour there are so many wild and majestic scenes; so much connected with the history of the dead, and with the character and manners of the living; such singular intimacies and amusing incidents; such a variety of impressions and feelings, differing in their effect and tone from those of other travellers; that there would, perhaps, have been enough to awaken interest in brief and unpretending sketches, though not to satisfy curiosity in the form of an unbroken narrative. As to myself, recollection throws a charm over every part, and the hue which I cannot paint, still brightens the landscape, and the conception which I cannot express, is strongly felt. A thousand nameless and distinguishing beauties are lost and confounded in description, though not in memory, and even the fading images of the objects which delighted me, float before the mind like the remembrance of a blissful dream, that leaves behind a delicious sensation when every trace of it is almost gone. The different faces even of transient companions appear before me, with the part of the route which I chance to recall; every conversation which impressed me is revived; and all the slighter shades of character which it is useless to mark, the minor occurrences which seem not worth relating, and the drolleries which divert the grave, though humour alone can exhibit them; are so many circumstances to enliven the recollection of a journey that cannot be embodied in the narration.

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A rough passage, and a company in part as disagreeable and boisterous as the stormy waves around us, were made more supportable by the increased kindness, and closer communion of those of kindred habits and tempers. I had now been gone nearly fourteen months. How the sun seems to stop in his course, when the yearning heart longs impatiently for home! How tedious is night after night, and day after day, and still nothing but the sky and the ocean! But when we at length draw near, and the straining eye looks out for the haven, why as it catches it do we almost involuntarily recall our wishes, and taste the cup of trembling in the midst of our transports? What a tumult in the bosom! The high and throbbing expectation sinks and dies away in fear. Will home be as we left it, and no endeared object whom we hoped to clasp, be found in the embrace of the grave? It was God's mercy to spare me this pang. Restored with health to my family, my friends, and my duties, amidst warm and hearty greetings, and joy too deep for speaking, one feeling in return rose to heaven which was stronger than all.

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ERRATA.

Page 11, line 15, for "Finistere," which occurs in some copies, read *Finisterre*.
15, 11 from the bottom, for "determing," which occurs in some copies, read *deciding*.
36, 2, for "Barèges," read *Barrèges*.
83, 17, for "six," read *fifty-six*.
89, 6, for "Pistoa," read *Pistoia*.
93, 16, for "Guliano," read *Giuliano*.
113, 1, for "has ancient Rome not only disappeared," read *not only has ancient Rome disappeared*.
147, 3 and 23, for "Sibyll," read *Sibyl*; so also at page 149, line 9.
153, 16, for "manifiest," read *manifest*.
157, 2, for "vilicus," read *villicus*.
162, 2, for "marchea," read *marshes*.
168, 4, for "Pausilippo," read *Posilipo*; so also at page 179, line 11.
183, 8 from the bottom, for "relique," read *relick*.
200, 8, for "Hannibal," read *Annibal*.
268, 2 from the bottom, for "possession," read *family*.
275, 7 from the bottom, for "hasty," read *brief*.
309, 4 from the bottom, for "severer," read *severe*.
316, 13, for "It," read *This*.
328, 8, for "Corregio," read *Correggio*; so also at page 329, line 18; page 331, line 3 from the bottom; and page 332, line 18.
328, 9, omit "who adorned it."
341, 9, for "thirteen," read *three*.
373, 5 from the bottom, for "north," read *north-west*.
375, 4 from the bottom, for "graceful," read *grateful*.

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